The Saturday Evening
POST
March 7, 1959 — 15¢

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BEREA, OHIO

ARE WE MAKING A PLAYGROUND OUT OF COLLEGE?

My Life With BABE RUTH

By MRS. BABE RUTH

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They said it couldn't be done...
They said nobody could do it...
but —

L&M is **Low** in tar

with **More** taste to it

Don't settle for one without the other!

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"**L&M is kindest to your taste** because L&M combines the two essentials of modern smoking," says TV's Jack Lescoulie.

LOW TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke . . . makes L&M truly *low* in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow-burning tobaccos brings you *more* exciting taste than any other cigarette.

LIVE MODERN — CHANGE TO MODERN L&M

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Wherever children gather these days
You're Sure to Find Germs!

Children should gargle Listerine at least twice daily—it kills germs on contact, by millions.

The Saturday afternoon double feature is a good old American institution. But with colds and resultant sore throats going the rounds, every mother ought to protect her youngsters against *germs*.

Before they go and after they return, have your children gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength. Listerine kills germs on mouth and throat surfaces on contact, by millions—germs that cause much of the misery of a cold.

Tests over 12 years proved that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

Look at the figures on the chart—then teach your whole family to "Reach for Listerine"!

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS
Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine
...your No. 1 protection against infection

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Save Now! SIMMONS SALE

Any bedding expert will tell you that a mattress is only as good as the boxspring under it. A new mattress placed on an old, soft spring can mean backaches as well as lost sleep . . . and wasted money, too! You must have a new "Pair."

So that you will sleep your *level* best, Simmons now lets you buy the "Perfect Pair" . . . at tremendous savings!

The boxspring makes the difference!

NEW MATTRESS NEW BOXSPRING

NEW MATTRESS OLD BOXSPRING

Choose one of these top-quality mattresses and buy its scientifically engineered boxspring at a *big saving!* Made for each other, they guarantee perfect rest . . . *you* pocket the savings. This offer *must be limited.*

If you buy this Simmons Sleep King mattress

A Simmons nationally known mattress. Over 300 resilient-tempered springs with exclusive "auto-lock" construction . . . quilted, sag-resistant border . . . durable woven stripe cover . . . fresh air ventilators . . . sturdy cord handles. Guaranteed rest by Simmons craftsmen. **Choice of tufted or tuftless models.** Twin or full-size . . . only **$59.50**

Then save on this Sleep King boxspring

The other half of your Pair . . . matched in cover and comfort and designed to support its mattress for longer life . . . gives "levelized," healthful sleep. Now you are able to buy this matching boxspring, in either twin or full-size, for only . . . **$20.50**

If you buy this Simmons Back Guard mattress

Preferred by thousands of "back conscious" customers. 312 extra-firm, back-supporting springs . . . 100% cotton upholstery . . . "crush-proof" border . . . long-wearing cover . . . 8 ventilators . . . 4 cord handles. Designed to give the firmness you need to awake without aches. **Also available in tuftless model.** Twin or full-size . . . only **$69.50**

Then save on this Back Guard boxspring

Proper spine support demands a "Perfect Pair." In attractive matching print, this boxspring's special construction is scientifically engineered for its mattress mate . . . leaves the "rest" up to you!

Now you are able to buy this matching boxspring, available in either twin or full-size, for only . . . **$30.00**

FROM THE HOUSE OF SIMMONS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Never before has that little boy heard anything like Mrs. Bellows. She can shoot her voice way up high; she can swoop down and hobnob with the altos; she can haul off with startling coloratura gimmicks; and boy, can she sing loud—in fact, soft is the only way she can't sing. Most churches have one of these terrific nightingales, and one is about enough. Two of them, sort of battling out a hymn against each other, would be something, eh? Anyway, Mrs. B.'s great sounds do express true religious fervor, and she does sing on pitch, except for a few klinkers. Artist Dick Sargent considered joining his own church choir so he could study singers' grimaces, but his son Anthony, reminding him he would have to pass an audition, firmly talked him out of the idea.

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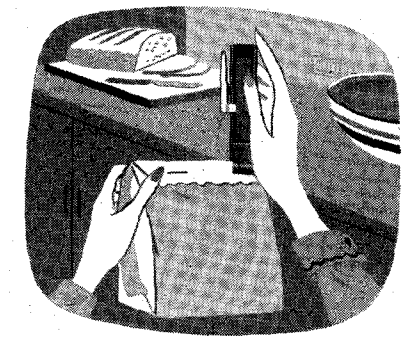

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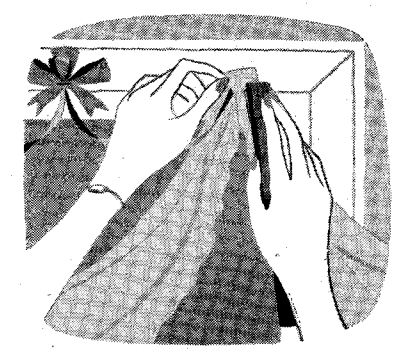
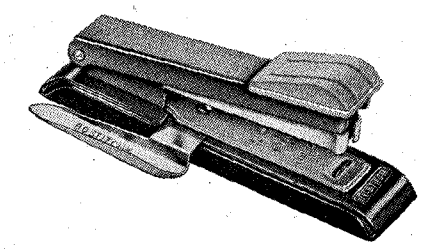


It's a REMOVER...

It's the BOSTITCH B8R



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Fasten it better and faster with

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On tour or around town, your motor oil dollar goes farther with Quaker State Super Blend. That's because this highest quality SAE 10W-30 oil gives you all-weather protection . . . and you go farther on every quart. You get improved gasoline mileage, too! And by cutting the major causes of engine wear, this pure Pennsylvania motor oil prevents costly repair bills. In all the world, the best motor oil money can buy is Quaker State Super Blend. Wherever you drive, it will pay you to ask for it by name!

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1859—100th Anniversary of Drake Oil Well and Founding of the Petroleum Industry—1959

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

Letters

Who Wants Toll TV?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial in the 31 January issue [WHY NOT LET PAY TV HAVE A TRIAL RUN?] is excellent, although it seems to me that it is treated with more than the usual dosage of typical S.E.P. moderation and restraint. If all your readers have the patience and fortitude to wade through the preamble of strong arguments against, and the watered-down arguments in favor of, pay TV, they will find a paragraph at the end which whispers, "Why not give it a try?"

Frankly, I believe that free, sponsored, commercial television has failed miserably to achieve the goals it might have reached. . . .

Would I subscribe to pay TV in order to see what I want and to be free of these medicine shows, hucksters and pitchmen? You bet I would.

MADISON S. PEARSON
Orient, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

What about the people who cannot afford pay TV?

MRS. RUSSELL RINEHART
Angola, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Much of the criticism directed at TV centers around the commercials which are integrated into the programs. . . . Taking the Post as a typical magazine, I note that a reader has to leapfrog through the magazine . . . to complete an article. On virtually every page there are ads intended to entice the reader to buy some product. Thus the Post is doing the same thing that the print media seems to find so objectionable in TV.

WAYNE JACKSON,
Program Director
WECT, Channel 6
Wilmington, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

The day that "pay TV" becomes reality we cancel our subscription to your magazine.

MRS. C. H. WALKER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

There is no guarantee of better programing, and a producer might retire for life on the "take" from one well-publicized and star-studded stinker.

MRS. JOSEPH HAGER
Jonesboro, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Who, if they can help it, would rather see a first-run, Cinemascope, Technicolor, stereophonic, Hollywood extravaganza on a 21-inch screen than in the theater where it belongs? Yul Brynner would appear as such a speck he'd have to shave his head just so we could tell him from Lollobrigida!

RICHARD C. VER WIEBE
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I read your editorial . . . with a great deal of interest, and I must admit that both sides of the controversy have been presented most fairly. . . .

We are in full accord with Rep. Oren Harris' bill . . . which proposes to ban all forms of toll TV [until Congress enacts regulatory legislation]. . . .

The idea of giving pay TV a chance is analagous to permitting an explorer to claim a new territory. Once he lands he can never be removed; and in the case of subscription television, when that happens, free TV flies out the window.

PHILIP F. HARLING, *Chairman*
Anti-Pay TV Committee
Theatre Owners of America
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Audience-payment television as an optional system supplementary to "free" television is . . . entirely in the public interest. But . . . two special safeguards are essential.

Firstly, the total number of usable television channels must be at least doubled, as already proposed by many civic and educators' groups as well as some FCC commissioners. This will require a gradual shift from the present separated V.H.F. and U.H.F. channels to a single band, like radio.

Secondly, pay TV must be licensed for the exclusive use of a new group of channels, so that it cannot displace present "free" broadcasting.

SIDNEY W. DEAN, JR.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

"Why Not Let Pay TV Have a Trial Run?"

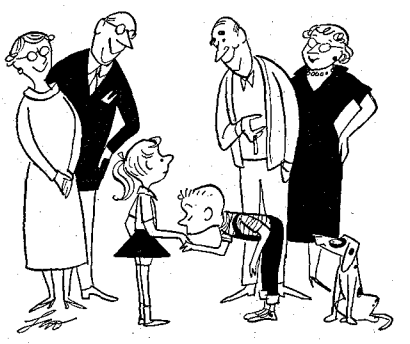
Well, why not? Then I'm sure more books would be read, and radio would come back.

L. M. GLADFELTER
Dover, Pa.

Mothers and Sons

Dear Sirs:

There was a story in the January 31st Post that warmed my heart and also made me a little apprehensive. It was ADOLESCENT AFTERNOON by Clae Waltham. After reading it, I took a long look at my son and began wondering about our relationship. He's an average boy—full of pranks (harmless), thinks of his dog as his one true pal, is tolerant of his young sister . . . sometimes shows good manners to the delight and mild surprise



of us all, has great vistas of imagination, goes to Sunday School every Sunday and enjoys it . . . is completely fearless . . . has never met a stranger, and is loving and gentle in a will-o'-the-wisp manner. His mother is generally running a gamut of emotions—loving him dearly, never in complete harmony with him, although admittedly spoiling him sometimes, forcing herself to leave the room when his father necessarily must be extra firm . . . and above all, looking in amusement, frustration and awe at the young *man* who lives in our home.

My son is only five years old, but I look forward to those adolescent years of his and hope—and yes, pray—that I will have the wisdom to understand.

(Continued on Page 6)

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GOES GREAT WITH ANY DATE...THIS

real thirst-quencher!

Copyright 1959 by The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up

Even when you're just "sitting around"—doing nothing in particular—you can get thirsty. That's why drinking 7-Up is such a popular indoor sport! This is the sparkling drink that quenches fast . . . and quenches for sure. When you finish a bottle, there's no sticky taste in your mouth . . . no come-back thirst to bother you. Whatever you do for fun, don't do it thirsty. Have 7-Up!

YOU LIKE IT... IT LIKES YOU

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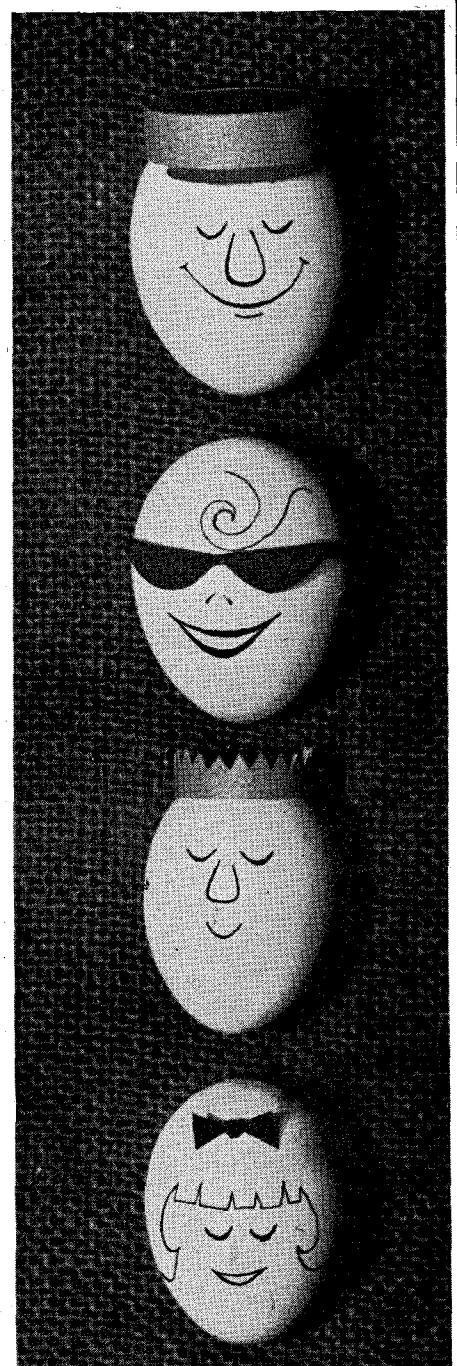

Time to Come Out of That Shell . . .
and enjoy a REAL family vacation—in Arkansas! You'll find fishing so good it's almost unbelievable—PLUS wonderful water sports, unsurpassed scenery, cosmopolitan resorts, fun in the sun for every member of the family. It's all waiting for YOU—in
arkansas

Arkansas Publicity and Parks Commission
Dept. 439, State Capitol, Little Rock
Please send Free Vacation Literature
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The story Adolescent Afternoon had great depth, humor, and above all caught the enchanting quicksilver vigor and life that dwells in a dearly beloved son. My congratulations and thanks to Clae Waltham for a very fine story.

MRS. CHARLES L. SHARPE
Danville, Ky.

The "Hit" That Missed

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin's I CALL ON PETER LIND HAYES AND MARY HEALY [Dec. 27] showed a picture of Grace Hayes [below, left] "as she appeared in the 1930 Broadway hit, Ballyhoo." Permit me to correct you. *This* show was definitely *not* a hit. I know because I was in it. All the principals except W. C. Fields, the star, worked on half or no salary in order to try to keep this turkey going—but to no avail. It closed after [several] weeks. . . .

Grace Hayes (Ballyhoo, 1930) — *Willie Howard (Ballyhoo, 1932)*

You may have confused this show with another one of the same name which came to Broadway a year or two later. This latter might be called a hit. It starred, among others, Willie and Eugene Howard and had a very popular song titled Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?

CHESTER H. TOOMER
Augsburg, Germany

● *It's true that the 1932 Ballyhoo—in which Bob Hope had a featured role—had a longer run than the 1930 Ballyhoo. But its slight success was not due to Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?, which is from the 1932 production of Americana.* —ED.

How Now, Purple Cow?

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your issue of January 24, page 23 [THE FAMILY NOBODY LIKED, by Jan Cox Speas]:

I've never seen a *crimson* elm.
Tell me where to see one.
I'll gladly travel to the realm
Where Jan Speas says there be one.

AILEEN O'K. WHITE
Stamford, Conn.

● *Elms turn* yellow. *It is author Speas who has turned crimson.*—ED.

"Disappointed"

Dear Sirs:

I'll charge you only the old price, but I want my nickel back. . . . The January 24 issue has arrived, but there is no Chon Day cartoon.

I want to say that he can put more expression into fewer lines than anybody I have seen, and I never fail to get at least a smile from his cartoons. . . . I think he rates a bouquet in print.

W. B. FRANCE
Newport Beach, Calif.

● *Cartoonist Day appeared in the Post 41 times last year. For a new Day, see page 54.* —ED.

Rook Cook Book

Dear Sirs:

In his letter published in the January 24th issue of the Post, Mr. J. W. Whitehead, Pembury, England, states that he could not find a recipe for rook pies. I wonder how he managed to overlook that mainstay of British . . . cookery—Mrs. Beeton's Household Management.

NONA E. NAVIN
Willowdale, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I consulted my copy of Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book given me more than forty-five years ago during a residence in Canada. In those days no English bride arrived in the "Colonies" without a Beeton under her arm.

In the index it says "See Pigeon Pie." Hope you can endure the recipe:

"Ingredients: 2 or 3 pigeons, 1 lb. rump steak, ¼ lb. ham or lean bacon, ¾ pint good stock, 2 hard-boiled eggs. Salt and pepper, puff paste, 1 egg yolk.

"Methods: Cut each pigeon in 4 pieces. Cut beef into small, thin slices, the ham into strips, eggs into sections or slices. Put these ingredients into a pie dish in layers, season well, pour in stock to ¾ fill dish. Put on the cover [of] puff or rough puff paste . . . decorate center tastefully with paste leaves, brush with egg yolk. Bake in quick oven until the paste is risen and set. Then cook at a lower temperature for about 1 hour. Have ready a few pigeons' feet, scalded, with toes cut off. (Now gentlemen, brace yourselves.) Before serving pour in rest of stock through hole in the centre of the pie. Replace pastry ornament with the feet, fixing them in a nearly upright position. The pie may be served either hot or cold; if the latter, the stock must form a jelly when cold. Average cost, 4s to 4s-6d. Sufficient for 6 or 8 persons. Seasonable at any time."

MRS. ALBERT BURCH
Jacksonville, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

I refer [Mr. Whitehead] to page 598 of A Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy by André L. Simon.

CHARLES RAY GLASS
La Jolla, Calif.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
6–Culver. • 19–Hartley Alley; The Columbus Dispatch. • 20–Wide World; The Columbus Dispatch; Hartley Alley; Wide World. • 21–Stan Troutman; Wide World. 22, 23–Edwin Georgi. • 24–Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; Brown Brothers. • 25–Underwood and Underwood; Wide World; two from United Press International; Wide World. • 26, 27–Farrell Grehan. • 28–Larry Keighley. 29–From Encyclopaedia Britannica Films Inc. • 30–Paul Nonnast. • 31–Pictorial Parade. 32–Wide World. • 34, 35–Ken Riley. • 36–NBC; Culver. • 37–Morgan Kane. 39–Philippe Halsman. • 43–Sam Bates. • 46–Stan Troutman. • 74–United Press International. • 85–Map by Zen Yonkovig • 88–From Encyclopaedia Britannica Films Inc. 112–Larry Fried. • 116–Jack LarMour; C. A. Johnson; anonymous; U. S. Coast Guard.

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—where you'll find the best values in TRUCK TIRES to meet every need of Tonnage, Traction and Terrain—from pickup and panel-truck operations, to the biggest over-the-road haulers and earth-movers. All backed by years of experience . . . all expertly serviced at
GOODYEAR DEALERS'.

RIB HI-MILER Best buy in the low price field
HI-MILER XTRA GRIP Year-round low-cost super-traction

TRACTION HI-MILER Premium performance at moderate price
HI-MILER CROSS-RIB Shatters highway tread-wear records

Hi-Miler—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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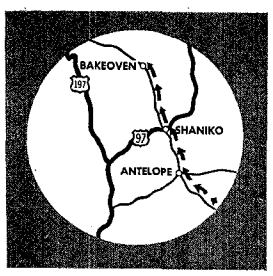
"Through Horse Heaven to Bakeoven—Cross-Ribs double our tread-mileage!"

Why Blue Line Transportation Co., North Portland, Oregon, has switched all drive-wheels to HI-MILER CROSS-RIB



"Just listen to the names of places on our runs:

"*Horse Heaven! Ironside! Bakeoven country!* They tell what our dual-drives are up against in the high farm areas of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

"Each long, hot highway haul," continues Blue Line President Paul J. Sullivan, Jr., "begins or ends with 12 to 15 miles of the roughest highland farm roads that ever killed a tire.

"Traction, tread-wear, tire life and tightening schedules kept haunting us – until, in 1957, we tried Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs.

"NOW every drive-wheel in our fleet is on Cross-Ribs – and here's why:

"Even on dual-drives, Cross-Ribs DOUBLE our former tread mileage – and give plenty of recaps, too. That goes for our hottest highway hauls and roughest back-roads as well.

"Cross-Ribs have ended our sideslip worries – best traction tires we've ever had. Even in snow and deep mud, we seldom need chains any more.

"You can say for me that *Cross-Ribs are the best timesavers and cost-cutters ever on our operation!*"

Like Blue Line, *many* over-the-road haulers are saving BIG with Hi-Miler Cross-Rib. Get the facts from your Goodyear dealer – or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB: EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T NYLON CORD

1 60% thicker nonskid tread! **2** Cooler-running tread design. **3** Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Even NYLON must be tempered to be its toughest. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process triple-tempers Nylon cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

TRUCK TIRES by

GOODYEAR

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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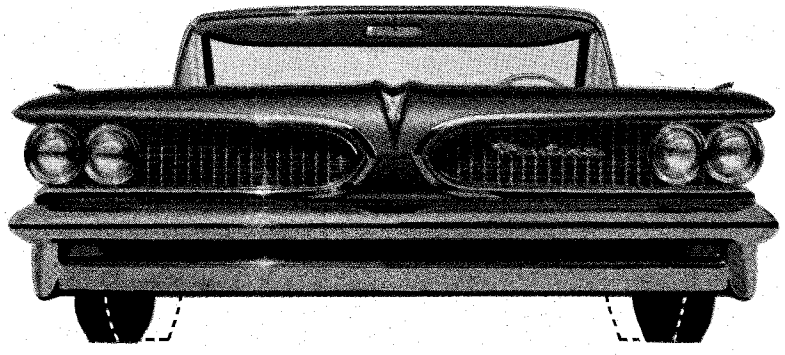
You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher.



THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

Wheels are 5 inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Lower center of gravity makes the car grip the road. Lean and sway disappear. You get safer cornering, easier handling, a steadier, balanced, smoother ride.

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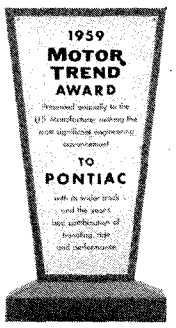
PONTIAC NAMED CAR·OF·THE·YEAR

"PONTIAC with wide-track wheels is the best combination of ride... handling...performance and styling of any '59 car"

—The Editors of Motor Trend Magazine



In making its annual award, the staff of Motor Trend Magazine, leading automotive publication, tests and evaluates all new cars. Here are quotations from the April 1959 issue:

"Pontiac's stability is the outstanding advance of the year. Everyone considering a new car should experience it."

"It's the best balanced passenger car in America. We firmly believe that in moving the wheels farther apart, to develop the widest stance of any American car, Pontiac has created an entirely new sense of balance and handling security."

"Pontiac's lines are clean, simple and beautiful. It has a fleet look, a trim appearance. The wide wheel design contributes greatly to its over-all integrated styling. Any comparison with narrower track cars readily shows the difference."

"For the economy-minded, an efficient new engine. The new 420E Tempest economy engine offers remarkable performance along with exceptionally high mileage while operating on regular grade gasoline."

"Pontiac is again tops in performance, based on our extensive road testing. Acceleration is outstanding, yet the engine is unusually quiet and smooth."

Your nearest Pontiac dealer will be glad to let you road-test this award-winning automobile on your own.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC! America's Number (1) Road Car!

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Editorials

A Party Can Change Its "Image"; But Will the Public Buy It?

Some people are becoming increasingly restive over all this talk about "images." Hardly a day passes without a newspaper columnist or a politician demanding that the Republican Party, the motion-picture industry, the Old South, United States Steel and Vice President Nixon should do something about their images.

One trouble with becoming unduly concerned about one's image is that nobody is entirely sure what it is. The Democrats and left-wing propagandists, for example, have terrified a lot of Republicans into believing that their party's image is a fat old plutocrat who lives on dividends and hates the workers. This may be the image of the G.O.P. as conveyed to some people, mainly liberal Democrats and some professors in college-economics faculties; but there are millions of other people to whom the Republican Party looks like an organization of middle-of-the-road folks who are worried about what is happening to the dollar and wonder if we really need to give away quite so much money to foreigners.

Anyway, while the leaders of various groups are busy revising their images, the public mocks up its own images of people and parties, relying less on clay from public-relations pottery works than on such information as it can get on the subject being "imaged," as Walter Winchell used to put it when printing a birth notice four or five months in advance. The left-wing effort to establish the image of Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia as a slave driver in an apple orchard was a flop. People like or dislike the senator according to their views on economy in government. The left wing did manage to set up an image of Vice President Nixon which they used to stick pins in, and some of the Vice President's admirers think he should counter with an image more attractive to left-wingers. Actually, Mr. Nixon has done pretty well by just being himself.

Labor leader George Meany's image is pretty good, not because of anything the image mongers have done for him, but because he has a mind of his own and lets people know it. The man who, when so many so-called leaders were slobbering over Mikoyan, indicated that he wouldn't give the Soviet slave driver the time of day makes his own image without professional help.

And speaking of labor leaders, look at Jimmy Hoffa! He has the worst possible image. Judges, grand juries, Senate committees, ordinary citizens denounce him daily. The jail door yawns, but does not slam on him. If all the smear experts in the nation had gone to work to give Jimmy Hoffa an image that would stop a clock, they couldn't do any better than he has done for himself. But as far as we know, Hoffa has hired no men in gray-flannel suits to devise a new and nicer Hoffa image. He just lets the old mug ride.

The result is that the Teamsters greet Hoffa whenever he emerges from a committee hearing or a grand-jury room with shouts of "He's our boy!" and ballots to match. This creates an unpopular image for the Teamsters Union in the eyes of millions of Americans, but up to now nothing has been done to inconvenience Hoffa and his allies. If an image like Hoffa's upsets so few people, why should the G.O.P., or even the man-eating shark, have its image lifted?

Africa's Colonial Revolution Has a Long Way to Go

Two young African countries, Ghana and Guinea, recently made a dramatic declaration that they had formed a "united republic." This, they said, is "the nucleus of a union of West African states."

"Inspired by the example of the thirteen American colonies," the two countries on Africa's west coast timed their announcement to have the most effect. It was just before an All-Africa People's Conference was held in Ghana's capital, Accra. The delegates proclaimed a three-step program. First, every African territory is to win independence from its colonizing power. Second, those in each region are to federate into a regional nation—for example, a United States of West Africa. Third, these groups are to merge into a United States of all Africa.

That's a tall order, indeed. De Gaulle is trying to prevent it by his liberal policies for the new African republics in the French Overseas Community. But the young western-educated African leaders who want total independence for their countrymen are fiercely determined.

It was at Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania, and at the University of Pennsylvania, that the man who is now Ghana's prime minister, Kwame Nkrumah, got his education. And it was he who shrewdly saw that the way to win our country's sympathy was to announce that the new "united republic" of Ghana and Guinea was "inspired by the example of the thirteen American colonies."

But there are enormous differences between the Africa of today and the American colonies in 1776. The 3,000,000 Americans were a fairly modern people, by the standards of their time. And they had a common language. The 200,000,000 Africans are backward. Also, they are in fact a vast number of distinct tribes and nations. Even in West Africa alone, there are large numbers of native languages.

Although the United States needs the friendship of the Africans, let us be under no illusions. Many years of native tyranny and perhaps of intra-African wars lie ahead.

An African United States wouldn't necessarily be democratic. Nkrumah's Ghana isn't democratic; he has done many despotic things. And in Guinea the situation is much worse. President Sékou Touré has run a one-party state, and his regimented party is modeled on the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. He says that's necessary for the time being. He wants the West to finance a $275,000,000 dam, and he has said that if he can't raise the money he will build the dam by copying Red China's mass slavery.

He and Nkrumah are nationalists in a hot hurry. They offer friendship to the West, and the West is in no position to be too particular.

A Woman of 30 is Actuarily 27, Says Life Insurance

We have never thought of the insurance industry as a multiple Lothario, but it has now turned up one of the nicest compliments a woman can imagine. When a new actuarial table goes into effect hereafter, all American women are to be regarded as younger than they are. A woman of thirty, in insurance calculations, is now to be considered a woman of twenty-seven.

The reason for this mathematical blandishment is the 1958 Commissioners' Standard Ordinary Mortality Table, adopted in December by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. This is only the second revision of such tables in 100 years. The last was in 1941, and experience since then has revealed an explosive betterment in life expectancy.

We might almost suspect that the insurance people are going into politics, for they are not only complimenting women but also patting babies on the head. Babies on the average are now given an extra six years of life to look forward to—sixty-eight years instead of sixty-two. Even old folks of sixty are handed an extra two years.

To make the new table effective, commissioners have framed a model law incorporating the happier figures, which will be presented to and presumably accepted by the forty-nine state legislatures. This procedure is designed to enable the states to bring their laws governing reserves and cash values into line with the new tables. This will bring official youth to women everywhere. There is a deeper point in knocking three years off a woman's age. The differential in favor of women recognizes that they live longer than men. This first step in separating them foreshadows complete recognition that each sex should have its own table of life expectancy.

We see nothing wrong with this, or with living longer, but we do feel obliged to caution the insurance companies about the thirty-year-old woman who has been cut back to twenty-seven. Just be sure she is thirty. We know a lot of women who have long since beaten the actuaries to this kind of adjustment.

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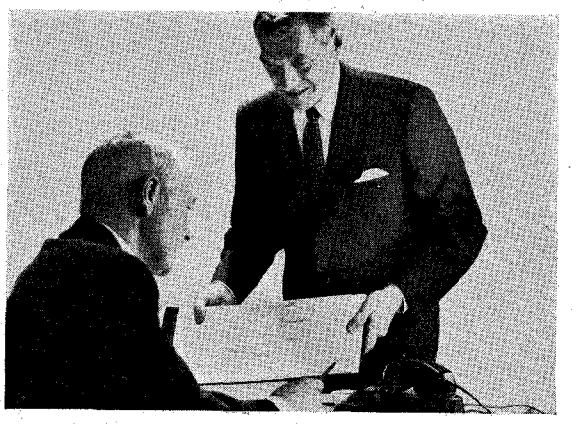
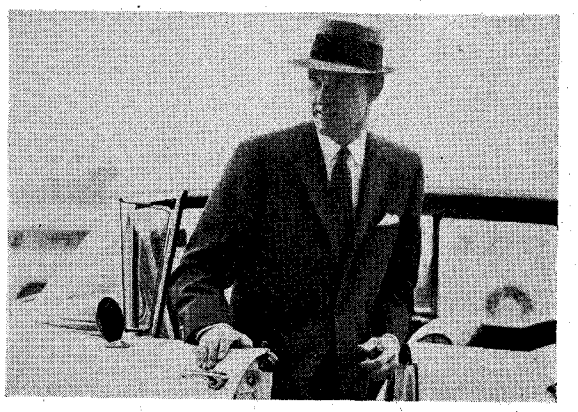
Ever hear the story about the traveling salesman... and his miracle Viracle suit?

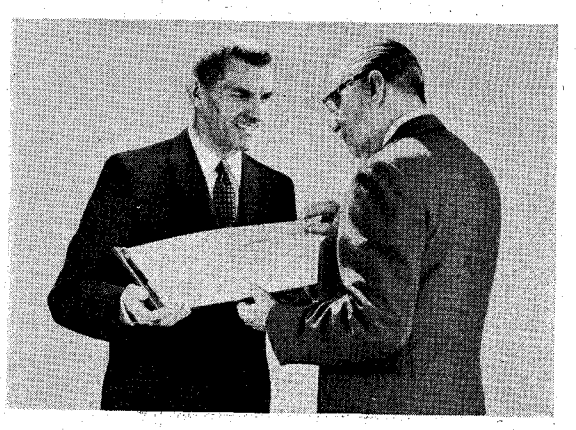


Once there was a traveling salesman who covered three states in two days with one suit. It was a sultry, sticky summer. But his was a Viracle suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx, so he was cool and comfortable. This helped him feel confident, which helped him make sales.



Sometimes, he drove for hours to see a customer. Even all this sitting didn't take the crisp look out of his Viracle. It was a blend of Dacron and worsted, a wrinkle-resistant miracle fiber (many years and improvements ago, the first Dacron suit wore a Hart Schaffner & Marx label).

The traveling salesman stopped at a motel for the night, took off his Viracle suit and hung it in the closet. He calls the hanger his "Viracle valet." Back in the home office, auditors are fascinated by the fact that there's rarely a pressing charge among his expense vouchers.



On the second morning, his Viracle suit looked as fresh as the day before. And during all his calls, he experienced the satisfaction of knowing he was well-dressed. Happy ending to the story? You, too, can breeze through summer in the comfort of a Viracle suit—available at stores which feature Hart Schaffner & Marx.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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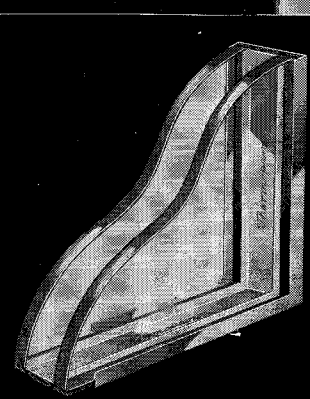
Just a whisker away from the snuggest spot around!

This window (in fact, *every* window in this house) is L·O·F *Thermopane*® insulating glass.

It means this little girl and her family—even her kitten—are warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer . . . more comfortable all year 'round.

L·O·F *Thermopane* gives you a blanket of dry, clean air sealed between two panes of glass. It *completes* your home's insulation. Saves fuel. It cuts down fogging on the glass and condensation drip on sills. It reduces drafts near windows. It muffles outside noises.

Whether you buy or build, make sure your new house has genuine L·O·F *Thermopane* in *all* of the windows. For colorful, illustrated booklet on *Thermopane* for houses, send 10c to Dept. 239, Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Co., Toledo 3, O.



GENUINE L·O·F

Thermopane

is made in the U.S.A. solely by Libbey·Owens·Ford and consists of an insulating blanket of dry, clean air sealed between two panes of glass.

L·O·F GLASS®

Thermopane INSULATING GLASS

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD *a Great Name in Glass*

TOLEDO 3, OHIO

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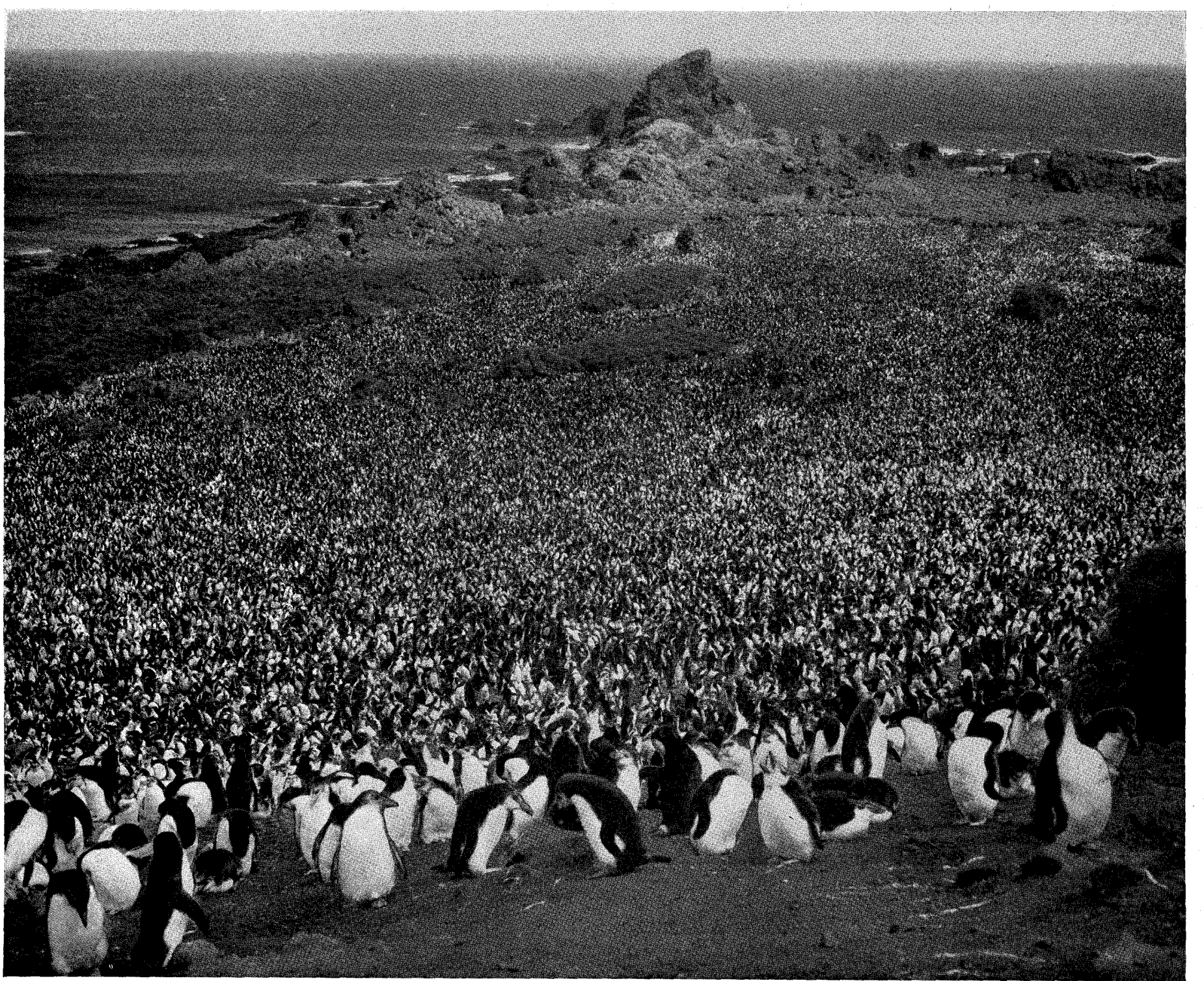
You're not just "one of the crowd" when you have the policy with the P.S.*

You're a *person* – distinct, separate, individual. And when it comes to the strictly *personal* matter of your financial security, you don't want to be treated like a faceless file number. You need and deserve *personal service* . . . and that's what you get from Ætna Casualty and its thousands of representatives from coast to coast. Personal service means building your insurance program to fit *you* alone . . . bringing you help in a hurry when you need it . . . giving you fast, fair action when you have a claim. Ætna Casualty people *always* treat you as an individual – so why not get in touch with your Ætna Casualty agent soon? You'll find him listed in the yellow pages.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN LAIRD

Get the best . . . the policy with the P.S.* *Personal Service*

ÆTNA CASUALTY

Quality INSURANCE for individual, family, business, home and other possessions

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • *Affiliated with* Ætna Life Insurance Company • Standard Fire Insurance Company • Hartford 15, Conn.

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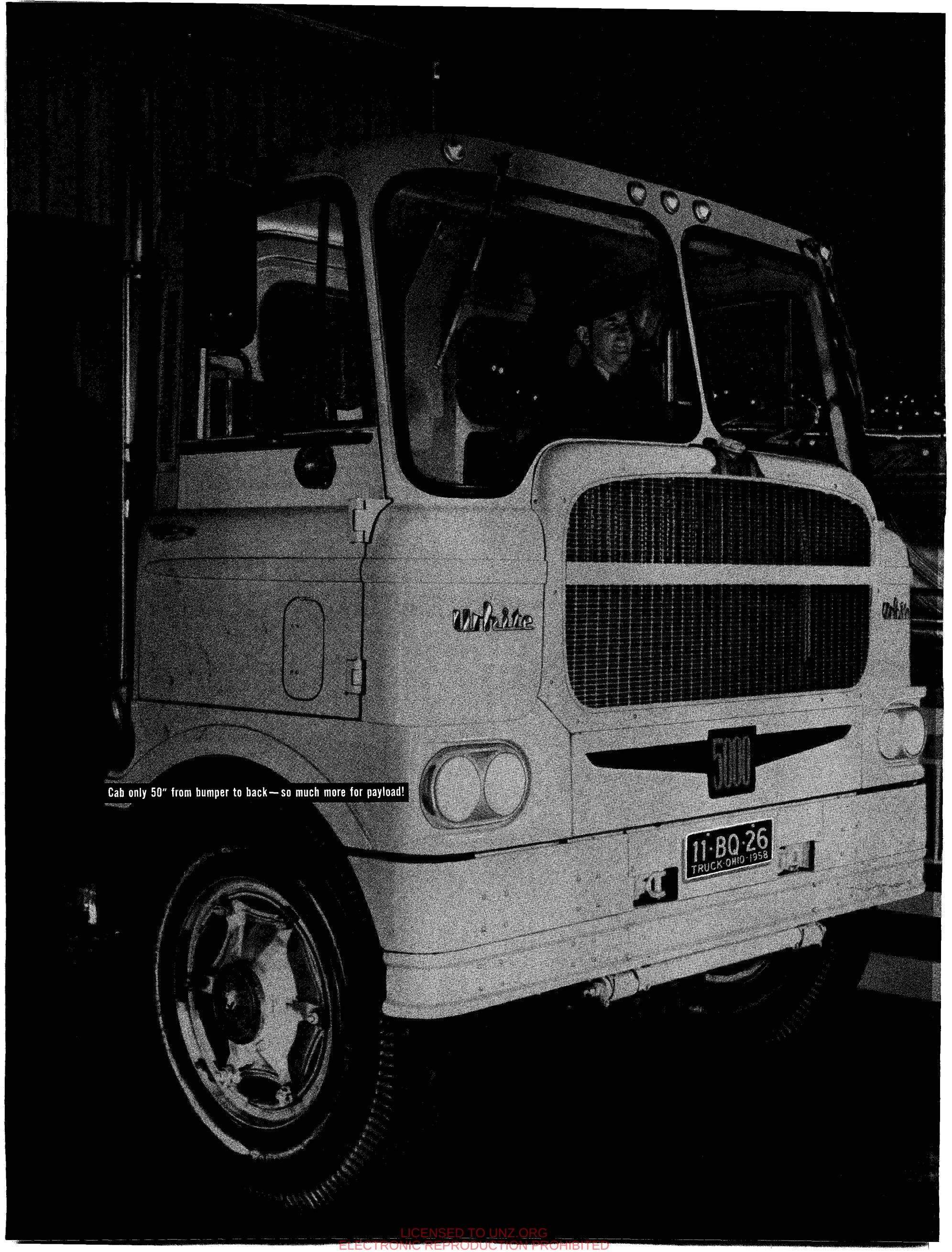

Cab only 50" from bumper to back—so much more for payload!

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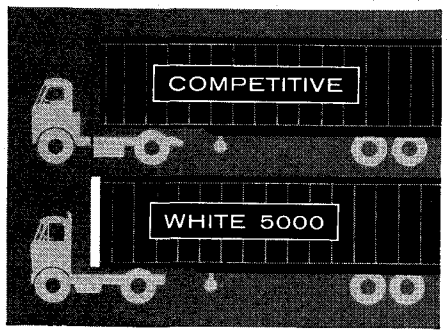
Introducing the revolutionary new WHITE 5000...

NEW SUPER HAULER for New Super Highway System

Carries more cargo without taking more room on the road!

America's new $50 billion super highway system demanded development of a super truck to carry the lifeblood of living to an ever increasing population. This truck had to haul more and do more without being any bigger. How that miracle was accomplished is told here:

Cleveland, Ohio, March 3: Even if your name happens to be a very long one (National Amalgamated Freight Hauling Company, for instance), you can probably get the whole thing on the side of the trailer behind this amazing new tractor. But you'd barely have room for *initials* on the cab.



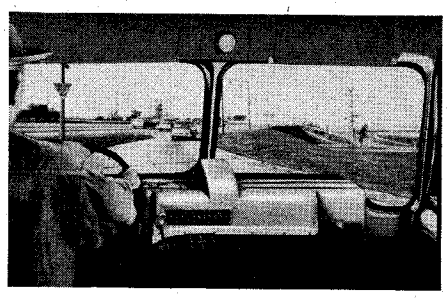
50″ cab means much more payload.

For it's only 50 inches long, a "miracle foot" shorter than competitive cab-over-engine tractors (and up to 4′ 4″ shorter than conventional tractors). Think what each foot means in increased payload for every operator who has to face a legal length or weight limit.

In a fifty-foot state, the WHITE 5000 can take a 43′ 8″ trailer — this can mean up to 243 cubic feet more payload on every trip.

In sixty-foot states, the 5000 gives you room for two 25½′ doubles!

But if the cab is only 50 inches long, is it roomy? You bet your life. Just climb up in that big seat and stretch your legs. Easy-chair comfort. Look out the picture-window windshield that curves around the corners — it's 35% bigger! Push a button, the passenger window works *electrically*. Push another, the *seat* moves.


Plenty of room to stretch your legs *and* eyes.

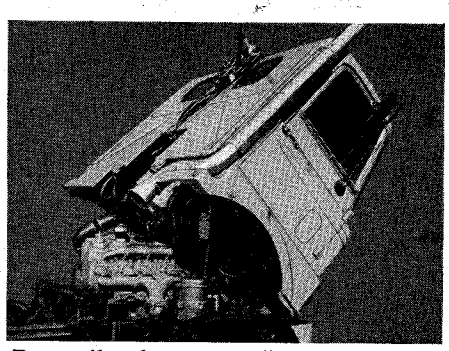
Now step down and thump that cab with your knuckles. Feels like armor plate! But it's lightweight fiberglass — rigid, rugged, reinforced. Tough to dent, even with a heavy hammer.

Take a look at that big, broad 96″ front. See that access panel? It flips up to let you check the oil or test the tension of the fan belt.

Turn a key — the cab tilts forward to uncover up to 335 diesel "horses" corralled in a lightweight engine of many aluminum components.

You see that weight-saving everywhere—cab, engine, chassis. Disc wheels, hubs, 60-gallon fuel tank — all aluminum. Yet the frame is built like a bridge — heat-treated, chrome-manganese steel with tubular cross members. Power-shift transmission. Wheel base as short as 106″. Venturi exhaust. A parking brake that works automatically if the air line should fault — *this* truck is built for safety (the operator's *and* yours).

In short—the WHITE 5000 has the greatest combination of comfort, performance, and safety features that ever came down the pike. It's the newest, exciting expression of the WHITE engineering concept.


Power-tilt cab uncovers diesel powerhouse.

WHITE makes no "stamped-out" trucks — no "standard," assembly-line vehicles. Every WHITE is engineered to the exact specifications of the hauling job it is slated to perform: the exact wheel base, engine, transmission, axles and weight — the precise performance — you need. This takes a rare quality of engineering skill — a quality found in quantity nowhere but WHITE. Look at the whole WHITE line. *You'll be glad you did, in the long haul.*

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
Cleveland 1, Ohio
Branches, distributors and dealers in all principal cities.

WORLD LEADER IN HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS

WHITE

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Shocking Fact: "Normal Driving" is the Worst Kind for Your Engine!

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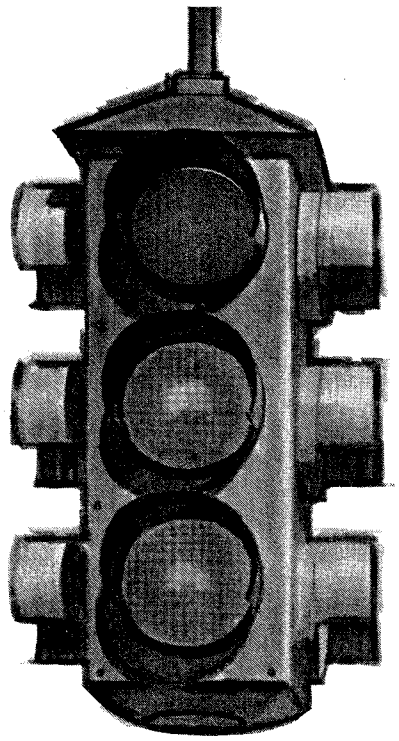


Change to fresh FRAM Filters to stop excessive engine wear... increase gas mileage!

In today's cars, the long fast trips are *least* harmful to your engine. The big trouble comes from those short runs . . . the idling in traffic . . . the starts and stops!

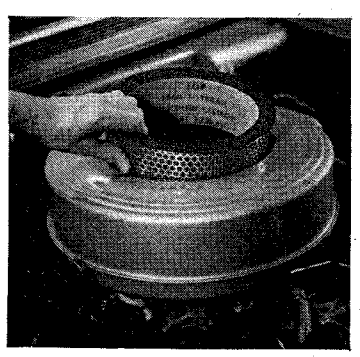
This "normal" driving gives your oil its greatest punishment . . . and can produce engine-ruining sludge and oil dilution.

And this kind of driving also exposes your engine to air filled with grit and dirt. Stirred up by winds and heavy traffic, this airborne grime pours under your hood. It clogs your carburetor air filter and chokes off the steady flow of clean air you need for full power.

This means: The more "normal driving" you do . . . the more certain you must be that your engine gets *a steady flow of both clean oil and clean air.*

Your best guarantee is to *change regularly* to a fresh *FRAM Oil Filter* . . . and a fresh *FRAM Air Filter*. FRAM is the filter that most car makers install on their new cars at the factory!

FRAM "FULL FILTRATION" OIL FILTER CUTS REPAIR BILLS! Take five minutes every 5,000 miles and change to a FRAM. This remarkable filter cleans your entire crankcase of oil as it rushes through your engine! It removes damaging grit and sludge-forming particles down to 39 millionths of an inch...gives your engine protection like no other filter!



FRAM "FILTRONIC" AIR FILTER RELEASES FULL GAS POWER! Car experts agree that clogged air filters reduce gas mileage. That's why most car manufacturers now recommend an air filter change *at least every 10,000* miles. FRAM Air Filters are easily replaceable . . . just take out the old clogged filter cartridge and put in a fresh one. The FRAM Filtronic Filter screens out 99% plus of all airborne dirt . . . allows a steady flow of clean air to your carburetor. This releases full gas power and gives you more miles per gallon!

FRAM IS GIVING $60,000.00 because a regular filter check is so vital to today's cars. Last year, 10,000 secretly marked FRAM Cartridges were installed in cars during regular servicing. These cartridges are worth varying amounts from $1.00 to $1,000.00. Check your oil and air filters. If you find one that's specially tagged you will win up to $1,000.00 and your serviceman will get a duplicate prize. Program ends at midnight, June 30, 1959, and is subject to Federal, state and local laws and regulations. FRAM CORPORATION, PROVIDENCE 16, R. I.

FRAM OIL AIR FUEL WATER FILTERS

Now FRAM offers Pure-Air Filters for home air conditioning and heating systems. Write for name of nearest distributor.

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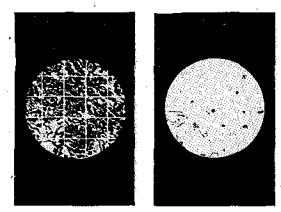
She uses only GLEEM - the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF – *destroys decay bacteria*



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF – *stops mouth odor all day*

Mouth odor stopped all day!
Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. *Means a sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like this mother, can't brush after meals—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most mouth bacteria with just one brushing.

Only **GLEEM** has ***GL-70*** to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK

Special get-acquainted offer!

10¢ OFF

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

9653-LF

TAKE THIS COUPON TO YOUR DEALER

SAVE 10¢ ON GLEEM

10¢

WHEN YOU BUY EITHER

OR

91-01-94

TO THE DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon in accordance with the terms of our coupon offer as stated below, provided that you and the consumer have complied with these terms. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1c. TERMS OF COUPON OFFER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon, or, if coupon calls for free merchandise, we will reimburse you for such free goods, plus 2c for handling, provided this coupon has been redeemed in accordance with our consumer offer. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of our brands to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request and failure to do so may, at our option, void all coupons submitted for redemption for which no proof of products purchased is shown. Coupons are good only on brands specified, are non-transferable, and when presented through outside agents or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise will not be honored and will be void when so presented. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved in the transaction. Our salesman will redeem our coupons or you may mail them at our expense, to Procter & Gamble, 2150 Sunnybrook Drive, Cincinnati 37, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

10¢

91-01-94

9653-LF

GOOD ONLY IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES (INCL. ALASKA AND HAWAII).

your next purchase of GLEEM

when you use coupon at left

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Are We Making a Playground Out of College?

Our campuses are becoming marriage mills and fun factories, more devoted to beauty queens than to higher education, charges this professor. Here he urges the abolition of fraternities, student cars and many other "abuses."

By Jerome Ellison

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

During a sunny day one autumn a colleague of mine was counseling a freshman girl at the University of Georgia. He explained that a certain course could not be taken without prerequisites amounting to about two years' work. "But I won't be here that long," the lass protested. "At the end of this school year I'm getting married."

Just to be nice my friend asked who the lucky man was. "Oh, I've just got here," said the miss, "and haven't met him yet." Out of curiosity, the professor kept tabs. The wedding took place in a burst of orange blossoms just after the close of the next semester, as planned.

This sort of thing is so common in the large, tax-supported coeducational plants that turn out more than half of all our college graduates, that most people assume it's probably all right.

After four years on the inside, as a member of a university faculty, I, for one, am not at all sure it's all right. It's part of a growing

At Indiana University the earnest young men below recently campaigned for a favorite entry (Hot Stuff) in a Turtle Derby.

Ohio State University: Alpha Chi Omega sorority girls put on this costume parade at the height of the spring fever on the campus.

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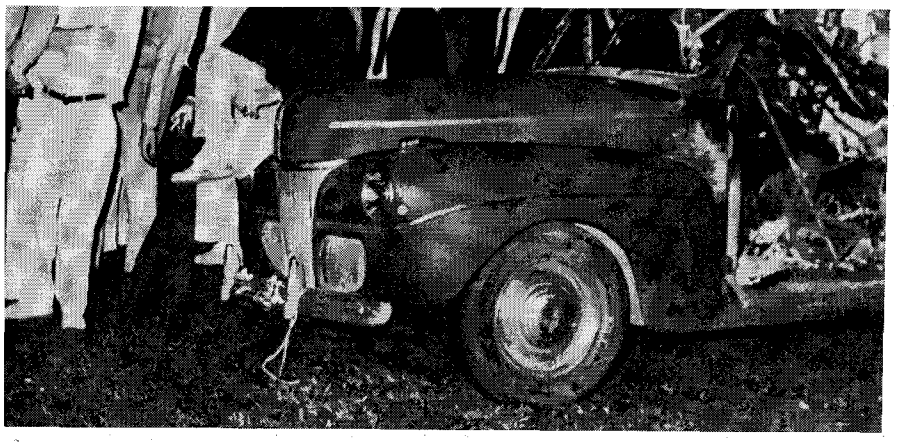
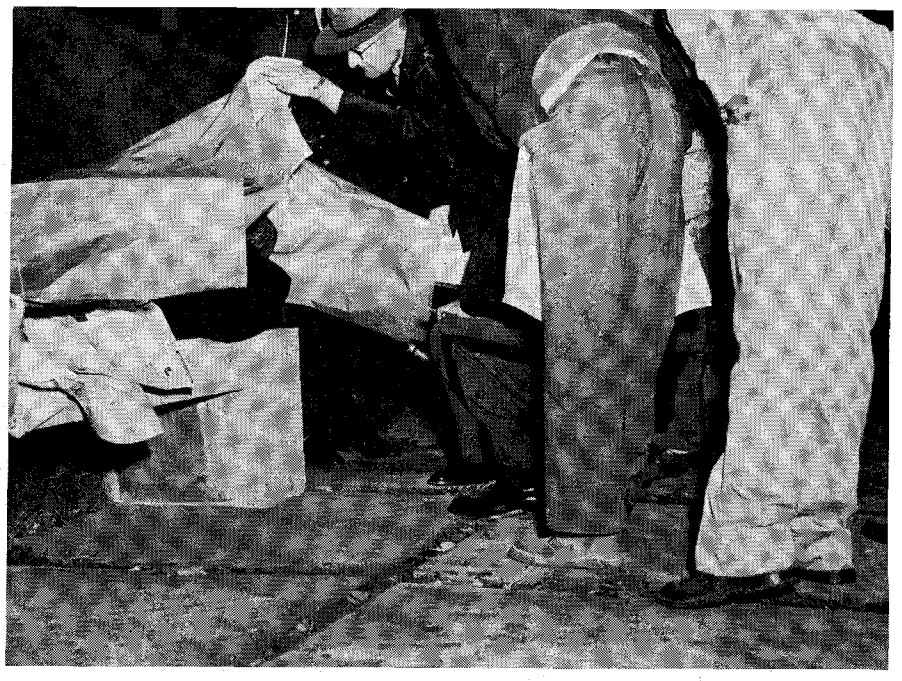
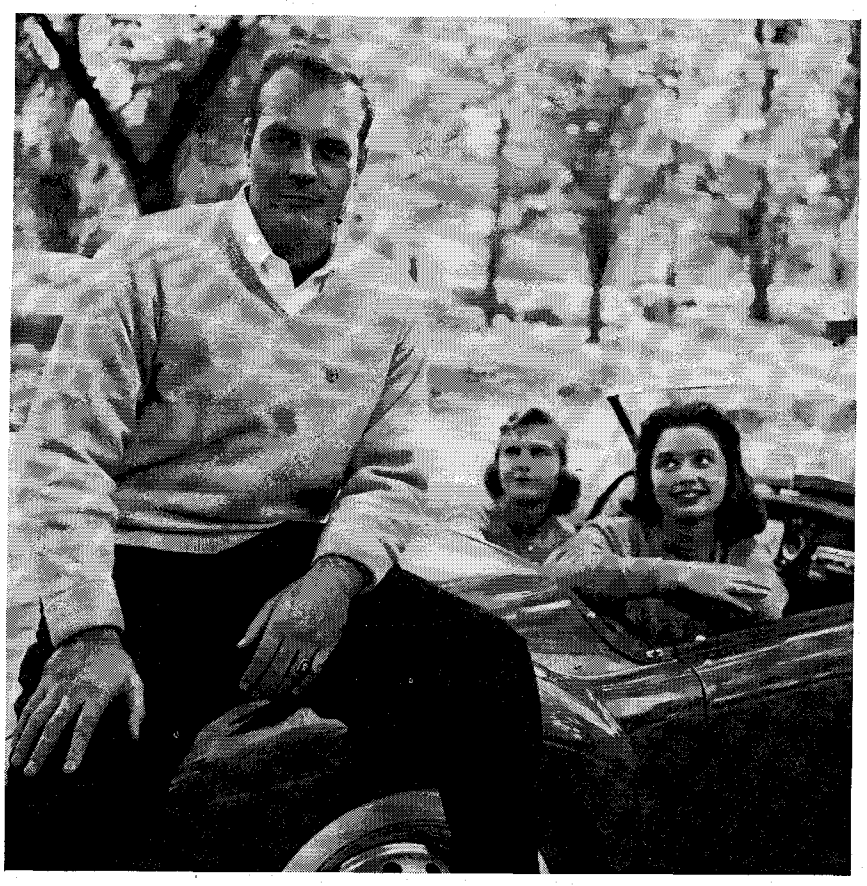


Last year the University of Virginia tightened its rules against student cars. A resulting riot, which included the burning of this station wagon, was finally put down by police.



Three Ohio Staters were expelled for putting a corpse (left) in front of the student union. They stole the body from an undertaker who kept it to show his skill at embalming.



Campus kings are important too. This young man vied for Indiana's Bachelor of the Year title—but he lost. Fraternities compete for the prestige of sponsoring a winner.

Medford, Mass.: At Tufts College a playful student presents an icy drenching to a girl from Jackson College. She was caught during a "retaliation raid" on Tufts.

national inclination to push education aside whenever it interferes with love or comfort, money or fun.

In today's world I question whether we can afford it. Communists and free men agree on at least one thing—the abler, better-informed side in this contest is more likely to prevail. Higher education will play an increasingly vital role in the struggle. We water it down, it seems to me, at our own great peril. And watering it down we certainly are.

The boys, I have noticed, go along in the business as readily as the girls. In one of my own courses at Indiana University there enrolled, not long ago, a male predentistry student. He was a sophomore, personable, fairly intelligent, had a car, and was going steady with a girl in his home town, a hundred miles away.

"Man, this is wearing—driving back and forth to Kokomo twice a week!" he said one time when on the carpet about a late assignment. Later, on a like occasion, "Man, this is killing—all these science courses!"

He shortly solved all his problems by marrying the girl, moving into a university-subsidized apartment on campus, and switching from dentistry to recreation—a curriculum which allows one to become a bachelor of science without ever having to study mathematics, language, chemistry, physics, history or science, but only things like volley ball, archery, lacrosse, deep breathing and refereeing.

My quarrel here is not with the change in career, but with the reasons. Our crowded, roaring slums testify to our need for trained recreation people. But this young oaf switched, not because he had discovered a national need, but because he thought recreation would be easier. One has a feeling that when the sun beats hot on the city pavements and the slum kids really need him, he'll be at home in front of the air conditioner.

Frequently, when counseling a bright student, I point out that we live in an age of science, that one of the bases of science is mathematics, and that the educated man of our day should have a little math. The point that math matters is never questioned. "But," I am almost always told, "it's hard!" The student paws through the catalogue again, seeking a course which is easier but probably irrelevant to his total plan.

Similarly, we often cite the need—in a nation that has a mere 6 per cent of earth's people, and must for its survival learn to get on with the other 94 per cent—for language training. Here again, the cry goes up, "Too hard!"

Some students go to extremes to avoid a language. I worked with one lad who planned from the first to be a journalist, and who has

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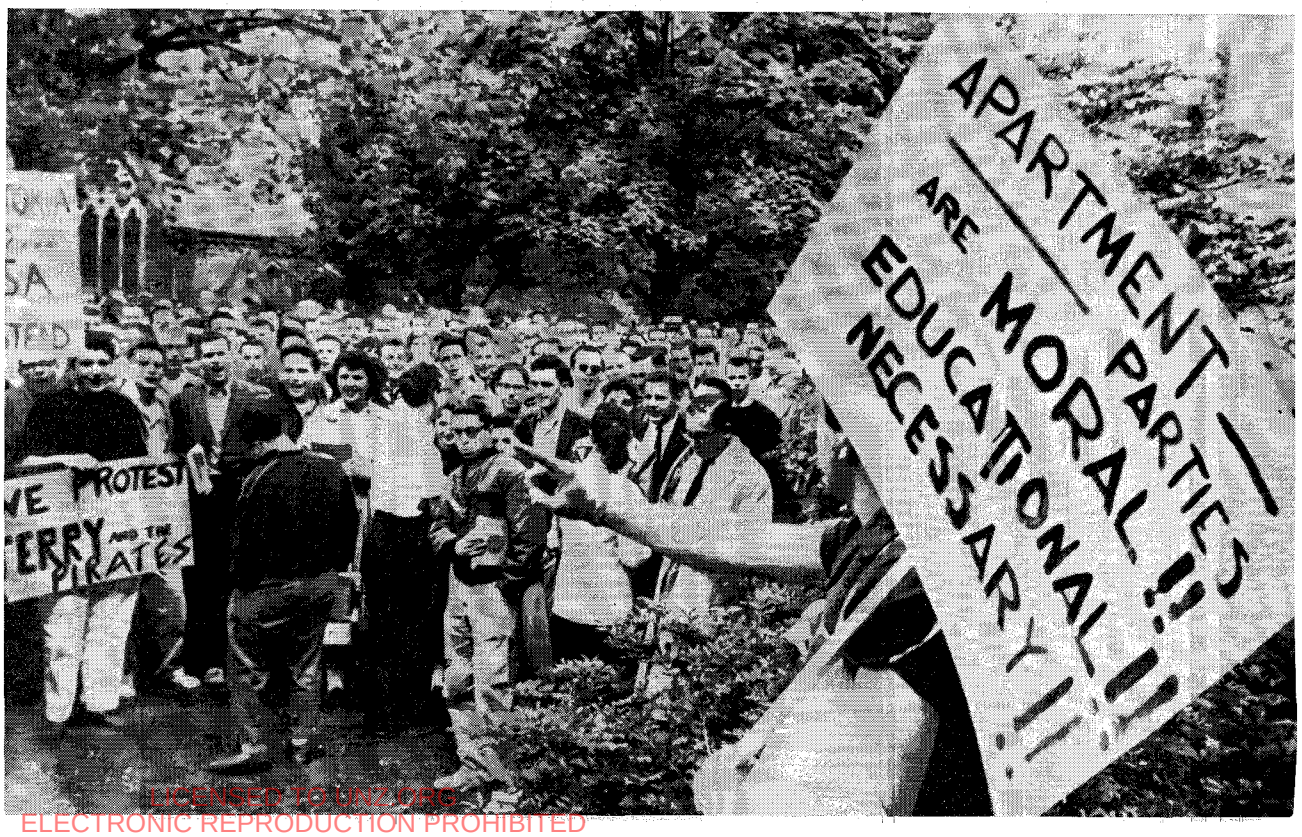
The overjoyed young woman at right had just been chosen as U.C.L.A.'s 1958 Homecoming Queen. Her name is Peggy Weyman. Any pretext will do for electing a queen.

now, at last, become one. But the course in journalism required eighteen hours of a foreign tongue. He enrolled in a teacher-training course, which did not require a language for a degree, and took his journalism in electives—"on the side"!

The prevalence of this sort of thing, and the extent to which school authorities play along with it, is something, I here assert, really to be exercised about.

I have seen too much of the power of higher education to widen and ennoble human life to stand by without protest while this vital power is vitiated. It was through a land-grant university that my father worked his way from the rudest of back-country farms into the vastly expanded horizons of a respected profession. A similar school helped me to spend my own life in the kind of work I love. And if I have learned anything from that work—twenty-five years (Continued on Page 44)

Ithaca, N.Y., May, 1958: Cornell University students demonstrate against a rule forbidding parties in off-campus apartments. The boy who is holding the huge sign in the foreground is the son of a Cornell professor.



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Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

The gentleman couldn't believe that his wife was leading a

Secret Life

By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

"You've been away such a long time," she told him, "that I'm bound to have made a few friends."

I will never divorce you, James," declared Marjorie Howgill.

It was somehow symptomatic of their entire marriage, thought James Howgill morosely, that even this sentence of hers, which should have been full of flashing fire and determination, only sounded flat and dull. Marjorie, he believed, could have made a list of the Seven Deadly Sins sound like a gardening catalogue.

They sat opposite each other in the comfortable, rather prim, wholly domestic London house. The radio played innocuous dance music, on a waltztime theme; the cat purred by the hearth; outside, a slight drizzle fell on the tidy pavements of a tidy Chelsea square. It had been like this for a full ten years, he reflected; their "ideal marriage" had turned into a Darby-and-Joan affair a quarter of a century before its time.

Now, as he had told her, he wanted to be free of it, not for any special reason—there was no other woman, in any serious sense—but simply because his excess of boredom had made that freedom essential.

If he were not married to Marjorie, he thought—Marjorie, who had changed from demure bride to sober matron in the course of a few months and had stayed like that ever since—if he were not married to Marjorie, he might be able to take a second chance with someone else, before it was too late. After all, he was only thirty-five. But if he didn't make the break soon ——

Her voice interrupted him. "Are you really telling me the truth, James?" she asked. "Is there another woman?"

He hitched his shoulders irritably. "No. I've told you."

"Why all this nonsense, then?"

Nonsense, he thought. What a word for his seething discontent. . . . "I just want to be free, that's all. It's so desperately dull, like this. We don't mean anything to each other any more."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said his wife.

"Well, I say it!" he snapped, with increased irritation. He looked across at her. Even at a moment like this, she was so damned reposed. Pretty, of course, but dull, dull, dull. They hadn't exchanged a word, beyond the ordinary civilities, for years, and as for romance ——

"There's nothing left of our marriage, and you know it," he went on.

"What you really need is a good holiday," she said sensibly.

"I don't need a good holiday, or any other kind of holiday!" he almost shouted. He was especially annoyed because Marjorie was not the only person who had said this to him lately; his doctor, called in to treat a recurrent asthma attack, had said it; so had one of the old fools at the office. Just like a lot of blasted parrots. "I need to be free, that's all!" he said, with absurd emphasis. "And I'm going to be!"

"I will never divorce you," she repeated. "I don't believe in it."

"We'll see about that. I'm leaving you."

"Leaving?" she echoed, in dismay. With perverse pleasure, he noted that it was her first sign of excitement for as long as he could remember. "But where will you go?"

"A hotel—anywhere!" He was standing up now, the very picture of a man driven to desperate determination. "I just can't stand this sort of life any longer! Both of us are just moldering away to nothing! I'm not going to have it like this for the rest of my life."

"But you can't simply take off into the blue."

"Just watch me!"

"James," she said solemnly, "I meant what I said. Whatever you do, I won't divorce you. As far as I'm concerned, we're married, and that's that."

(Continued on Page 90)

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Babe with his first wife, who later died in a fire, at their farm in Sudbury, Mass.

On the opening day of the 1929 season, Babe married the present Mrs. Ruth, then a model and bit-part actress.

Babe had no children of his own, but deeply loved his adopted daughters, Dorothy (left) and his second wife's Julia (right).

My Life With Babe Ruth

The Great Bambino's widow gives her own long-awaited version of his flamboyant personal life, his turbulent career as baseball's idol, his tragic last years.

By MRS. BABE RUTH as told to William Slocum

I am a lady in love with a legend.

I am not the first woman to become a widow, nor will I be the last. I am reminded of my husband a little more often than most widows because I see his name everywhere in the papers. I hear it on the radio and on television. The legend of Babe Ruth seems to be growing with time.

Much has been written about him. Most of it was junk, although generally harmless junk. The writers took a lot of baseball statistics, then wrapped them around the fact that he loved kids and sometimes ate too many hot dogs.

Obviously, I hope to do better. This is an effort to tell the real story of an idol who was born to baseball greatness, but who had to fight himself to gain personal greatness.

I first met Babe Ruth in May of 1923, and I certainly had no girlish tremors that suggested I would ever be his wife. In fact, I had no reason even to expect I'd ever see him again.

I have read that I was a chorus girl and a show girl. I was neither. I couldn't dance well enough to be in the chorus, and I wasn't tall enough to be a clothes horse. My role was that of a professional model and a three- and four-line actress.

I had come north for whatever reasons there are that make small towns small, and unhappy marriages unhappy. I was born near Athens, Georgia, but we moved to Gainesville before I was a year old.

(Continued on Page 72)

© 1959 by Mrs. Babe Ruth

MIGHTIEST YANKEE OF THEM ALL

As Mrs. Babe Ruth's story makes clear, everything about the Babe was on the grand scale, including his lifetime baseball statistics. As the story also demonstrates, figures do not begin to convey the full measure of this extraordinary man. However, no picture of the Babe would be complete without a rundown of the highlights.

Ruth may well have been baseball's greatest all-round star. With the Boston Red Sox from 1914 to 1919 he established himself as an ace pitcher before being converted into an outfielder. In World Series competition he pitched twenty-nine and two-thirds consecutive scoreless innings—a record that still stands. Then came his fifteen fence-busting years in New York as the mightiest Yankee of them all. Ruth's career totals for twenty-two big-league seasons still look just as imposing as they did when he was running them up:

PITCHING

Games 163 . . . Won 94 . . . Lost 46 . . . Pct. .671
Earned-Run Average 2.28

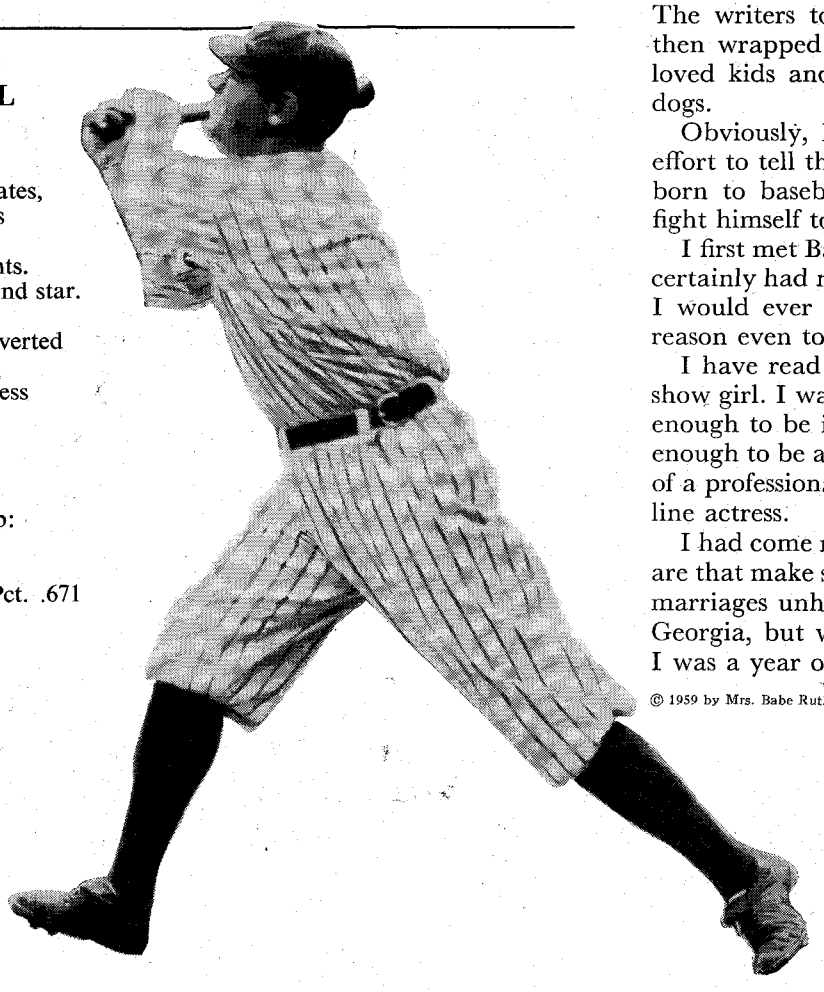
HITTING

Games 2503 . . . At Bat 8399 . . . Runs 2174
Hits 2873 . . . Pct. .342

Lifetime Records

Bases on balls . . . 2056
Runs batted in . . . 2209
Home Runs 714

—THE EDITORS.



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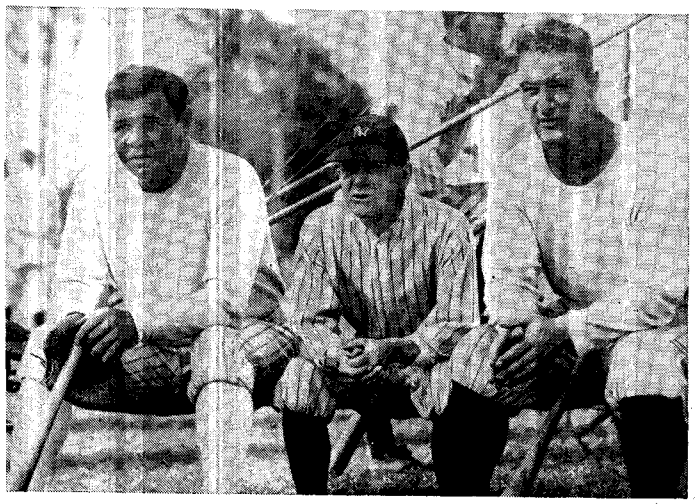
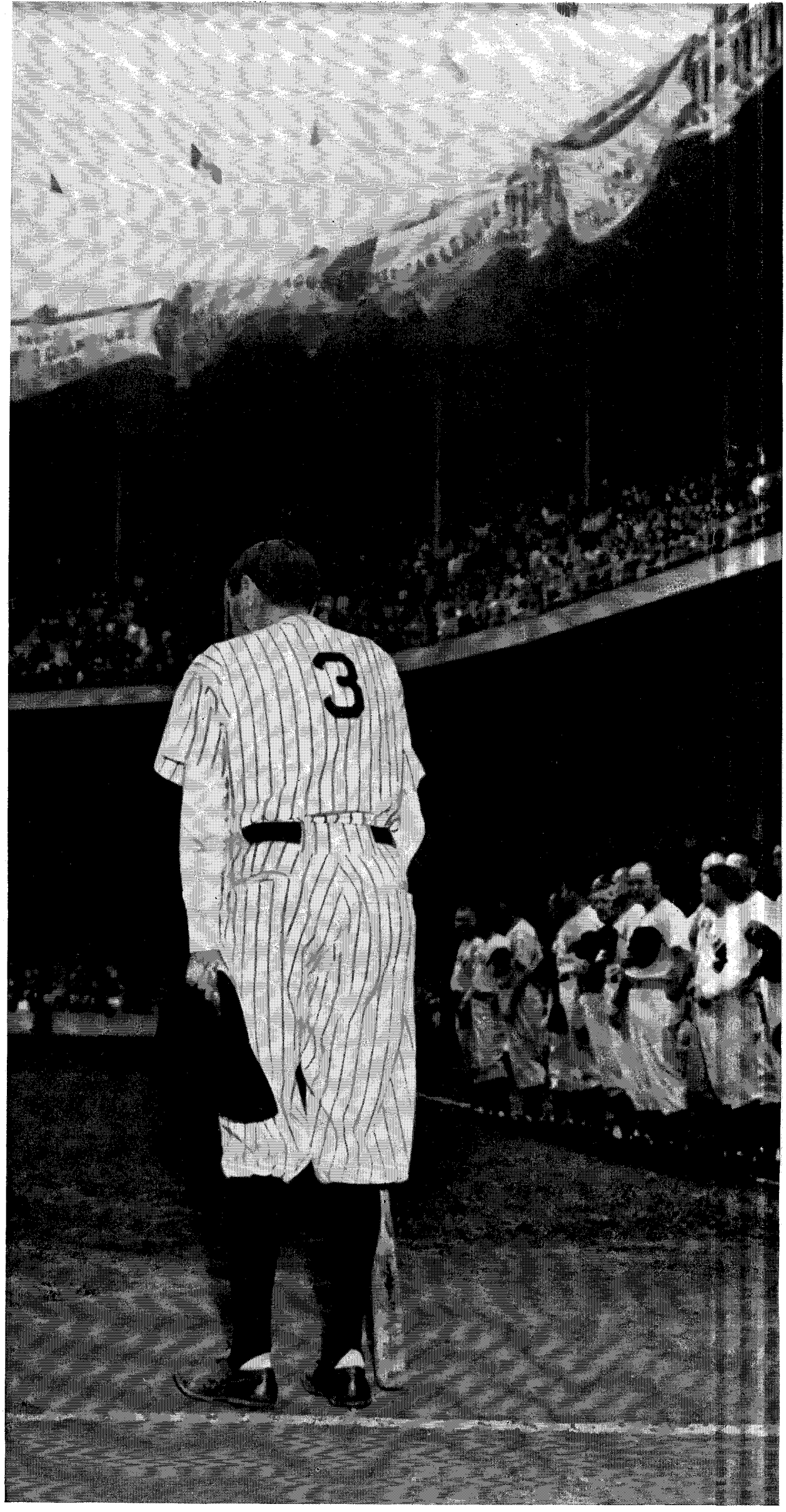
1926: Judge Landis (above, right), czar of baseball, was a "bad guy" in Ruth's book. At left, Mayor Miller of St. Louis.



Lou Gehrig (right) was—off and on—Babe's close friend. But Yankee manager Huggins (center) was another "bad guy."

As Yankees in the Twenties, Ruth and Leo Durocher (left) were enemies. Later Leo beat out Babe for a manager's job.

1938: Larry MacPhail made Ruth a Dodger coach, but afterward wrote the letter that broke Babe's heart. (See page 78.)



His last appearance in "The House That Ruth Built": the June 13, 1948, celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Yankee Stadium. He died two months later.

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The Face of AMERICA

Tom Sawyer Lived Here

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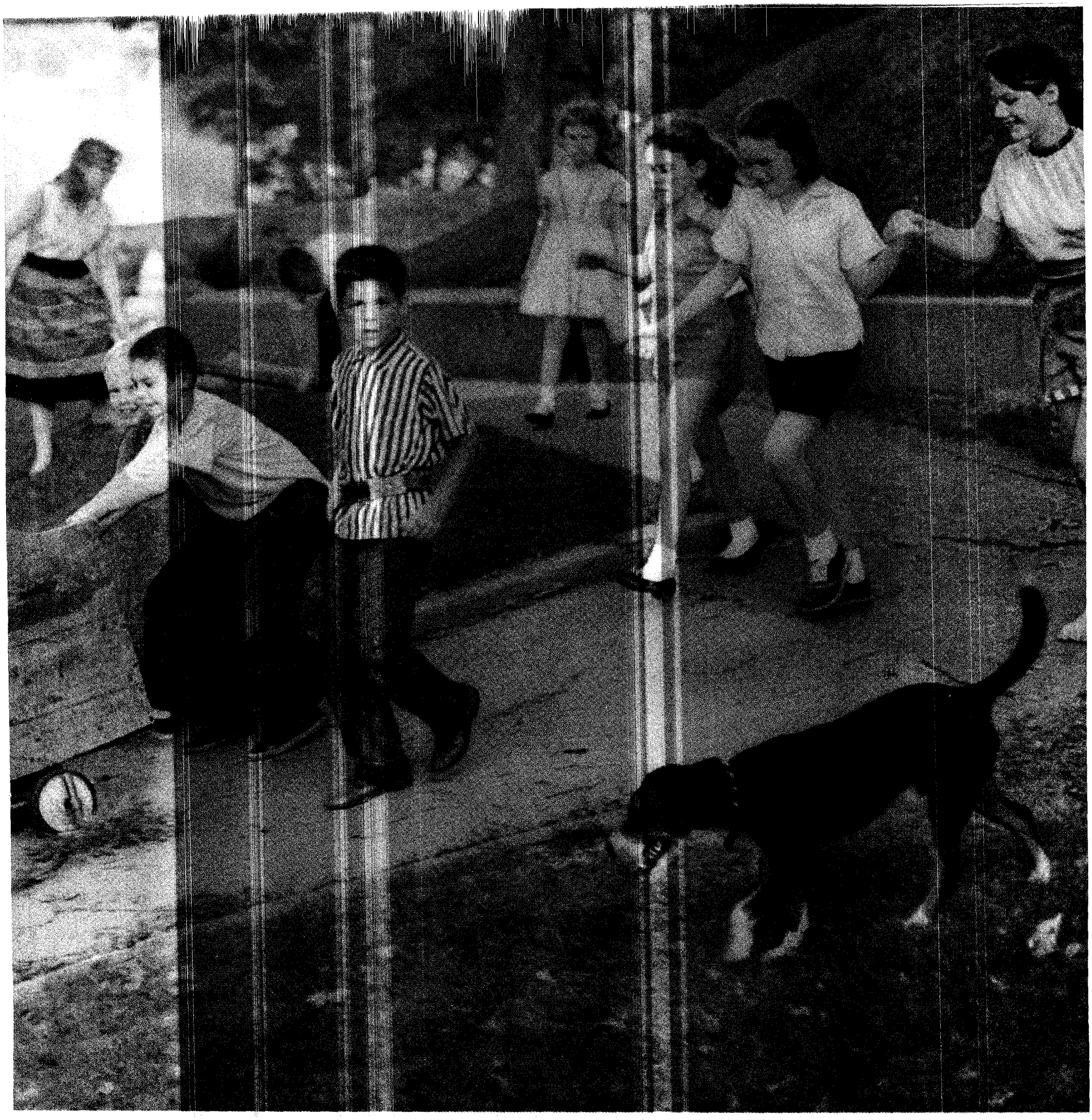

That's a Western wagon train, pardner, and it's setting out on a perilous journey. The gun-heavy trail scouts and mule skinners, followed by pioneer women, will fight through the toughest Injun country this side of a TV screen—that is, until their mothers call them to lunch. Youthful spirits have a special glow here, in Hannibal, Missouri—Tom Sawyer's home town. This expedition is turning down Rock Street toward the Mississippi where, more than a century ago, sailed a pirate craft manned by Tom the Black Avenger, Huck Finn the Red-Handed, and Joe Harper the Terror of the Seas. A few blocks away Tom fed Pain-Killer to Aunt Polly's tomcat, hornswoggled his chums into whitewashing a board fence. Tom lives on as a storybook character, but once was a real boy, Sam Clemens, who grew up in Hannibal when small fry played at being steamboat pilots, explored Holliday's cave, and treated warts with spunk water. Years later, as the author Mark Twain, Sam's bright memories created Tom and Huck, Becky Thatcher, Injun Joe and the rest. His sleepy river village is now a modern town, but it's still great fun to be young there—or anywhere. ● Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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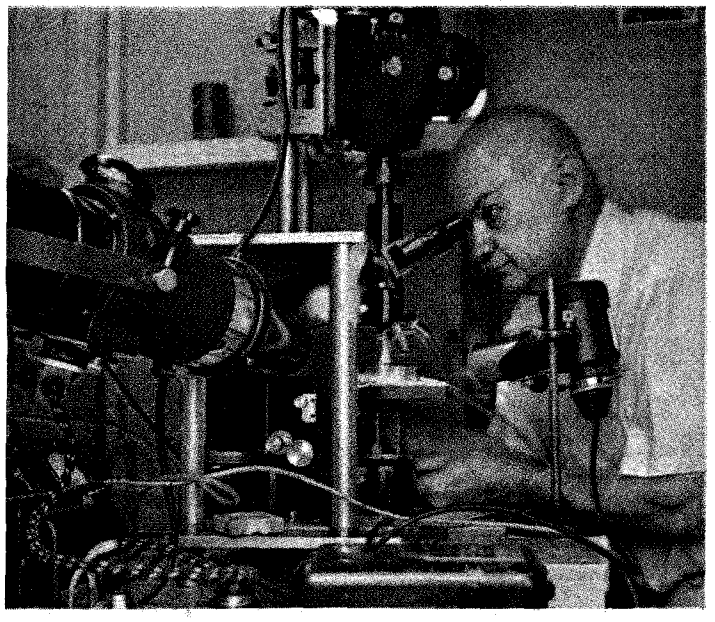
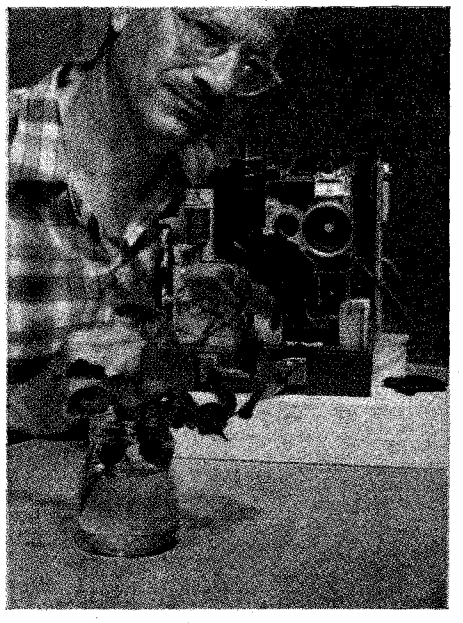
They Make the Strangest Movies

Nature yields its secrets and history its drama before the cameras of these unusual film makers. Sometimes the world they work in makes Hollywood seem tame.

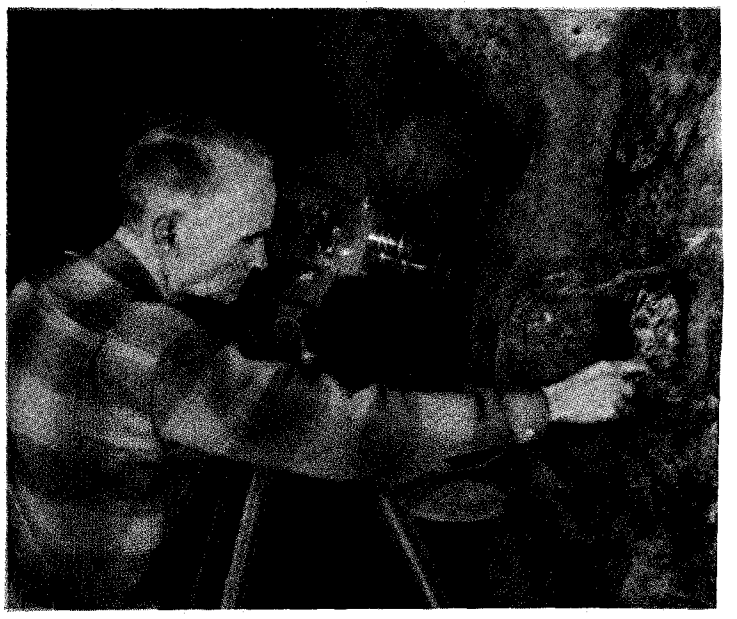
By PAUL F. HEALY



Roman Vishniac finds drama in a drop of water as he films the lives of his friends, the plankton.



A rose unfolding from bud to bloom is filmed by Bill Harlow with a time-lapse camera.



Lynwood Chace, bitten by spiders and beaten by swans in 30 years of filming wildlife, swaps grim glares with owl.

Bill and Claire Anderson prowl the Everglades for wildlife educational films. Claire used to hate nature, now mothers skunks for movies.

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The classroom lights fade, the whir of a projector sounds through the room, and on the screen the metamorphosis of a monarch butterfly begins to develop before the rapt eyes of thirty children. The film is a deceptively simple record of a natural event—no cast of thousands, no lavish sets, no elaborate costumes. But producing the educational film poses problems, nonetheless, and in their solution the director may be forced to demolish part of the Paul Revere legend or withstand the onslaught of forty-five black-widow spiders.

"You begin to think like a fly," says one photographer of his two-year experience in making a film of the life and times of the housefly. And another who specializes in historical films says of his job: "The problem is to recreate the past in such a way as to set old breezes stirring again. We must have not only skills equal to those that make feature films but also a desire to teach imaginatively."

The movie projector as a teaching aid is now standard equipment in a growing number of American classrooms. An estimated 30 per cent of the pupils in the average elementary or high school see films occasionally or regularly as part of the curriculum. Some schools purchase the films from the producers; others rent them from film libraries maintained by universities and departments of education. The average classroom film costs fifty to sixty dollars in black and white, twice that in color. Rental charges of the films from state libraries will vary from $1.75 to $2.50 per day for the use of a single reel of black and white, and from three to four dollars for a color reel. There are also many industrial films offered free to schools for good-will purposes.

Although there are about 250 producers of educational films in the United States, the major producers are three: EBF (Encyclopaedia Britannica Films); Coronet Films, Inc.; and a film division of McGraw-Hill Book Company. EBF and Coronet vie for the title of oldest company in the field. Coronet Films was founded in 1939; EBF came under its present ownership in 1943 but traces its history back to another company founded in 1929.

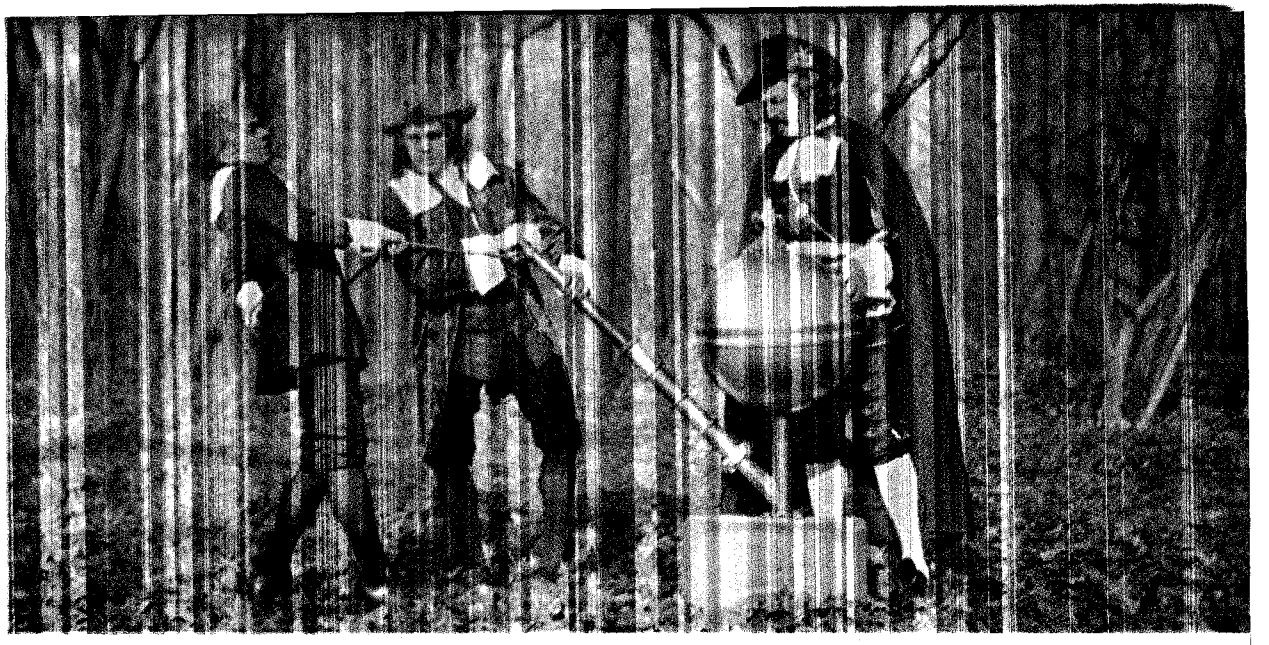
Coronet claims the largest educational film library in the world, with over 800 classroom movies on subjects ranging from "Act Your Age" (emotional maturity) to "Zoo Babies" (observing things around us).

Coronet turns out about seventy-two movies per year. EBF normally produces about fifty-two per year, but a special series boosted its 1958 output to 298.

As might be expected, such unusual demands as the ability to achieve rapport with a housefly have resulted in the collection of diverse and exceptional talents in a company such as EBF. At its headquarters in Wilmette, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, EBF President Maurice B. Mitchell explains: "Here you're normal by reason of your abnormality. If someone delivers a film on time, or talks like a businessman, I get suspicious. There must be a plot or he's not on the level."

The offbeat note starts with Mitchell. He calls himself "the most unqualified guy in the world for my job." Although he heads a company loaded with Ph.D.'s and turns out classroom films relying heavily on color and music for their themes, he has no college degree, has never been

(Continued on Page 87)



Vacuum power: A 17th-century experiment by physicist Otto von Guericke is re-enacted for a science film.

Marco Polo (left) visited Kublai Khan in an educational film authentic to the last grape and priceless vase.

Director John Barnes thought most educational films dull. He put drama in "Chaucer's England."

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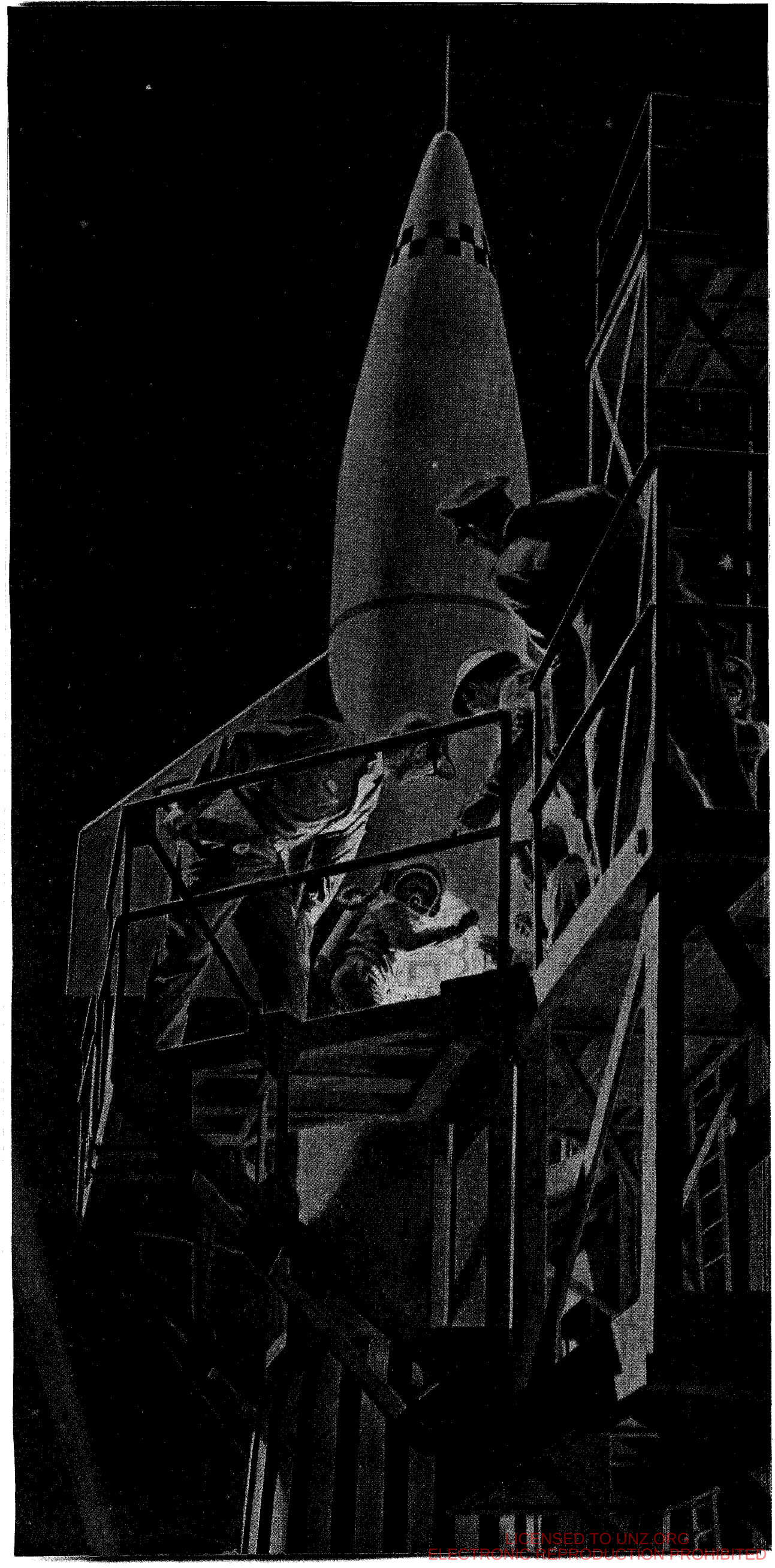

MIDGET'S MOON

By PAT FRANK

A full-sized pilot would never do. So they recruited a man with extra-special qualifications.

One thing you've got to remember, pal. The story didn't come from me, Joey Stack, actors' agent. Put it down that it came from a source close to the Pentagon. That should cover everybody. Does it concern a client? Sure; how else would I know? But this is no flack's dream. This is an authentic scoop. In your whole life you will never get another so authentic. All I want is your promise to hold the story until he's off again. Who's off? Roscoe LeBlond. Who's he? He's a midget. Pull up your stool, wrap yourself around a stuffed olive, and I will tell you the tale. You can have it for your column, even if it is worth front-page headlines. It will get them, anyway, after you spring it.

One day last spring I was sitting in my office on Fifty-sixth reading Billboard and listening to a West Side sparrow swearing outside my window. It was that quiet. With vaudeville dead and the big tops folded and the carnies closing on opening nights, that's the way it is every spring—quiet. But on that afternoon the Department of Defense phoned from Washington.

This wasn't so unusual as you might think. Every so often the Special Activities people in the Pentagon call and want I should put together a troop to go to a place called Thule, which is in Greenland, or Sidi Slimane, which is in Africa. Out of patriotism and of course the regular fifteen per cent, I con my clients into making such junkets—just once. I was in Special Activities myself a couple of wars ago, which is why they sometimes throw business my way. So when the Pentagon called I figured they wanted me to round up some live entertainment, preferably female and no adagio dancers or sword swallowers, to enrich the lonely lives of our boys overseas.

It wasn't that at all. It was an Air Force general by the name of Z. K. Deacon. "Are you Mr. Stack, who handles freaks?" he said.

"I am Joey Stack who handles some offbeat talent," I told him, "but all of it is very high class."

(Continued on Page 95)

I saw them put Roscoe in the nose cone.

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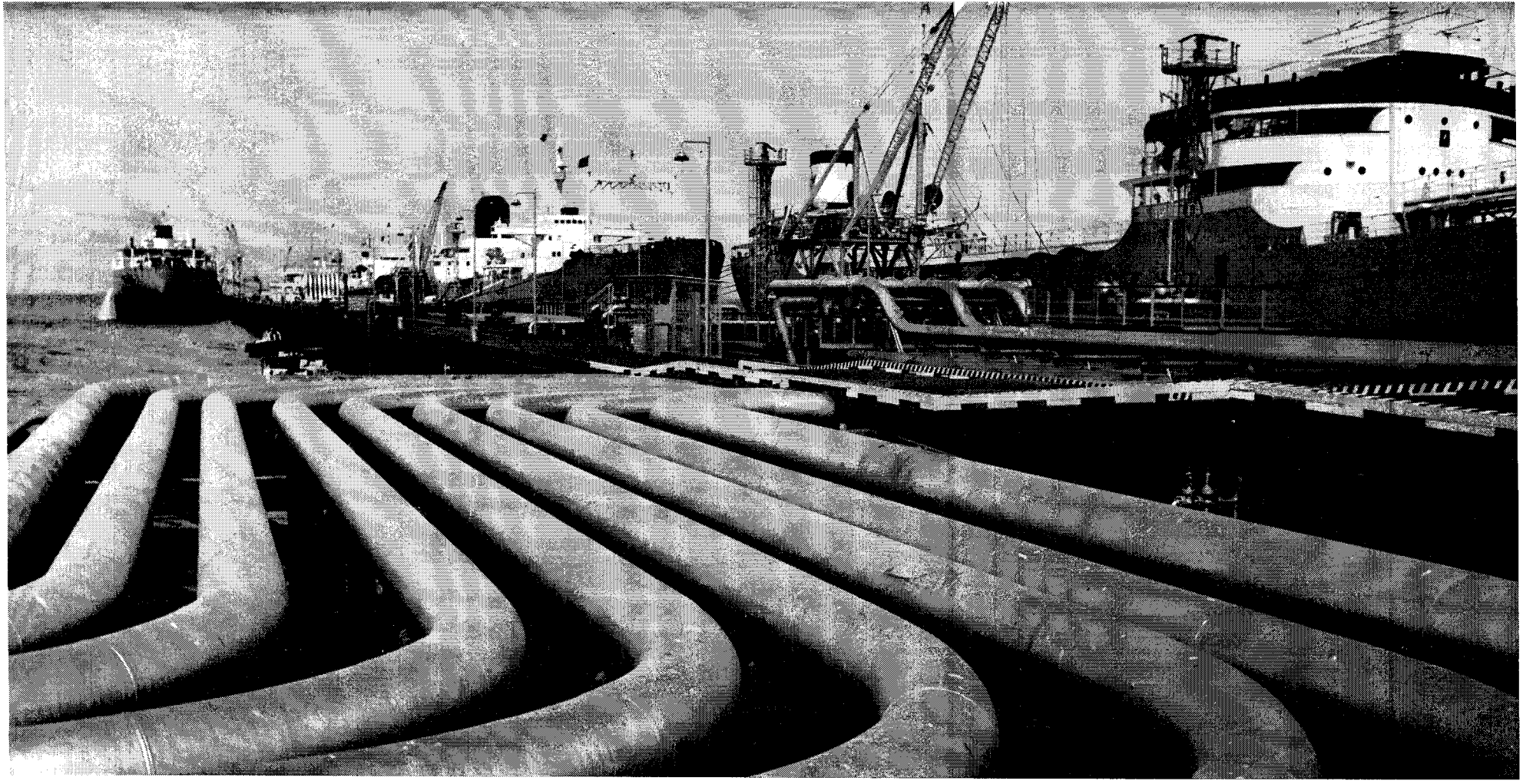


Oil-loading pier in Kuwait harbor. The sheikdom ships out nearly 1,600,000 barrels of oil a day. Only Venezuela exports more.

CRISIS IN CRAZY KUWAIT

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

A Post editor reports from a dizzy little Persian Gulf nation which has 25 per cent of the world's oil. Here millionaires are commonplace, Arabian Nights tales come true—and the lid may blow off at any moment.

SHEIKDOM OF KUWAIT, PERSIAN GULF. This is Sindbad the Sailor country, the remote inner shores of the torrid Persian Gulf. But even ancient mariner Sindbad, spinner of tall tales, would have boggled at the spectacle of Kuwait today. Here Whirl is king. In a thirsty Arab desert community on a sultry sea, which ten short years ago was a primitive Bedouin society snoozing in the stagnant backwaters of Islam, the Thousand and One Nights are being acted out in a grandiose production. The new sesame is a wonderful three-letter word—oil.

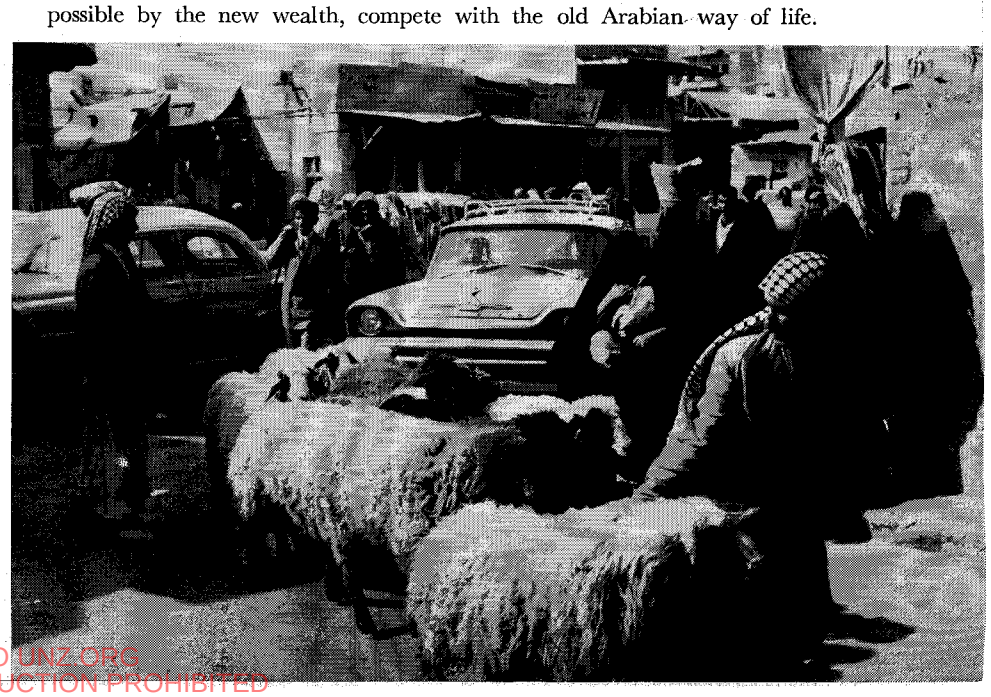
Just before the oil bonanza one short decade ago, the natives of Kuwait were desert sheiks with their retinues of hawkers, camel trackers, pearl divers, goat- and sheepherders, dung salesmen and smugglers. Today hundreds of them have become millionaires, trading, by radiotelephone to Beirut, on the major stock exchanges of the world.

In the picturesque old port of Kuwait proud-prowed boats called dhows lie languidly at anchor inside the jetty. This port is the last visible memento of the Kuwait that was, for the city behind the water front has been overrun by the imported bulldozers of modernism. In the evening, when the sun like a fiery lemon sinks in the swirling desert-blown sand behind Kuwait, electronic muezzins—tape recorders in the minarets—call the faithful to prayer in neon-lighted mosques. Atop each mosque is a fluorescent crescent.

Down by the old port many Kuwaitis gather to bat the languid breeze and talk of money, money, money. Once simple sailors, pearl divers or coolies, (Continued on Page 81)

Emerging from the doorway (behind two bodyguards) is Sheik Abdullah, ruler of Kuwait. His income is more than $1,000,000 a day—tax free.

On the streets of Kuwait the products of Western modernism, made possible by the new wealth, compete with the old Arabian way of life.



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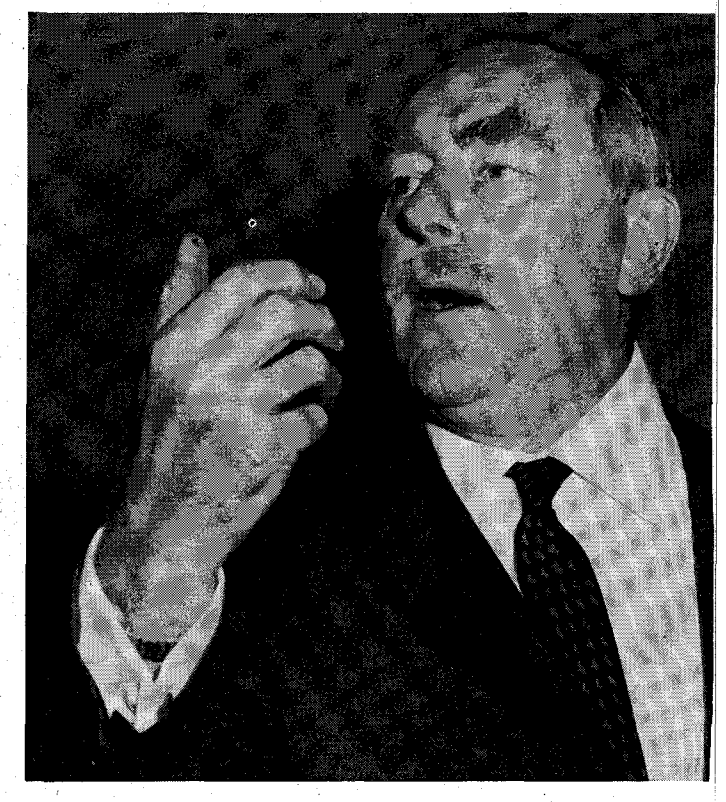
A statesman who for years handled our relations with the Russians tells why he considers Khrushchev's demands on Berlin the gravest threat to the West since Korea, why he thinks we should make all-out preparation for war, and why he distrusts Washington's assurances that everything will be all right.



By DEAN ACHESON

U.S. Secretary of State, 1949–1953

Wishing Won't Hold Berlin

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It is reported in Washington that the "official view"—whatever that may be—of the new Soviet pressure on Berlin is that it is a maneuver which got out of hand. According to this view, Khrushchev is anxious to "get off the hook," and there will be no crisis, no danger of trouble with firearms. I wish I thought so—but I do not think so. I think, on the contrary, that the United States and its allies may well be approaching the hardest test of the West's will and determination since June, 1950, when the Communists attacked in Korea. And the test to come may be even harder than it was in 1950.

Just what is it that Khrushchev has said? It is very clear and direct. The Soviet Union regards the Potsdam agreement as void. The government of Berlin and the presence in Berlin of French, British and American troops are illegal and detrimental to Russian interests. Khrushchev proposes that the troops be withdrawn, that the three western sectors be made a self-governing free city with international guaranties of its independence and access to and from West Germany. Moscow has made it clear that, while it is prepared to discuss how and when, it will not discuss whether the withdrawal will take place. Furthermore, solution of the Berlin question must be found, so Moscow says, in a plan which provides for the demilitarization of Germany, the withdrawal of foreign troops from Germany and of both East and West Germany from the Warsaw and NATO alliances.

The Western Allies were given six months from last November twenty-seventh to think this proposal over and to discuss it with the Russians, or to negotiate a German peace treaty with a group of twenty-eight nations chosen by the Russians. If no progress has been made by May twenty-seventh, the Russians will move their troops out of Berlin and turn over the control of all traffic, including military traffic, between the city and West Germany to East Germans, with whom everyone must deal in the future. Finally, a warning is given that any violation of the frontiers of East Germany will be regarded as aggression against all Warsaw Pact countries, of which the Soviet Union is one, and will result in retaliation.

This is pretty strong medicine. Its strength is not diminished as the exultant East Germans point out that the proposal presages the incorporation of West Berlin into Communist East Germany.

Why, one asks, have the Russians chosen this moment to face the West with so brutal a challenge? What's it all about? Do they mean what they say?

As for the moment, have they chosen so badly? We are in the last two years of an administration under Constitutional sentence of death. Nor is the Constitution the only cause of its failing health and vigor. The British may be in the throes of a general election as the critical month of May approaches. The new French Republic still suffers from the inherited malady of Algeria. Italy has not the parliamentary basis for a strong and stable government. In Germany the great chancellor is passing the mid-eighties. And so the political strength of the grand alliance can hardly overawe the Russians.

Nor is the West's military strength any more imposing. On the ground the Allies altogether have a smaller force in Europe than the Russians have in East Germany alone. And as for the "great deterrent," Sen. Stuart Symington has remained uncontradicted since he said in the Senate on January 23, 1959:

"In other words, through 1961, our planning envisages the Russians having over four times as many operational ICBM's (intercontinental ballistic missiles) as the United States. . . .

"Accordingly, far from planning to close the current ICBM gap, the administration is actually allowing it to widen. . . ."

The Russian choice of time is understandable. But, one still asks, what is the purpose? Is Berlin the glittering prize they seek? Berlin is a glittering prize, but they seek much more. Berlin, the greatest manufacturing city of all Germany, still thought of as the capital city, standing as a flaunting reminder to the East Germans of their ill lot as citizens of a Russian satellite, offering to the best and most skilled East Germans an avenue of escape to a new life in Western Germany and beyond—it would mean much to Khrushchev to control all this. When Khrushchev called Berlin a "cancerous tumor" and said that it must be cut out, it is certainly possible—indeed, I believe that it is very probable—that he meant precisely what he said.

But it would mean even more to force the Americans out of Europe, to have no force in Europe or the Middle East or Africa which could oppose his will. Berlin, he could hope—and, perhaps, expect—might open the way to the final isolation of the United States in North America, not daring to use its thermonuclear weapons unless attacked. And Khrushchev would have no need to attack a North America impotent elsewhere. For if Khrushchev could split the western alliance over Berlin and force the Allies ignominiously to withdraw, abandoning the 2,500,000 citizens of West Berlin whom we had sworn to defend, Germany and all Europe would know that Khrushchev was master of Europe. And we Americans would have shown that we, too, knew that Khrushchev was master.

These are the stakes. Do the Russians really mean that they are playing for them? I see no reason to doubt that they do, though many in Washington and London, for reasons which they cannot make clear, persist in doubting. Since all sound policy calculations ought to include the possibility that the other view could be right, they should also consider the consequences. What would happen if the Russians did withdraw their troops and turn over all traffic control to the East Germans, who already control civilian traffic? First, do we deal with the East German officials?

This is purely a maneuvering point on which Allied agreement is important. If trouble is coming, we had all best be agreed that none of us would hasten it by ill-considered stiffness of attitude. But whatever we (Continued on Page 85)

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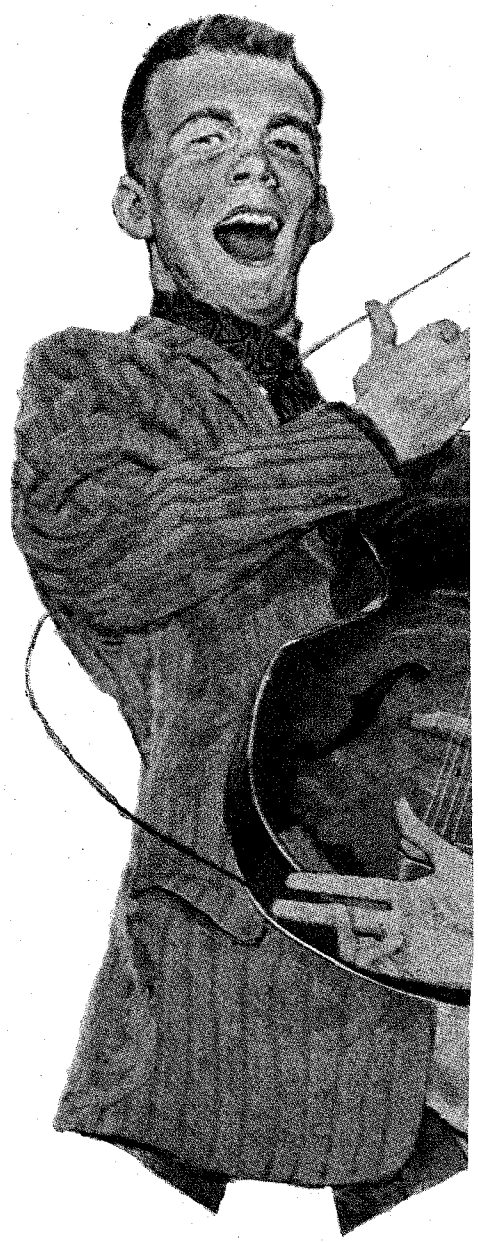
By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

CRAZY WITH RHYTHM

Is this what the new generation calls a worth-while career? To be a rock-and-roll singer?



Illustrated by Ken Riley

Gil Shorb took a medicated toothpick from his pocket and thoughtfully massaged the gums of his lower teeth—white, firm, even teeth. He didn't look at the boys, but he was quite conscious of the four of them standing tense in front of him, like eager terriers straining at the leash. To get away from their anxious eyes for a minute, he swiveled his chair around toward the window. The Sunset Strip was a balcony set into the Hollywood hills, and the whole back of Shorb's office was windows overlooking the Los Angeles basin. He could see the City Hall at one end and the oil wells of the Inglewood hills at the other.

Right now, however, he was not looking. He was reflecting, unemotionally, on the question of free will, on the fact that sometimes life offers a man a choice between two paths, neither one of which seems to him right, and yet he has to choose. On a spot. Then, still thoughtfully, he removed the toothpick from his mouth, turned and picked up the telephone.

"Get me Andrew Maybush at Century Records."

The delight of the boys was apparent, too obvious for his taste. He turned his back on them once more and spoke into the phone.

"Andrew? Gil. Got four kids here I want you to give a listen to. Call themselves the Island Pearls. From Catalina—three of them. The other one—well —— We're out at my place on the Strip. Can you see us in fifteen or twenty minutes?"

He hated like the very devil to do this to Andrew. Andrew was his good friend, his best friend. They had been friends for years, ever since the 1928 boom when they quit the University of Washington together because they could sell a car with every round of golf they played. Then they drifted to Hollywood in the depression and decided that if you had to be broke, Hollywood was the best place to be it. That was a long time ago, a far cry from Shorb's Sunset Strip offices with picture windows across the back. A far cry, too, from Andrew's extravagant top-floor offices on Vine Street.

Andrew Maybush was A. and R. man for Century Records in Hollywood. A. and R. stood for artists and repertoire. It meant the principal say on recording material for Century. It meant a finger on the pulse of the record-buying public. It meant, in the last analysis, that if a record was a hit, everyone took credit it for it right down the line, and if it was a flop, Andrew Maybush all alone was responsible.

Over the years Andrew had developed a sixth sense about it. He knew his market—the hi-fi bugs with their elaborate setups who wanted to hear water dripping into rain barrels; the middle-aged conservatives who wanted Strauss and Welk; the longhairs who liked Bach; the young intellectuals who wanted progressive jazz, with or without poetry. And the last—the most difficult market, the one that had to be wooed, because that was where the money lay—was the group that stuffs the jukeboxes with dimes and quarters, jams the telephone lines of the disc jockeys and, screaming with hysteria, tears the buttons off Ivy-League Coats.

That was the pulse that had to be watched. And if anyone in the business understood this fluttery pulse, it was Andrew Maybush. Not without pain had he arrived at this understanding. It had given him stomach ulcers, asthma, sleepless nights. Also, and incidentally, a Bel Air home and a swimming pool shaped like a recording disc with the diving platform in the middle. Financially he was ahead. Psychologically he was holding his own. Just. All this Gil Shorb knew. All this was why he hated walking in on Andrew with this particular quartet who called themselves the Island Pearls.

But he nodded impassively and said, "Andrew, here they are. They've got a little thing they call Red Corduroy Vest. Wrote it themselves."

He could see the Pearls through Andrew's eyes. It was that kind of second sight that made him a good agent. Four happy-looking high-school kids, crew cuts, with a happy-sounding song about how, like Lochinvar, a man came out of the West, in Ivy-League suit and corduroy vest. No tune, of course. Just the basic vamp chords. "Red (clap) red (clap) corduroy vest (clap),

(Continued on Page 54)

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They were good — rocking, suffering with rhythm.
And the lead tenor was Andrew's own son.

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Arthur at rehearsal in 1957, when choreographer June Taylor (glasses) staged production numbers for the TV show. But Arthur supervised every detail, and he still does.

My Husband, Arthur Murray By KATHRYN MURRAY, as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman

Arthur's Television Troubles

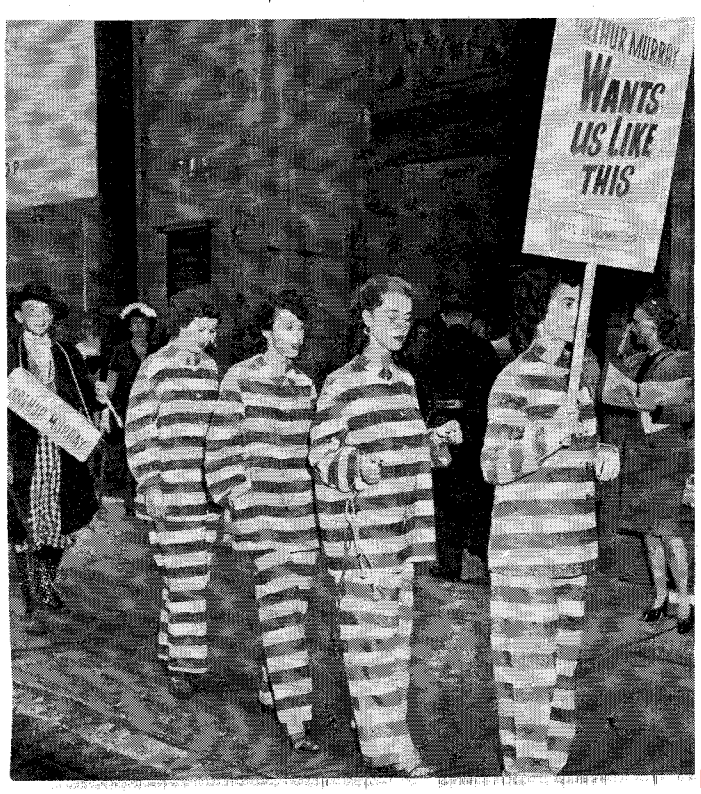
Kathryn tells how Arthur came out of his "retirement" and rose to new heights of success. Then the Murrays made their TV debut—to the accompaniment of the critics' scorn.

Part Four

When we retired to Beverly Hills in 1938, we found that as permanent residents we no longer rated the social invitations we'd had as visitors. The whirl of parties subsided, and after a few months even the daily swimming and tennis palled.

At the few Hollywood parties we did attend the men gathered in one corner, comparing their movie grosses, while the women sat in another corner comparing diamonds. I found I had nothing to say. When Arthur and I went to *premières*, children would jump on the running board, scan our faces in the glare of the spotlights, then announce disgustedly, "Aw, it's nobody." Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America, invited us to a big party with all of Hollywood's great. In the powder room a woman who had been drinking peered into my face and inquired, "Are you somebody or just a wife?"

I was repelled by the false sophistication of Hollywood brats—eleven-year-olds smoked cigarettes, dyed their hair and dated—and I worried about their effect upon our twelve-year-old twin girls. Inactivity made Arthur increasingly restless, and he formed the habit of dropping into our Beverly Hills branch studio for dance sessions. Staying on, he would give the young manager advice. Gradually he began to spend (Continued on Page 111)



New York, 1946: Murray dance teachers on strike act out one of their grievances against Arthur, whom they portrayed here as a Simon Legree.

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A Matter of Infidelity

By STEVE McNEIL

What should a father do when he suspects his daughter's husband?

Mr. David Ewing worked his way homeward through the evening traffic. He drove mechanically, his mind on other matters. It was Friday, for which he was duly thankful, and the sweet spring weather showed promise of holding over the weekend. He had a golf game scheduled for ten o'clock in the morning with three thieving friends, who were capable of faking sore backs, blistered feet and aching heads in order to chisel a few strokes on the first tee.

Sunday he and his wife, Sally, would go to early church and then prepare for a barbecue to which they had invited a few choice friends. David whistled as he drove. Life, he conceded, was being kind to him these days. David had, six months ago, been made vice president of Smethers and Company, a firm dealing in lumber and other building supplies on a wholesale basis. His son, Pete, after three years in the Marines, was back in college. His daughter, Gloria, in her formative years a beautiful blond mantrap, was now a wife and the mother of a year-old daughter. She was married to a gifted photographer by the name of Larry Pydynkowsky, a black-haired young ex-marine of whom David was inordinately fond.

When he pulled into the driveway he noted with agreeable surprise that his daughter's little coupé was parked in the garage. David dearly loved his family, including his granddaughter, Wendy, and he conceded without argument that he was still, and always had been, soft in the head where Gloria was concerned.

He went into the house through the kitchen door. Sally, as usual at this time of day, was doing things to food. David kissed his wife and then said, "Martini?"

Sally shook her head. "I don't think so, David."

He frowned. A pre-dinner martini had become almost a ritual—a welcome interlude at the end of the working day. He mixed himself a drink, said, "You sure?" Sally nodded. "Where's Gloria and Wendy? I saw the car."

"She's upstairs. Unpacking."

David nodded, swirled the gin and vermouth in the pitcher, then realized what Sally had said. "Unpacking!"

Sally nodded. "Pour your martini and sit down, David, I want to talk to you." (Continued on Page 62)

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The Varieties of Human Love

By MARTIN CYRIL D'ARCY, S.J.

Carved on the gates of Harvard University are the words: ". . . Dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust." These words show the intention of the founders to educate students in "knowledge and godlyness." Until recent times, culture and religion went hand in hand. In early societies, kings were usually high priests and the wise men were seers and prophets. Western culture had its beginning in the schools of the Benedictines and the bishops; in the middle ages the scholars were tonsured clerics. "The Lord is my Light" is Oxford University's motto, and to this day we can see the influence on the democratic institutions in the west of the Christian philosophy and outlook. The contrast is striking today when we behold in one large part of the world a violently atheist system, and in the other a secular culture which may be neutral or friendly or hostile to religion.

Religion, then, has obviously lost its former place in culture. Owing to their having held prescriptive rights in so many fields of learning, Christian theologians were slow in relinquishing some of the positions they held, and clashed with scientists on disputable points. Hence religion and science have been taken to be chronic adversaries. Science, however, is by now secure in its rights, and the more pertinent question at the moment is whether a new alliance is not due. The democracies need a unifying and invigorating philosophy of life, and human beings without belief are subject to bad dreams. If only the Christian religion could bring out from its stores what is new as well as what is old, and adapt its treasures to our modern predicaments, there would be hope of a new and vigorous culture.

Growth in religious and philosophic ideas follows a different rule from that of science. Scientists do not as yet agree as to the methods which they pursue in their studies of a physical nature. There is still dispute both as to the relation of their discoveries to nature and as to the function of the hypotheses upon which these discoveries are based. But what is clear is that the scientist holds to hypotheses so long as they serve to unify the data and predict the future. As soon as new data appear which do not conform with these hypotheses, new ones must be sought.

Now in religion and philosophy, hypothesis does not play the same part. Here, knowledge *CONTINUED ON PAGE 106*

About the Author

For many years the Rev. Martin Cyril D'Arcy lectured at Oxford University on philosophy, and from 1932 to 1945 was master of Campion Hall. After World War II he was Provincial (that is, the head) of the Jesuits in Great Britain. He also was Catholic representative to the British Broadcasting Corporation. A frequent visitor to the United States, he has taught at Fordham, Notre Dame, the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and is now a guest professor at Georgetown University. His voluminous writings include The Nature of Belief, the recent Communism and Christianity, and the forthcoming The Meaning and Matter of History: A Christian View. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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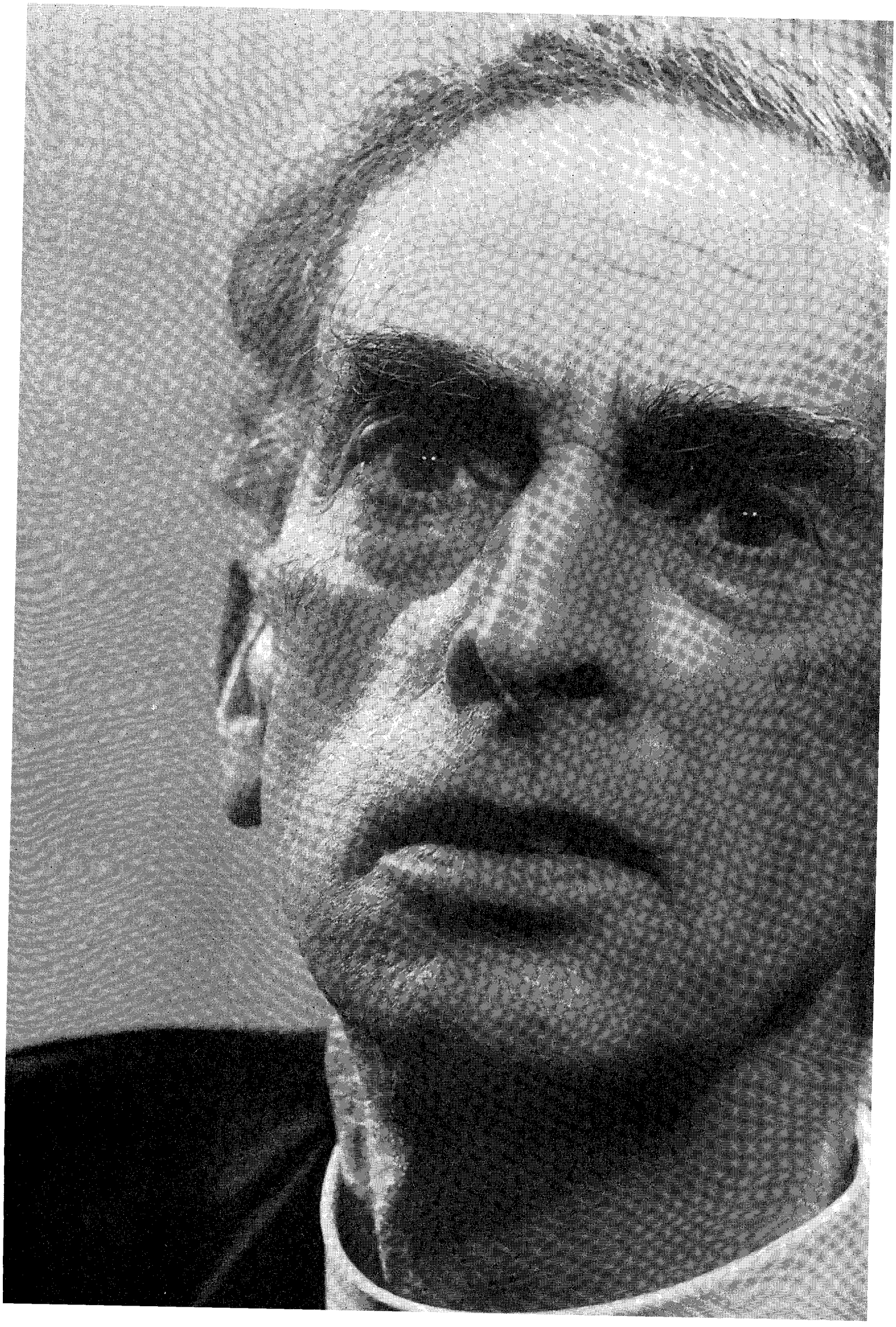

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Post Scripts

Slave of Ambition

"All work, no play," his motto is.
He's wasted not a minute.
Dead serious, he has led a life
Without a pleasure in it.

A constant striving toward the goals
He set when he was twenty.
And what has he to show for it?
Plenty.

HAL CHADWICK

The Record Cats are on the Prowl

A hot new wrinkle has all true cats of the record-collector cult out like crazy.

Here's the pitch. Somebody picks up a musical flaw in a standard recording, like a blue note, and if this boo-boo can be verified and catalogued, then the value of all records in that release goes higher than hi-fi, just like a postage-stamp issue with a printing error.

Best example of this would have to be Screwball Norton's 1938 recording of Mashed Potatoes and All That Gravy, on a Spud label. About ten measures deep in the second chorus, Pancake Smith, who is featured on the stick, tries for a hook slide at high B flat. His reed splits, and his clarinet breaks into a scream of pure agony.

You can still strike up a fearful argument in any jive joint about this controversial note, whether it was flubbed in or dubbed in. I checked with Pancake himself, who is now a cement salesman out of Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

"I dunno, man," he said reflectively, and this remark has naturally added new fuel to the flame.

Or take Frankie Stack's 1945 waxing of Bongo Congo. If you can get this, listen for a rancid sax bleat about fifteen bongos from the finis groove.

During the recording, Frankie was stamping the podium like crazy when his foot went right through the floor. His baton flipped, catching baritone-saxman Sweetroll Jackson full in the stomach, thus cuing Sweetroll in a full two beats early. The rest is history.

If anyone out there has a copy of either of these gems, get in touch, man. I'll put my whole Glenn Miller album on the block if you've got the genuine stuff.

A R SWINNERTON

Brought Home

Now as the textbooks are opened,
My aged feelings commence—
What Junior studies as history,
I learned as current events!

THOMAS USK

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen

By Dave Morrah

Das Kat und der Fox

Ein fox ben braggen und tellen ein kat, "Meinself ist knowen ein hundert trickers mit escapen der huntenhounds."

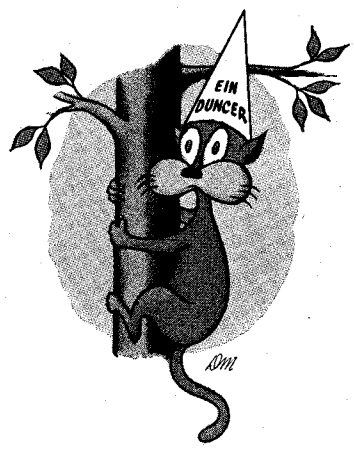
"*Ach!*" das kat ben exclaimen. "Meinself ist knowen ein singlisch tricker. Ich ben climben ein tree."

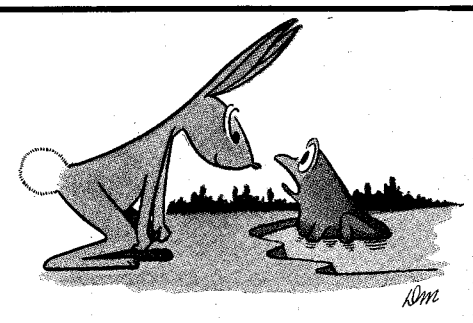
Der Fox: "Meinself nicht ben trusten ein singlisch tricker. Kats ist dumbisch."

Suddenisch, der huntenhounds ist gecomen! Das kat ben upscooten ein tree, und der fox ben skitteren ober das countrysiden mit worken der hundert trickers!

Der smartisch huntenhounds ben sitten underneathen der tree und outwaiten das kat.

Der lesson: Vas ist uprisen ist also downcomen.





Der Rabbits und der Froggers

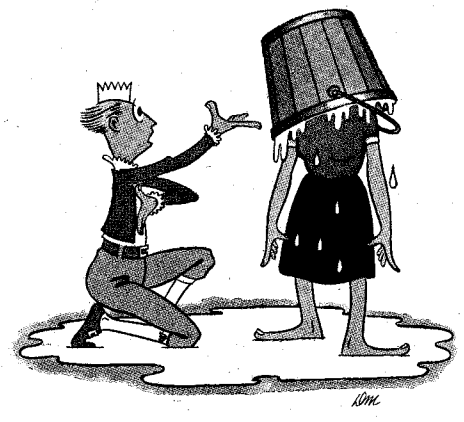
Der cottontailer rabbits ben skittisch mit quaken und shaken iffen danger ist gecomen. Suddenisch, der wildisch horsers ben approachen mit donderclompen und dusten clouders geraisen!

Der cottontailers ist runnen und reachen ein lake. *Ach!* Der croaken froggers sitten on das banksiden ben jumpen in der wasser.

"*Ach, du lieber!*" ein oldisch cottontailer ben exclaimen. "Froggers ist fearen ourselfers und ourselfers ist fearen horsers! Ist cottontailers hurten froggers? *Himmel, nein!* Meinself ist betten horsers nicht ben hurten cottontailers."

Der rabbits ben halten das runnen und sooner ben undercrushen beneathen der horsenhoofers!

Der lesson: Betten on der horsers ist foolisch.



Der Fräulein Mit das Milchenpail

Ein cutisch *Fräulein* ben tooken ein pail upfillen mit milch to der marketplatz. *Ach!* Der *Fräulein* ist balancen das pail ontoppen der noggen und dreamen ober buyen ein frillisch outfitten mit lippensticken und perfumisch goostuffen.

Also, mit dreamen ein Princer ist noticen der glamorisch gooten looken, der *Fräulein* ben strutten und tossen der noggen. *Himmel!* Das pail ist oberturnen!

Der soggisch *Fräulein* ist moanen mit losen das milch. Suddenisch, ein Princer ist uprushen und helpen mit der upwipen und proposen ein wedden!

Der lesson: Ein *Fräulein* tooken ein milchenbath outsiden ist attracten menfolkers.

Das Fox und der Treasure

Ein shrewdisch fox ben sneaken insiden ein kastle und stealen ein grosser sack upfullen mit golden piecers. Geslingen der sack ober der shoulder, das fox ben runnen und reachen ein river. Mit nimblisch tippen-steppen, das thiefenstealer ist walken ein log obercrossen das river.

Der kastlefolkers ben speedisch gecomen in hottisch pursuiten! Mit reachen das river, der chasers ben jigglen das log. *Ach!* Der sack ist oberweighten das fox und causen der teeteren und totteren!

Ist das fox droppen der sack und saven der self? *Himmel, nein!* Das dumkopf ist plungen in der wasser!

Der lesson: Soaken der rich ist simplisch.

Dividen Mit das Lion

Ein lion ben hunten mit ein fox und ein wolf und ein jackal. *Ach!* Der partners ben luckisch mit finden ein plumpisch deer! Das lion ist chasen und catchen und kaputen der deer, und hunger ist oberwhelmen das grosser beast.

Ist das lion ben selfisch mit tooken all der deer? *Himmel, nein!* Das lion ben dividen equalisch mit der partners.

After der groupen ist finishen der dinner, das lion ben eaten der fox und der wolf und der jackal.

Der lesson: Ein goot partner ist sharen fairisch und squarisch to der end.

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Tender clams and vegetables, too...

Campbell's Clam Chowder's a treat for you!

TASTE THE GOOD SEA FLAVOR IN EVERY TEMPTING SPOONFUL! Choice bay clams delicately blended with potatoes, carrots, and red-ripe tomatoes – in a zesty clam broth! Here's a real, old-fashioned clam chowder that you can enjoy as often as you wish... wherever you live. A delicious treat that's ready for the family in just 4 minutes, costs less than 7¢ a serving. It's another wonderful way to enjoy the happy, healthy habit...

ONCE A DAY...EVERY DAY...GOOD HOT SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's Clam Chowder gives you Vitamins, Proteins... Minerals, too!

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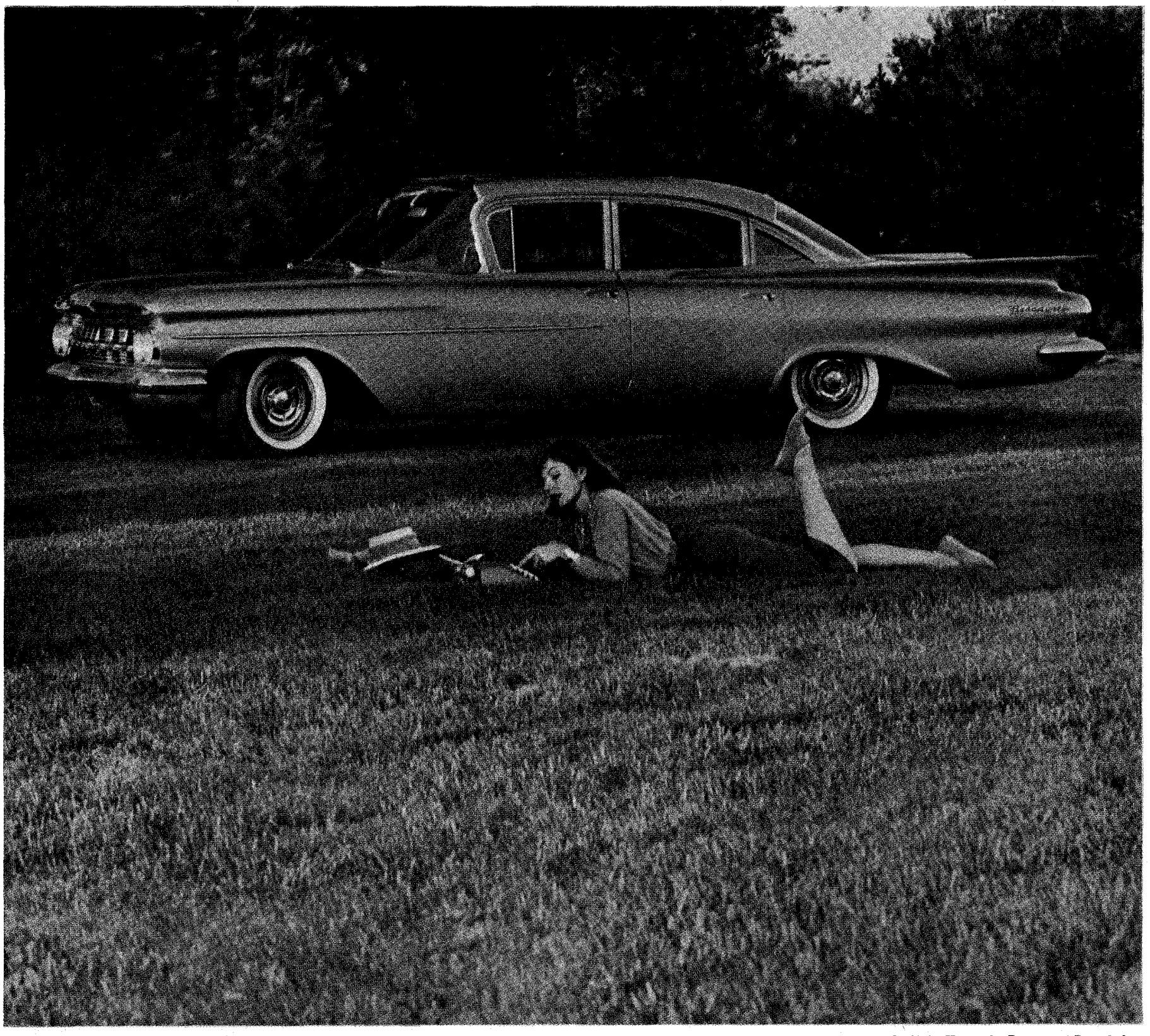

A new Chevrolet has a special way of leading your kind of life. Here—the Biscayne 4-Door Sedan.

CHEVROLET

Maybe you can't please everybody, but this car comes mighty close

Isn't it nice that a car can be fine and beautiful and still practical and economical? It's never been managed quite the way Chevrolet manages it this year. Here's all the style, room, comfort and performance anyone could want—along with Chevrolet's own famous brand of economy, reliability and durability.

Your Chevrolet dealer will show you these and other things you'll be pleased with.

Slimline design—it's fresh, fine and fashionable.

Roomier Body by Fisher—sound, solid, stylish.

Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.

Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon.

Vim-packed V8's—eight of them to choose from.

Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.

Easy-Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.

Magic-Mirror finish—keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.

New, bigger brakes—deeper drums, better cooled for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.

Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

The car that's wanted for all its worth!

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

In a locked safe lay the clue to a notorious lady's strange transactions.

Was Madam Cissy Janeway the gracious lady she seemed—or did her charm mask something evil? Syracuse was delighted with this beautiful woman, whose fantastic wealth was supposedly supplied by millionaire Daniel Drew. And the controversy over the sensational Cardiff giant—a "stone man" dug up in a farmer's field—distracted them from inquiring any further.

But Orrin Applegate, a young attorney, and Lossie Fox, his best friend, had observed strange activities at the Janeway house. And they linked Oscar, Madam's butler, with the mysterious murders of two medicine-show entertainers, Gideon Weeks and "the Duke." The young couple believed that Oscar, an accomplished knife thrower, had once been a member of the disreputable show. Then, too, Orrin wondered why Madam had placed a safe in his law office—without revealing the combination.

VI

Mr. David Hannum, one of the syndicate who owned the Cardiff Giant, came into my office with a gentleman whom I never had seen before, but who was introduced to me as Colonel Wood, a professional showman. This individual was to have charge of exhibiting the giant in various cities throughout the country. Both men were angry and disturbed.

"Orrin," Mr. Hannum said, "we want ye should git out an injunction agin P. T. Barnum."

"To stop him," I asked, "from doing what?"

"Exhibitin' an imitation of our giant," Mr. Hannum said. "I hear tell he's hired a sculptor to carve out a statue to be as like ourn as two peas, which he aims to exhibit in his museum on Broadway as the Cardiff Giant."

"Are you sure of your facts?" I asked.

"Dead sartin, Orrin."

"Mr. Hannum," I said gravely, "I fear you will fall afoul of a legal maxim, sir."

"Sich as?" demanded the banker and horse trader.

"He who comes into a court of equity must come with clean hands," I said impressively.

Mr. Hannum examined his horny, callused paws and squinted at me under the peak of his cap. "Look tol'able washed to me," he said.

"I was not referring to physical cleanliness, but to ethical cleanliness."

"Meanin' jest what, young feller?"

"Are you prepared to prove that the Cardiff Giant is actually a petrified human being, as advertised?"

"Is anybuddy," he countered, "in a position to prove it hain't?"

"I question," said I, "if the courts will entertain an action to compel Mr. Barnum to cease and desist from exhibiting an imitation of a humbug."

Mr. Hannum fixed me with his shrewd, beady eyes. "Supposin' our giant is a humbug," he said. "Which I don't no ways admit. We had ourn fust, didn't we? Don't that create no rights?"

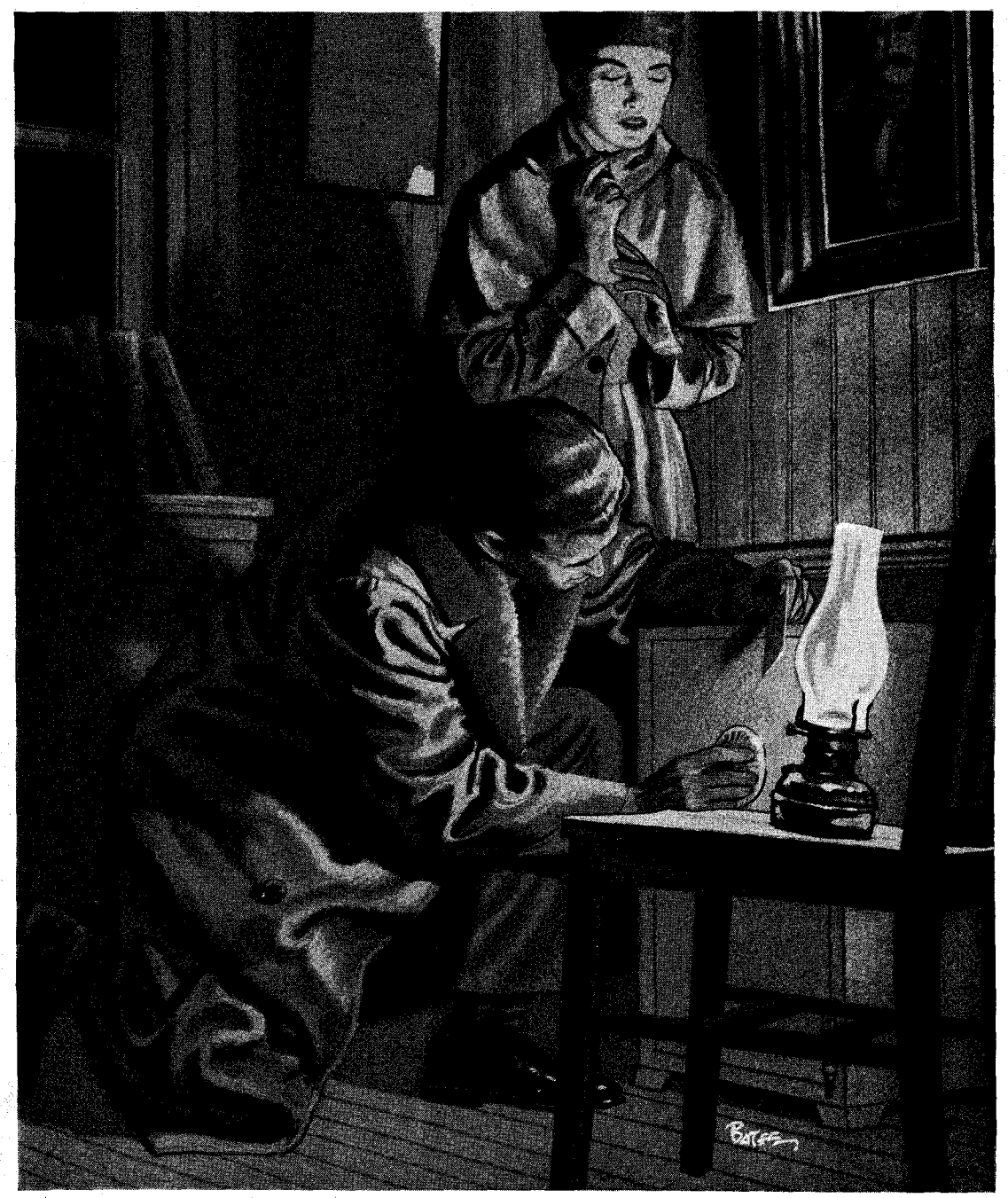
I gave the problem thought. "Why," I said after a time, "if Mr. Barnum should exhibit his giant and advertise it as the original Cardiff Giant, an action might lie."

"Good enough fur me," Hannum said. "You git the papers ready and start to whizzin'. We're atakin' our giant to New York in a couple of weeks. Yup. We've rented a store not two blocks from Barnum's Museum."

"Mr. Hannum," I said in my most dignified manner, "it is well for a client to be absolutely truthful with his lawyer. Do you believe your giant to be a veritable petrified monster, a statue of great antiquity, or a fraud?"

His reply was characteristic. "Some says one way, some says another," he told me. "Naow take Perfessor Alexander McWhorter—him that teaches in Yale College Divinity School."

(Continued on Page 98)



With Madam's card in hand, I put the knob at zero, and then followed the directions.

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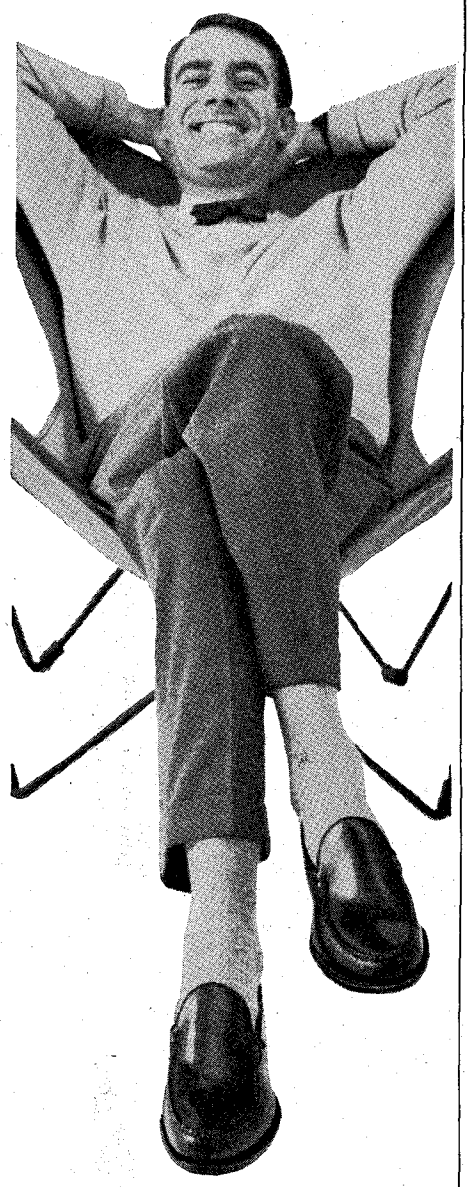
"New "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!



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. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

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Are We Making a Playground Out of College?

(Continued from Page 21)

of editing, writing, teaching and publishing—it is that the fate of man depends now more than ever before upon an educated citizenry. Half-educated won't do. Man's survival hangs now upon his wisdom.

In the light of this conclusion, some things about our mass higher education seem basically immoral. I am not here referring to the sexual aspect of morality. An informal consensus of deans seems to be that the standard in this particular is possibly a shade higher than that of the parents of today's students. Of course, young people in and out of college, today as always, get into scrapes through mismanagement of their sex lives. But for sheer bawdy brazenness I have seen nothing to vie with the letter to the Wisconsin student paper which opened: "We who are not virgins smile at the notion that we have lost our self-respect," and went on to expound the "fuller" life. This was written in the 1930's by a girl who may now be a staid grandmother.

The thing that concerns me is an intellectual immorality—the encroachment upon the main business of college of an accumulation of irrelevancies which together make up a "Second Curriculum" that often takes precedence over the first.

The Second Curriculum is that odd mixture of status hunger, voodoo, tradition, lust, stereotyped dissipation, love, solid achievement, and plain good fun sometimes called "college life." It drives a high proportion of our students through college chronically short of sleep, behind in their work, and uncertain of the exact score in any department of life.

To gain some notion of the extent to which the Second Curriculum has taken over, we'll whisk through, in a moment, an ordinary year's calendar at a Big Ten school. First let us set the scene. You start with a broad expanse of tree-studded lawn, perhaps half a mile square, dotted with buildings rendered in several versions of collegiate architecture.

One of these structures is the student union, a rallying point for snacking, dalliance and amusement. From morning until night it resounds to the blare of the jukebox, the clink of coffee cups, the clatter of bowling pins, the click of billiard balls, the slap of playing cards, the gentle creak of lounge chairs and, in the plushier ones, the splash of languid bodies in tepid swimming pools. There's likely to be an informal dance here every Friday and Saturday night. They have a ball—banquet or name-band dance—about every weekend in the ballroom.

Fringing the main campus and sprawling for a mile in every direction are student living quarters—fraternities and rooming houses both stately and squat, trailer camps, huge residence units resembling, according to the architectural mood, medieval castles or modern luxury hotels.

The whole panorama—so well has Joe College sold his old man on the principle that a car is needed for study—is overrun with automobiles. Our big campuses are churning in a traffic turmoil that almost has to be seen to be believed. Some schools—Indiana is one—issue stickers, dubbed "hunting licenses," which permit the student to park on campus if he can find a space. Others, following a method used at Wisconsin, provide parking at some distance from the university and charge a fee, which covers shuttle-bus service to school.

In some of the better-motorized universities, more than half the students have cars. Duke, Fairleigh Dickinson, Johns Hopkins, Houston, Louisiana, Maryland, Nebraska, Oregon State, Syracuse, Texas and Iowa all average—according to a study made at the University of Houston—over half a car, and up to one car, per student. Ohio State's 19,000 students operate 11,640 motor vehicles. The student-to-car ratio at Wisconsin, 15,000–5800; at Purdue, 13,000–5100; at Northwestern, 15,000–2500; at Illinois, 23,000–5000; at Indiana, 11,000–4500; at Michigan State 19,000–6400. These cars support enterprises—drive-in restaurants, drive-in theaters (known in college jargon as "passion pits"), miniature golf courses, roller-skating rinks, gin mills—many miles from the campus.

More than a fifth of the students are married. This statistic has profoundly affected university life at all levels. For one thing, the housing people have been caught short. The Indiana campus, which is typical, was several hundred units short in married-student housing last fall, while newly completed quarters for single students stood vacant. The big coed plants are building married housing pell-mell, trying to catch up with a growing trend. In eleven state universities with a total enrollment of 160,000, more than 21 per cent of last autumn's students were married. The expected figure for four years hence is one in four.

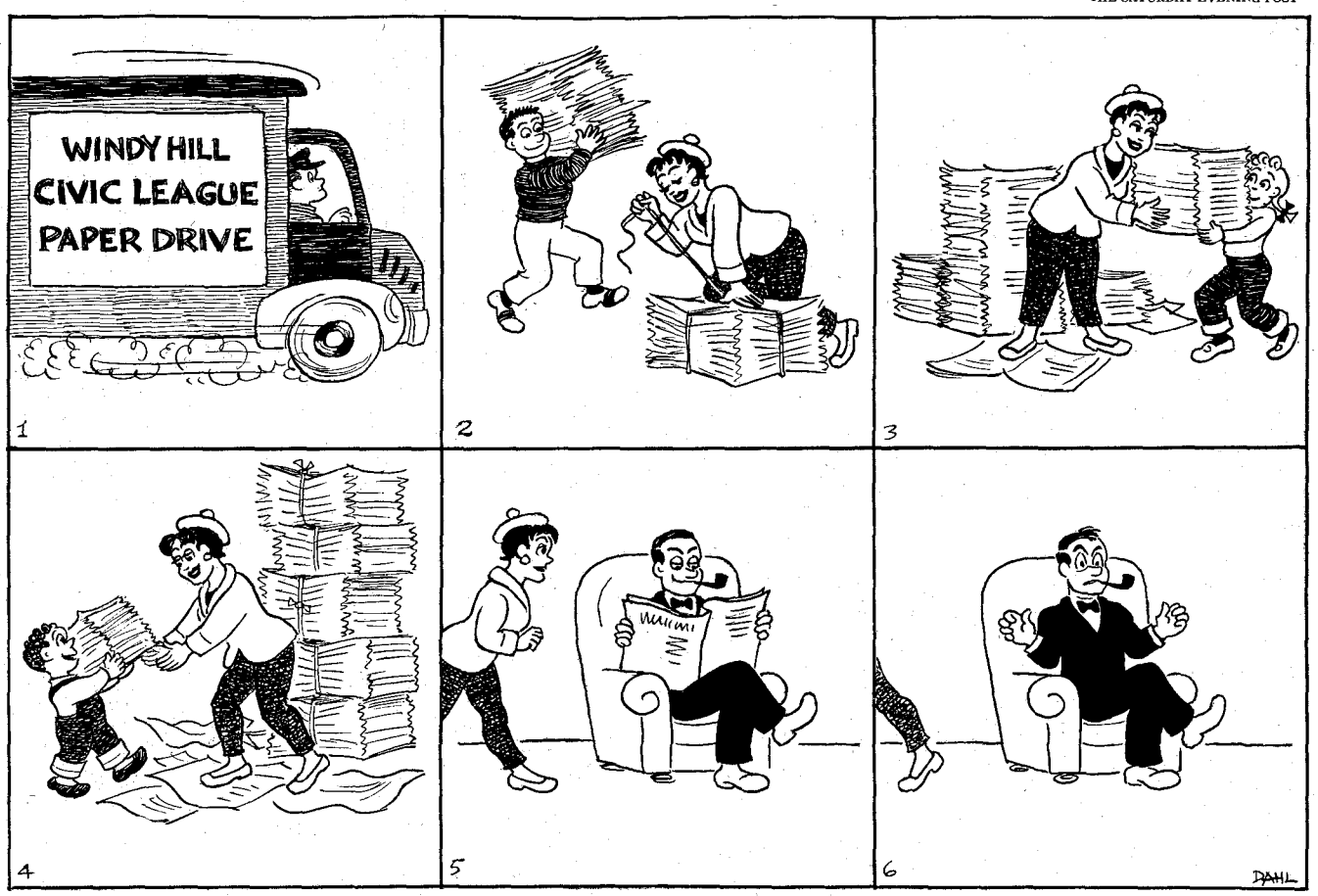
The large married minority strongly influences the single majority. Most of the girls are striving, sometimes with unladylike eagerness, to get married—the Georgia coed mentioned earlier has her counterparts in every state. The steps to success are going steady, "pinning"—exchange of fraternity badges or other club symbols—formal engagement and marriage. Monthly box scores of pinnings, published by some college papers, are read with sports-page avidity.

Since even the bottom rung of the coed success ladder cannot be mounted unless one is dated, the pressure to date is enormous. The emotional backlash of failure to date is profound, particularly among women students. A Wisconsin coed, writing in the student daily, reports that half the sorority pillows are "wet with tears" of a Saturday night—no dates. I know of one attempted suicide over the business.

The male reacts to the same pressures in a variety of ways. He may affect a cynical Don Juanism or a guarded wariness. Or his own pillow may be wet with tears, or he may simply yield to community pressure and start populating the nursery school the university maintains for married students' children. In any event, both male and female live in daily tension, (*Continued on Page 46*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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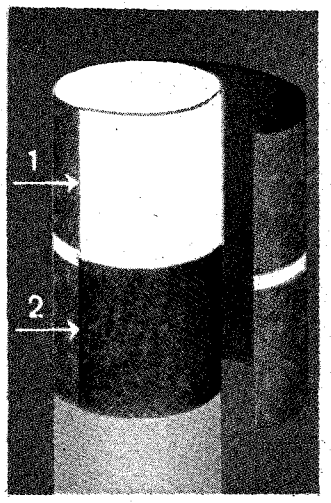
How that Tareyton ring gets around! More smokers every day are discovering that Tareyton's *Dual* Filter gives more than just high filtration. It selects and balances the flavor elements in the smoke—*as no single filter can*—to bring out the best in fine tobacco taste. Why don't you get in on this extra pleasure today?

THE REASON WHY

The Tareyton Dual Filter filters as no single filter can:

1. It combines the efficient filtering action of a pure white outer filter...

2. with the additional filtering action of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.



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Worn pistons and rings, scored cylinders and other engine damage are the costly results of dirt, grit and sludge in motor oil. So, give your car the good care it deserves. Ask your service man for WIX Prescription Filtration ... the WIX Oil Filter and Air Filter Cartridges specifically engineered for your car that keep engine wear and expense down... car performance and value UP.

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(*Continued from Page 44*) varying from mild to acute, over some aspect of dating or mating.

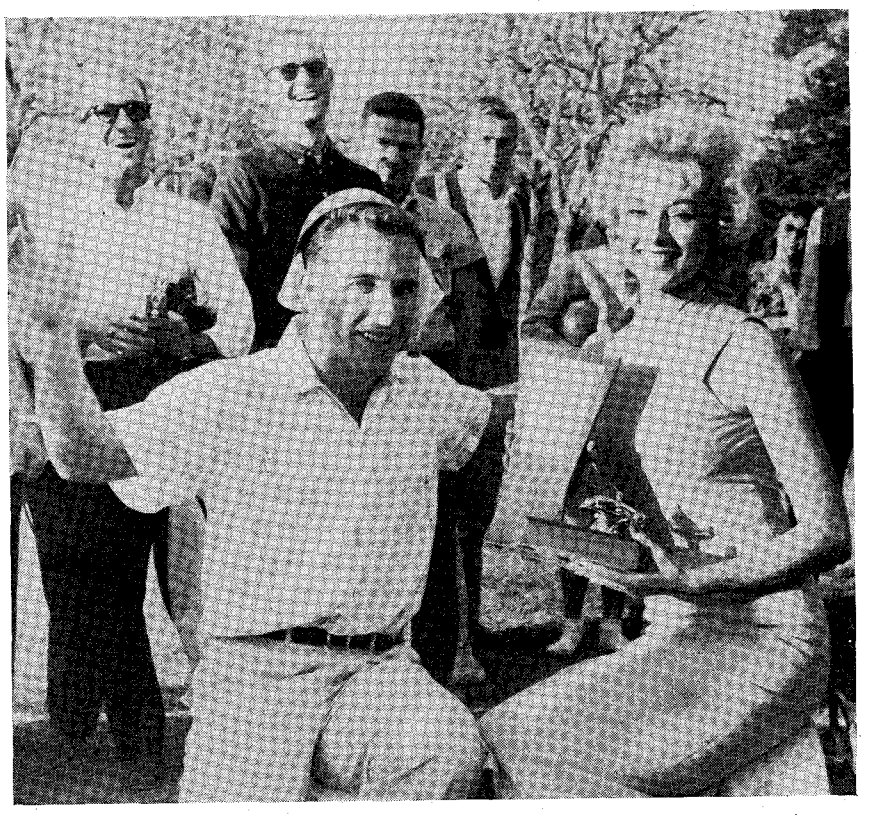
It is in this over-all atmosphere that the Second Curriculum is pursued. An important part of it is, of course, the standard, souped-up program of professionalized athletics. Since this phenomenon has been ably dealt with in recent issues of this magazine, it is enough to note here that a normal season may include eight major basketball games and four football games. Each has its influx of alumni and visitors, its bands and cheering sections, its squads of bench warmers, its round of dances and fights, its frenzy of warm-ups, post-mortems, hospitality and decorations.

For the Homecoming Game, each housing unit prepares elaborate lawn statuary, built of papier-mâché and crepe paper on the colossal scale. These devices, illuminated and sometimes animated by intricate machinery, consume vast ingenuity and time. The control panel for one of the displays at Indiana was hardly less complex than the switchboard of a fair-sized telephone exchange. A recent prize winner was an enormous red bull (Indiana) towing a corn cutter which mowed down cornstalks (Iowa men) and delivered them in bags. There were fifty-one entries in Wisconsin's Homecoming decoration contest. The winner was a gigantic prostrate Indian whose eyes lighted up and moved from side to side, whose head moved on a swivel and whose chest heaved.

Each spring has its special big weekend. Indiana has a fifty-mile bicycle relay race in May. Work on it begins the preceding November, with the appointment of a student committee of 192 persons. The bike teams practice all year. One rider makes weekend trips to Indianapolis, fifty miles away, on his bike, just to keep in shape. The big weekend itself offers a tricycle relay race featuring costumed sorority girls, a golf tournament, social activities at each of the university's fifty fraternities and sororities, two all-campus dances and a home-talent vaudeville show, in addition to the main race.

Every weekend is special for something. Illinois has a Dad's Day Revue, a stunt show, a Hawaiian-hoop contest, the John Street Pajama Race, the burning of a twenty-five-foot statue called Winter's Gloom, and Men's Economic Recovery Campaign Week, during which coeds make dates and pay for them. Ohio State has a Circus Party with real elephants, a Greek Week, a May Week Carnival, a Rose Formal and a Pumpkin Prom.

All-campus dances at Indiana include the Freshman Frolic, the First Fling, the Sophomore Cotillion, the Junior Prom, the Dames Ball, the Military Ball, the Mardi Gras Ball, the Blanket Hop, the Bicycle Bump, the Opening of Formal, the Street Dance, the Wellhouse Waltz and a jitterbug contest. Wisconsin fraternities specialize in costume dances inviting the nearest tolerable approach to nudity—a Mammoth Brawl, simulating caveman days, a Roman Party in togas, the Cherokee Chugalug in loincloths and the Pajama Party.



A Hollywood starlet presents a trophy to the winner of U.C.L.A.'s 1958 Soapbox Derby. The derby is part of the school's traditional Men's Week celebration.

Each week has its list of home-talent entertainments and stunts. Our calendar brings us the Jordan River Tug of War, The Watermelon Mess, the Fall Carnival (coeds dressed as underworld characters, running wheels of chance and performing skits for charity), the all-university competitive sing, numerous pep rallies, including the burning in effigy of John Purdue; the Gridiron Banquet, the Football Banquet, the Athletic Banquet, the Turtle Derby, the Greek Week Chariot Race, the Fun Frolic (rides, concessions and a Ferris wheel), a fashion show, a Panhellenic Circus, a Barbecue, a Roundup and a Sports-Car Rally. Wisconsin has all this plus a Man-with-the-Most-Beautiful-Legs Contest, a Yell-like-Hell Contest and the Haresfoot musical show, in which the boys dress up as girls.

In the big coeducational schools an immense amount of time and energy goes into the election of "queens"—a reflection, perhaps, of the statistic that 35 per cent of all college students are females. At Indiana the queen season opens in September with the nomination of two queens from each women's dormitory or sorority to appear at a pep rally, where one of them is designated football queen. Later in the (*Continued on Page 51*)

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REACH FOR THE TELEPHONE

and share the news

"Must tell Betty about the dress."
"Wonder how Sue likes her new beau?"
"Aunt Mary would love to talk to the children."
"The Smiths must think we've forgotten them."
"Wonder if Jim is feeling OK again?"
"I owe Frances a call."

There's so much to tell—so much news to share. And something new every day.

So reach for the telephone for those pleasant daily visits. Best way there is to keep in touch with friends and the family, nearby or out of town.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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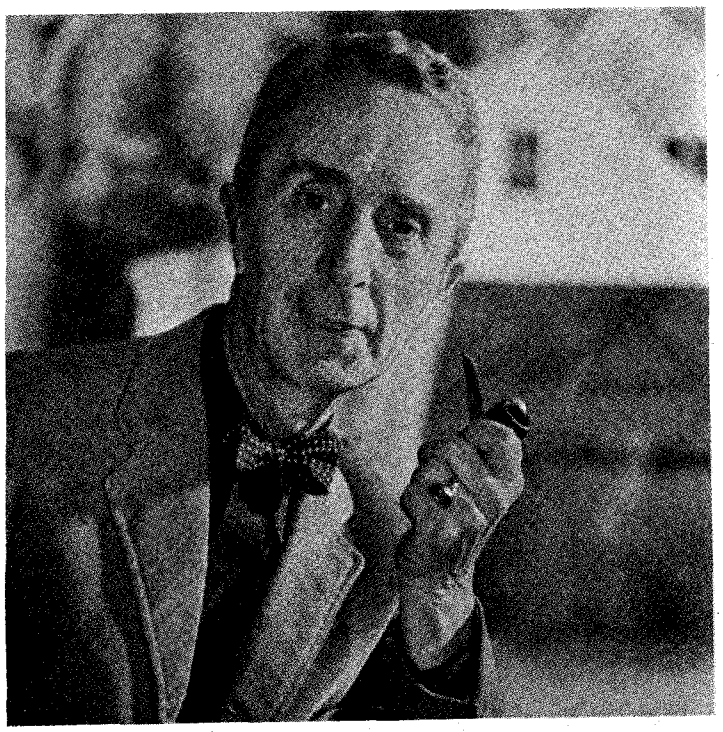
"To me, Lincoln's clean styling is decidedly more impressive,"

says Norman Rockwell



"It's a personal thing. But I prefer Lincoln's uncluttered lines."

"There's room for me and a gallery of pictures in this big back seat," reports America's foremost illustrator. "And at the wheel, I've never felt such response! With all of the power features that are standard on my Lincoln, driving is virtually effortless."

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Mr. Rockwell stands beside his new Lincoln Premiere Landau parked in front of his studio in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

People who are accustomed to the finest will find it easy to agree with Norman Rockwell on the new Lincoln.

For the 1959 Lincoln offers a classic beauty that's unmistakably original. A carefully sculptured symmetry of line that brings a gleam of appreciation to the most discerning eye.

And just as the new Lincoln is unmatched for its exterior beauty, so is its interior unmatched for spaciousness and the elegance of its appointments. No other fine car in America makes it so wonderfully *easy* for you to step in and out. Just as no other car gives you as much shoulder room. As much hip room and knee room and foot room. Add the specially loomed and tailored fabrics, the handcrafted leathers soft as a glove, the superb interior coachwork—and you have comfort that is unparalleled both for its luxury and its refinement.

Lincoln is the motorcar built especially for people of taste. That's why you may find, as did Norman Rockwell, that this is the year to make the change—*to Lincoln.*

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Lincoln for 1959

Classic beauty...unexcelled craftsmanship

Watch the New York Philharmonic Concert, Leonard Bernstein conducting, on CBS-TV, Sunday, March 22.

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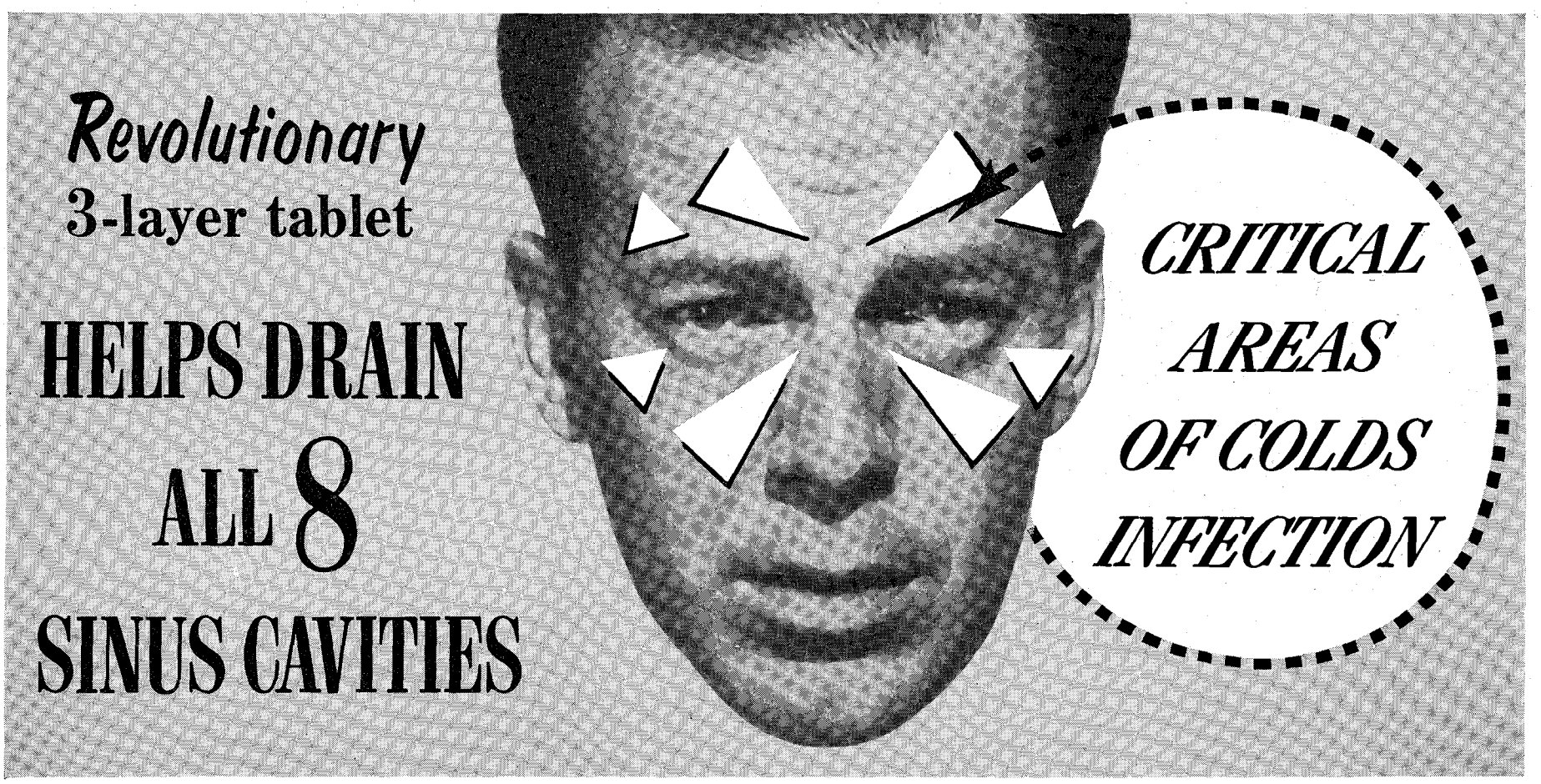
for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...



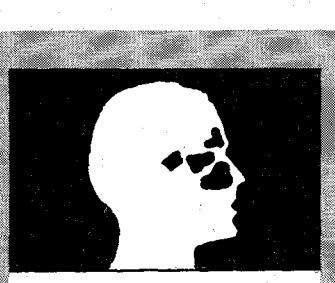
- Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
- Works Through the Bloodstream
- Reaches all Congested Areas
- Shrinks Swollen Membranes
- Restores Free Breathing
- Reduces Fever
- Controls Postnasal Drip

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

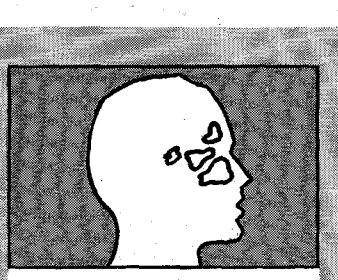
In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*... actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

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(*Continued from Page 46*) same month, after an all-campus sweepstakes, including preliminaries, semifinals and finals, somebody is crowned sweater queen.

In October and November various queens and sweethearts—a sweetheart of, say, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Chi or Dodds House, is about the same as a queen—are elevated. With sandwich men, posters, torchlight and sports-car parades, students elect a homecoming queen, a military-ball queen, a queen of the autumn formal, a yearbook queen, a queen of the athletic lettermen, a junior-prom queen, and some others. This year some publications students, seeking a device to promote the sale of the college annual, came up with the idea of electing a *queen* queen. Nobody was eligible who had not previously been a queen of something. Forty-three young women qualified.

Our queen program, my research has revealed, lags somewhat behind Big Ten standards. Ohio State has everything we have, plus a pumpkin-prom queen, a rose queen, a Greek Week queen, a May queen and a boat-race queen. Illinois has a men's-residence-hall queen, a sno-ball queen, a dolphin queen, a Miss Photoflash, a star-and-scroll queen, a Sheequon queen and a plowboy-prom queen.

As with the goose, so with the gander—bachelors and kings are selected from among the male students. The Indiana campus elects a bachelor of the year, Illinois elevates a most-eligible bachelor, Ohio State elects a Greek Week king, Wisconsin honors a campus clown, a dorm duke, a KD king and a Kat's Meow.

Once a year at Indiana there's a protest against the whole silly business in the form of a "most-useless-man" contest. Typical campaign ad: "He's so useless the state has paid his tuition for ten years to keep him out of industry."

One time a few years ago some pranksters, fed up with queens, ran a nanny goat for prom queen. Horrified campus politicians protested that she was not female and therefore not eligible. When her backers produced a veterinarian to attest her femininity, her foes finally got her disqualified on the ground that she had not been in residence on campus the preceding year. Nevertheless, she ran a strong third in the voting.

These diversions are, of course, over and above those amusements which are considered by school authorities to have cultural, educational or recreational value. Every university schedules a dazzling string of road shows for its auditorium. A typical year will bring two Broadway musical comedies, two celebrated violinists, two world-famous symphony orchestras, a renowned opera company, two first-rate ballet companies and an assortment of nationally advertised jazz musicians, pianists, sopranos, bands and lecturers. Besides this, university academic departments, particularly those of music, theater and dance, offer several entertainments and lectures weekly for the diversion of the student.

But come, does not all work and no play make Jack a dull boy? Lest ennui overtake Jack, the typical student union offers a bridge club, an arts-and-crafts club, a chess club, a photo club, a sailing club and a golf club, besides bowling, billiards and record concerts. We shall have sound minds in sound bodies—as long as both can stand the strain. The year-round program of intramural sports is open to all students—touch football, softball, badminton, golf, table tennis.

In schools which offer what is considered an adequate Second Curriculum, each college generation is expected to produce its quota of pranks, "outbreaks" and illegal highjinks. Last year, five Ohio State freshmen got drunk in Kentucky, stole a corpse from an undertaking parlor, transported it a hundred miles and placed it in front of the union building on the Columbus campus.

The same year, Columbus police had to use tear gas to break up a riot, over nothing in particular, of 3000 students who invaded the city's business district. The riot started with a few students pelting each other with oranges, and wound up with twenty-eight of them in jail on charges of disorderly conduct, assault and battery, throwing firecrackers, resisting arrest, blocking traffic, and unsafe operation of motor vehicles.

Illinois' contribution to this lore is the celebrated water fight of April, 1958, in which 6000 berserk students opened fire hydrants, routed the local fire department and drenched the dean of students. I am impressed by the fact that the year in which college students in Hungary started an immortal revolution to free their country from tyranny, the big thing on the Indiana campus was a panty raid. On the day in which a local school was bombed and the countdown began for one of our major satellite attempts, a Big Ten student paper carried the headline, LIZ HAMILTON ELECTED HOMECOMING QUEEN.

Fun, yes; love, certainly; marriage in good time, of course. But shall these things be gained out of season, at too dear a price? Some of us are beginning to ask what very little work and an awful lot of play makes Jack.

What should be done? Half a dozen useful suggestions are in circulation and receiving minority support among the faculties of our colleges and universities. All that is needed to place them on the action agenda is a little public outcry.

The first step would be to prohibit automobiles. There would be a pitiable bleating, but all, I am sure, would pronounce the action a benefit. Princeton men do not appear unhappier than most, and their scholarship ranks with the world's best. Yet they are not allowed to operate motor vehicles while attending college.

The next step would be to disband fraternities and sororities. Here, I must confess, my heart skips a beat as I turn in my old badge. I have even shed a quiet tear, for the associations of my college fraternity are deep and dear. But the plain fact is that the system has outlived its usefulness. This fact must be faced, even by sentimental fraternity men like myself. Glenn H. Goodman, of the Ohio State faculty, has let fly at fraternities for "picking top men and isolating them in an atmosphere of football, adolescent discussions, dating and drinking."

"That's going to cost him points." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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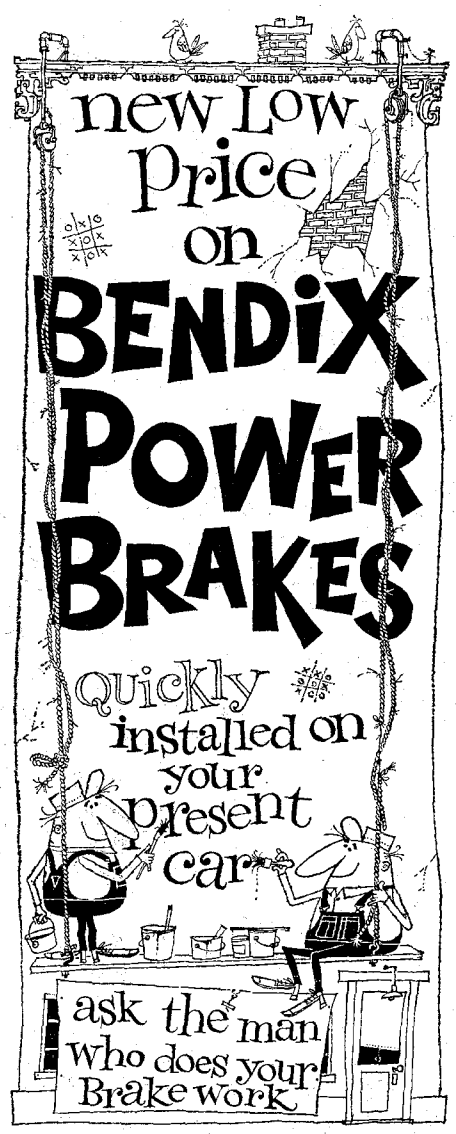

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I could add other serious charges. Besides providing the prime breeding grounds of the "minimum effort" attitude, fraternities too often breed a tawdry Don Juanism, a callow and provincial snobbishness, the habit of getting drunk and a world view no broader than a dollar bill. Worst of all, they consume quantities of time, effort, money and emotional stress—with their chronic financial troubles, panicked rushing season, and social-alcoholic-political monkeyshines—out of all proportion to the good they offer in terms of fellowship.

My apologies are tendered to chapters which do not deserve such harsh words. But enough of them do, and have deserved them for so long a time that they doom the whole system.

The same apology goes to those students—and I have known quite a number—with the integrity and plain nerve to resist the pressures of the conforming mob, place the Second Curriculum firmly in second place and do a job in college. The fact that a few unusual individuals can win through to an education does not, however, weaken my case—which is that universities have no right to make it almost impossible for students to study.

Several other things might be done to cut down ill-formed attitudes toward scholarship, toward marriage and toward the relationship between them. Plush university housing should not be offered until the head of the house is at least a senior, usually achieved at the age of twenty-one. This would remove cheap, pleasant, subsidized living—an abnormal condition which the young couple cannot expect to find later on—as a temptation to impulsive teen-age marriage. At the same time it would not obstruct love so deep and true, though young, that it is determined to find a way.

Standards of scholarship are responsive to public expectation. Our state universities face a rising—and, in my thinking, justified—public opinion that education beyond high school is every child's right. Let us, then, offer a two-year university curriculum, crowned with an associate-in-arts degree for those who pass it successfully. Our many junior colleges have set the precedent. Let it be tough, and let it be the same for everybody. Those who wish to go on for the full four years would return to college in a frame of mind to get down to business. A reentrance examination at the beginning of the junior year should be tough enough to weed out those who are in college mainly for the Second Curriculum.

These are some of the suggestions currently in the air, and there are others—the problem is nationwide. Citing popular pressure for easy, fun-packed college degrees, Richard B. Hovey of Western Maryland College, addressing the College English Association, has come down smartly on the head of the nail.

Hovey has pointed out that a shocking number of college graduates can't even write grammatically or spell correctly, and has asked the reasons. He finds that standards are shot, and that there's not much a teacher can do about it. "An individual teacher cannot suddenly decide to have standards; let him fail half or more of a class, and he will soon be in trouble with his administrators." He finds, moreover, that students understand this and take advantage of it: "Our student knows that unless he is . . . unforgivably negligent, he will get by."

The burden of the Second Curriculum is wryly acknowledged everywhere. To him who may question its baleful effect, I extend the invitation to take my place some morning. Let him face an early class he's knocked his brains out to prepare for. Let him address the blank stares and vacant faces of a roomful of students who knocked their brains out the night before at the Sophomore Twitch, the Winter Willies, the Monumental Maul, the Greek Tweak or, in short, at goofing off.

Now that we're over on the teaching side, what about the teachers? The faculty, as certain current novels suggest, is far from perfect. Entering the academic life from the "outside world," one is disappointed by the banality of conversation at social gatherings, and by attitudes of old-fashioned trade-unionism centering on "tenure," a word which means that after they've kept you on for seven years it's almost impossible for them to fire you. This concern for tenure bends many teachers toward cautious utterance, often blunting the kind of searching, outspoken discourse that might explode into exciting teaching and learning.

Here, though, I'd like to say a word in defense of the kind of repetitious teaching called "time serving." There are certain foundation subjects, often humdrum, that the student simply has to "get." These are the barren places in the terrain of learning which must be crossed to reach the thrilling peaks beyond. The work is a rut, and here the patient Mr. Chips serves well.

For inspiration one looks to the faculty "stars," and every faculty has some bright ones. When my own resolve flags, I can look to men like H. J. Muller, our Nobel Prize winner in genetics; Bob Byrnes in history; Bill Wilson in English; Schuyler Otteson in economics and Bill Moore in physiology, and I become refreshed. These men have broken the confines of their own specialties to look at the universe and have found courage to state their views regardless of what special interest may be offended.

In intellectual daring of this order we may hope to find, through education, the glory of the future. And what a future beckons! The purely mechanical side already has been pretty well publicized—the two-day work week, the trips through space, world tours as a standard part of grade-school education, the time when the deserts will bloom and the jungles will be made into gardens.

The new day of the human soul has, however, scarcely been mentioned. Some think the long-sought substitute for war is close to being found—that peaceful means actually exist for converting an enemy into a co-operative and willing friend. In the resulting leisure and plenty, man might begin to develop his potential in art and philosophy. The artist and poet in each of us would find expression. We would stand before the goal of goals for all men—the penetration into the deepest meaning of life itself.

These wonders will not drop into our laps without our effort. Indeed, to avoid a quick catastrophe, we'll have to work as never before. And the kind of work most urgently demanded is work of the mind.

We'll have to *think* our way out of this one. We need tough, seasoned, disciplined thinkers, incorruptible, enormously well informed, skilled in their chosen specialties, but with an appreciation of all specialties—thinkers who cannot be diverted to limited or shoddy goals—and we need a lot of them.

For these reasons, the Second Curriculum must be trimmed. This must be done, not in spite or through outraged morality, but to make room for something wonderfully better.

We who are concerned about Jack and Jacqueline would like to see more, not less, love on the campus. Besides the inevitable and proper love of comfort and fun, of boy for girl, of status and position, of exercise and sport, of family and children, we'd like to see some love of truth and intellectual achievement, of discovery and high adventure, of beauty, harmony, design and great precision, of mankind and its farthest destiny. We would like, in short, to see the First Curriculum come first. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The statuesque male skier, disporting himself at a mountain resort where girls outnumbered men two to one, was obviously out for sport—and feminine attention. He performed and postured dramatically. Ethel, having three older brothers, found him more amusing than impressive. Perhaps mistakenly attracted by her smile, the picture of manhood swooped to her side, beamed at her and said in a masterful tone, "Here, I'll show you how to make that turn you were practicing."

He took her arms firmly and began to swing her around. She twisted neatly away.

"What's the matter?" he snapped. "Lost your nerve?"

"No," she replied. "But if I had, I'd know where to borrow some."

George L. Hadley

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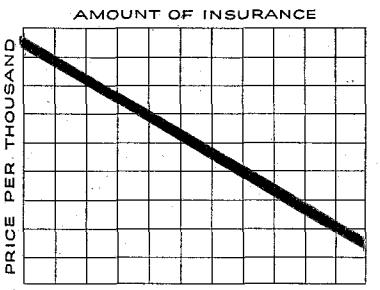

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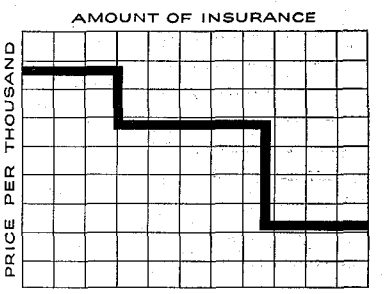

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Crazy With Rhythm (Continued from Page 34)

red (clap) red (clap) corduroy vest (clap)." And over again and over again. But it moved. It had a recognizable nowadays feel. And they put it across. They were young, seventeen, eighteen, rocking, bouncing, suffering with rhythm. Even without backing, they got their happy message across.

Gil felt Andrew's accusing eyes upon him, and he could not meet that terrible look. He painfully massaged the back of his neck and gazed at the floor.

When the Pearls had finished, and were standing—half cocky, half uncertain—before him, Maybush heaved his heavy body back in his chair and sighed wheezily. Then, tipping his great blond head forward, he gazed up from under blond, bushy eyebrows at the group. He addressed the lead tenor. This was a blond, fresh-complexioned, eager boy, beautiful with youth, insufferable with self-assurance. His name was Bill Maybush. He was Andrew's own son.

"You—young Lochinvar—you had to go to Shorb and make it official, didn't you?"

"You wouldn't have listened to us, would you?"

"No, probably not. Well, never mind. At least you had the sense to pick yourself a good agent. Where did you meet up with the punks?"

"Last summer at Catalina, dad. When I went there on my vacation, remember? This is Jim, our bass; and Bob, baritone; and Tom, our high tenor."

"Which one of you wrote the thing?"

"We all did. We've got a kind of feel for it."

Maybush grunted. "Anything else?"

"We have a few standards. And another one of our own, a kind of blues thing called I'm a Cat With a Hat Too Small for My Head."

"Ow!" said Maybush in genuine pain. "Got any demos?"

"We have a tape with five or six songs on it. Just piano backing."

"All right. Leave it with me."

"Well, but—what do you think, dad?" asked young Lochinvar. "What do you say?"

"Leave me the demo. I'll get in touch with your agent." He opened the desk drawer, hunting for a digestive pill.

The boys went out. Shorb stayed. "Lunch?" he asked.

Maybush, at the water cooler swallowing his pill, did not answer.

"If they hadn't been any good, Andrew, I wouldn't have brought them here. You know that."

"My own friend knifing me in the back with my own son," muttered Maybush.

"What was I to do? Turn them out for some cheap coyote of an agent to gobble up? Or bring them here where they have a chance of getting a fair deal?"

"I don't want to discuss it."

Shorb laughed. "Let's go over to Colette's and get some coffee. You'll feel better."

"I won't. I'll feel lousy. From now on, forever, I'll feel lousy."

Outside, they crossed Yucca Street, brilliant with California sunshine—Gil Shorb, short, spare, natty, with black hair thinning on top; and Andrew Maybush, half a foot taller, seventy pounds heavier, rolling along beside him, his unkempt, sandy hair blowing in the breeze. He wore dark glasses. He wheezed.

Colette's was in the Arcade off of Yucca, a little hole in the wall decorated with imitations of Toulouse-Lautrec. Colette did her own cooking. She served only breakfast and lunch. She, too, lived off the recording business. Shorb and Maybush took a table in a dark corner. Colette immediately brought a glass of milk.

"I took the chill off," she said to Maybush. "Your poached eggs will be ready in a minute. What'll you have?" she asked Shorb.

"I want tough steak and burned toast."

"What?"

"I said I want tough steak and burned toast. It's for my teeth."

"Is he kidding?" she asked Maybush.

"Bring it," said Maybush, "and rub it in his teeth."

She left.

"Are you kidding?" asked Maybush.

"No. If there's anything I don't want to have, it's dentures."

Andrew shook his heavy head. "There are worse things than dentures. Do you know how many pills I take a day? Fourteen."

"I don't believe it."

"Easy. Two asthma pills in the morning. Three tranquilizers. Two ulcer pills before each meal. That's how many?"

"Five, and six—eleven so far."

"Yes. Then my sleeping pill at night, that's twelve. And, of course, two aspirin, because the sleeping pill gives me a headache. Fourteen. Doesn't seem many when you break them down like that, eh? What did I do with my dark glasses?"

"You've got them on."

"Oh." He laughed. "That's why the milk's such a funny color." He took off the glasses and pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes. He groaned wheezily. "Mnh! We've been in Hollywood a long time, Gil. We've seen some pretty tinselly days, haven't we?"

"We have, Andrew."

"Tell me honestly—did you ever see more tinsel, more quicksand, more hollowness, more pointless Fourth-of-July fireworks than in the recording business today?"

"I think you're being a little hard."

"I asked you honestly," interrupted Maybush, his blue eyes suddenly piercing the other's reluctance. "Look! You take your tape recorder over the fence into the back alley in early spring and what you pick up press on L.P.; call it Cat-Fight in Hi-Fi, and man! The first thing you know you're awarding yourself a gold pressing for having sold a million copies. I promise you!"

Shorb showed his fine teeth in an appreciative grin, but he did not interrupt.

"Or go down on Central Avenue and pick yourself up four little boys who can't read music, but it won't matter because there won't be any music anyway, and honest to Pete! Next week they've rocked and rolled themselves into plaid dinner jackets and top billing at the Cocoanut Grove." He gave a great groan as the parallel came home to him. "Colette!" he wheezed, "milk!"

He laughed a little. "Milk isn't good for asthma. It's good for ulcers. So what to do? It's a crazy business, Gil. And where is the integrity? Anyone can sound O.K. today. It's the darn tape machine. I could record the Hammerklavier myself, measure by measure, and fit it together like a patchwork quilt. But would it be Beethoven? Would it even be music? Crazy business!"

Gil Shorb waited. He knew the reason for this tirade. He had known Andrew Maybush for thirty years. This was his way of approaching an unpleasant subject. Finally it came out.

As he attacked his poached eggs and whipped potatoes, he said to Shorb, "About your Island Pearls—it's no go, Gil. I'm sorry."

"You can't do that, Andrew," said Shorb calmly.

"Why can't I?"

"For two reasons—it isn't honest, and you don't have that kind of authority."

"Honesty be damned! And I certainly have authority over my own son."

Gil Shorb looked down, laughing silently.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Maybush, annoyed.

"You. I don't know another man of such genuine and vociferous integrity. I don't know another father who exercises less authority over his son."

Maybush collapsed in a gust of wheezy breath. "You're right, Gil; you're right." After a few moments of audible breathing, he said, "I can't talk to him. We just shout at each other. I get to coughing, suffocating, and he gets frightened and that's the end of it. Inconclusive. Do you think I do that on purpose, Gil—choke, I mean?"

"No."

"Fred's a worrier."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I mean, do you think it's a psychological thing?"

"Yes."

"Listen, Gil—you don't have a son. But you've got a heart. You know how to love. You love me, don't you? I mean you love me."

"Yeah," said Shorb in his clipped tone. "I do."

Maybush paused, smiling with honest and childlike fondness. "Dammitall, kid," he said, "it's been a long time. Now let me ask you this—you and I get along all right. But did you ever love someone that you couldn't get through to, that you were always coming up against some barrier that you knew was silly and unimportant, but there it was and you end up by getting mad and spoiling whatever chance you ever had of getting an understanding? Did you?"

Shorb had followed this quite well. "There was Estelle," he said quietly.

"Oh, yes. Your wife—your ex-wife. Sure, you know what I mean. Well, that's the way it is with me and the kid. All the time. His mother—I don't know if she spoils him. She says I do. But, gosh almighty, the boy is impossible to live with. We can't get through to him at all."

"How old is he?"

"I know, I know. I'm not unsympathetic. Heaven knows when I was eighteen, I knew more about life than I've learned in all the years since. But there it is, and now what's going to happen to him if his Island Pearls catch on and find themselves barricading their dressing-room doors against the screaming females? This is a warped world, Gil. I don't want him in it."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Shorb, addressing his plate.

"Look—the kid can't read a note of music, and he is likely to become the arbiter of musical taste for millions of teen-agers. But worse than that—unfortunately they're good, your Island Pearls, very good. He's likely to be a success overnight and without any work."

"That's right," agreed Shorb.

Maybush glared at him. "Is that what you call success?"

"You said it. I didn't."

Andrew gave a suppressed groan. "Mnh! Life pushes you, doesn't it? It pushes you. It presses your face into the rock and it says 'Bite!'"

"It's love that pushes you," said Shorb in his quiet, clean tones. "The more attachment, the less choice."

"Mnh!"

"Don't be so tragic. Look at it this way. A couple of hit records and he'll have the money for his college education."

"He doesn't need money! I've got money!" shouted Andrew. "All you agents see is your ten per cent."

Shorb answered calmly, "He wants his own money, not yours, That's the way they are, Andrew, don't you remember?"

"And do you honestly think he'll ever go to college, once he gets a taste of quick, easy money?"

"So he'll never go to college."

"What'll he be? What'll he amount to?"

Shorb laughed. "What am I? What are you? Take an ulcer pill. Take another tranquilizer." He got up. "I've got to get back to the office. Let me know what you decide."

But he didn't like it a bit, any of it. He didn't like the way Andrew struggled for breath and got purple in the face. He didn't like the way the boy stood up to his father with an air of superior tolerance. If he had had a son of his own—well, but it's easy to play the game from the side lines, and when your heart isn't involved. Then, at the thought of that fresh-faced boy and that mountainous, vulnerable man, he felt an unfamiliar emotion (*Continued on Page 56*)

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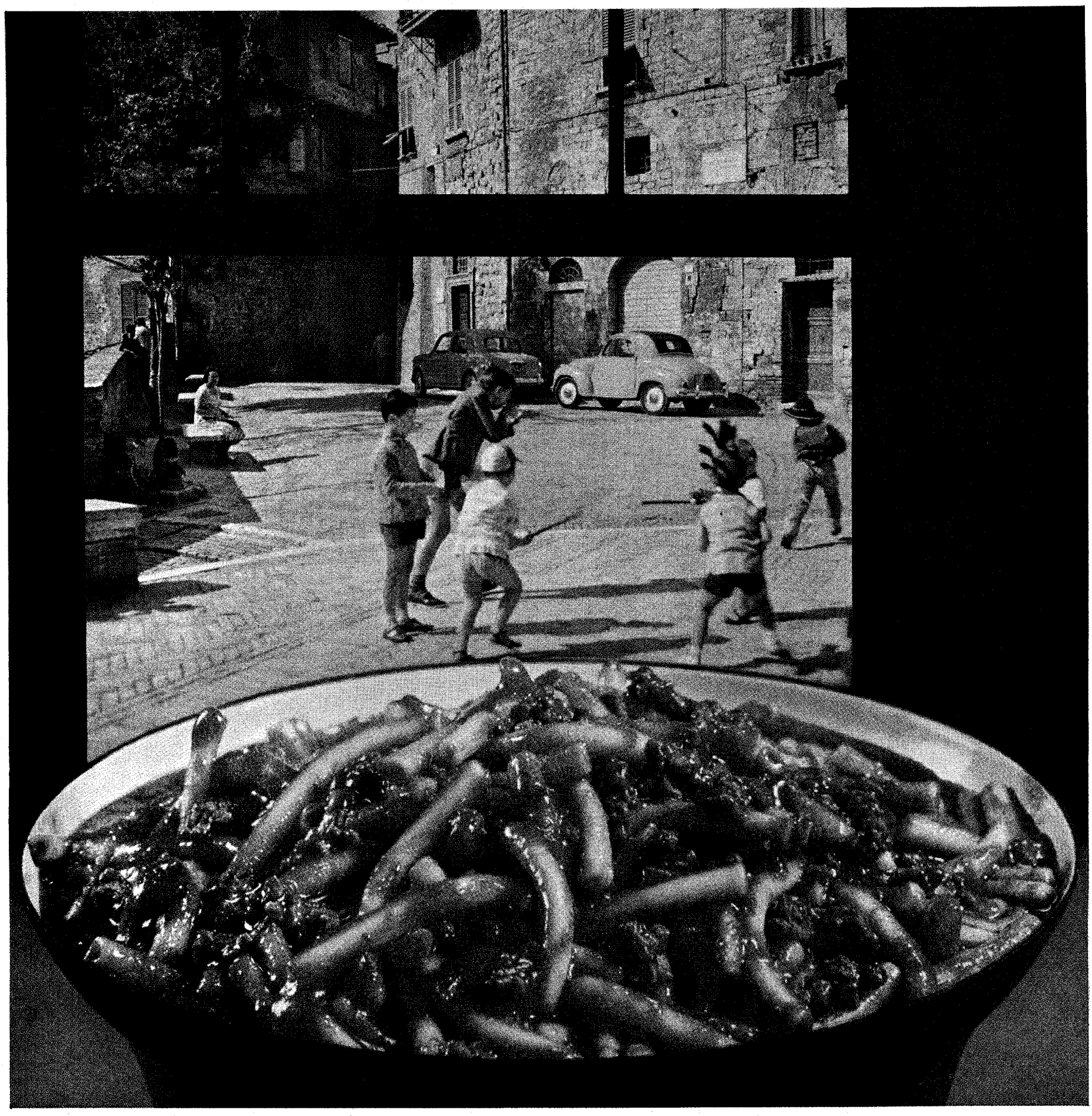

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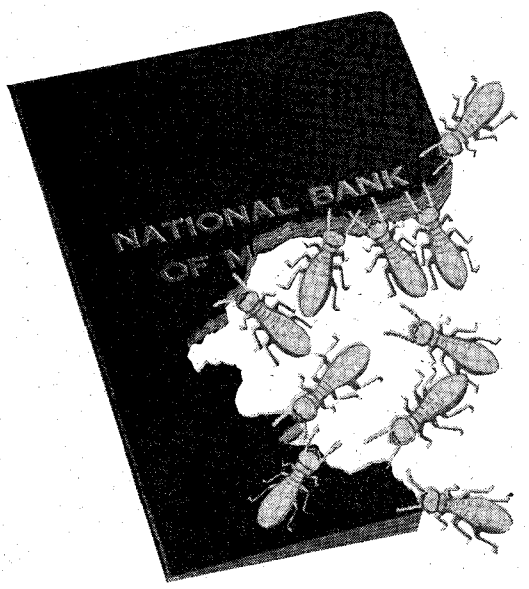

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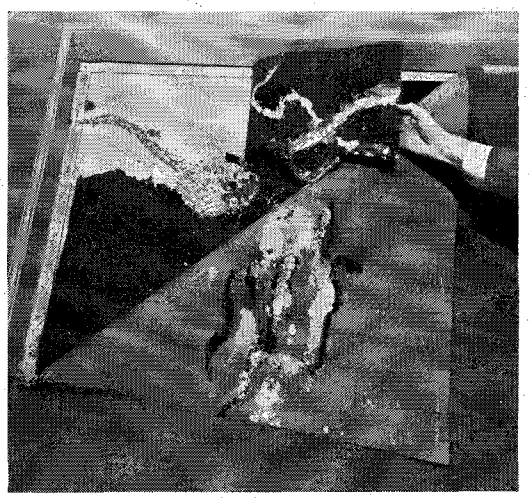

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(*Continued from Page 54*) churning up from the depths of his calm being. Anger. He was startled. "Take it easy," he told himself. "The more emotion, the less reason."

The board at Century Records passed them. The court approved their contracts. The recording session was set for nine o'clock on a Saturday night. They were to do four songs and press two—Red Corduroy Vest, they hoped, if it turned out well, and the best one of the three others. They were to record with piano, three guitars, drums and a bass.

Gil Shorb was with Andrew Maybush in the control booth, looking out over the great windowless, air-conditioned studio with its high ceiling and its sections of walls which could be moved this way or that to alter the acoustics. There were some chairs, a nine-foot grand, mikes and booms, slim and efficient. Except for the people in it, the studio had an air of aristocracy and refinement. It was an end product.

Off to one side, Gus Duranty, the best Tennessee guitarist in Hollywood, was in a huddle with his plaid-shirted boys, teaching them a new chord. These boys had not learned to play guitars any more than they had learned to breathe, and they could have read off the Rosetta Stone as easily as off a piece of sheet music. The Island Pearls were gathered at the piano, nervous and clowning. Vern Vaughn at the keyboard rolled out a rhythm which Johnny Parks accompanied by beating the strings of his bass with the back of his bow. Dickie Boettge, the drummer, sat limp and hunched, teasing the top of the drum with the wire brushes. His eyes roved ceaselessly over the room, looking for something else he could beat on with his drumsticks, something that would make a noise.

Pandemonium came over the intercom into the control booth. Maybush made a sign to Ellis, the engineer, who flipped a switch and cut it off. The sound of Andrew's breathing became audible in the booth, and Shorb looked at him anxiously.

"Relax," he said. "The evening is young."

"Mnh!"

They began with a little plaintive folk thing called Mariposa Lily. The method was this—the Island Pearls taught it to Gus Duranty, who taught it to his boys, and by that time Vern Vaughn had picked it up on the piano. Maybush said over the intercom, "Let's hear it." And minutes later, "All right, let's make one." As the tape began to move, he spoke into the recording mike, "Master One-three-three-seven-five, take one." There was drama in it.

It was 1 A.M. before they got around to Master 13,378, Red Corduroy Vest. They took a break and sent Jerry Saltman, the night porter, out for coffee. Maybush drank a quart of milk. He was coatless and tieless, his blond hair wild, and he puffed like the Santa Fe freight over Cajon Pass. There was a feeling out in the studio that this was the song, man! this was the song that had to be good. Something in Andrew's manner had got that across to them.

But from the beginning it was one of those things. Not even bad, just nothing. Everyone began yearning. The musicians came up with dozens of ideas. Gus suggested that Vern get a blurred piano sound by holding his foot on the loud pedal, and when Vern kept lifting his foot with the chord changes—"Man, I can't help it!"—Maybush sent Jerry Saltman for a sandbag to put on the pedals. Dickie Boettge tried running his drumsticks over the slats of a wooden chair back. It was cute, that's all. The engineer added echo till the whole thing began to sound as though it came billowing forth from a cavern. Maybush was not happy, but it was three o'clock; they had made twenty-eight takes, and he decided it was the best they could get. Everyone went home except Shorb, Maybush and George Ellis, the engineer.

Andrew hung over the machine in a kind of melancholy trance. "It doesn't gas me," he complained. "What happened, Gil?"

"You pushed too hard. You were overanxious. Why? I thought you were hoping the thing would be a flop."

Maybush swung his big head around and gave Shorb a disgruntled look. "Oh, shut up. All you have to be is a money-grabbing agent. You can't even understand how many things I have to be all at once."

Shorb laughed. "Not least of all a father who can't bear to have his son disappointed."

"That has nothing to do with it. Certain people happen to have confidence in my judgment. Me included. I don't like to have that confidence shaken. What's wrong with the thing?"

"There's nothing wrong with it. You're tired. All it needs is just a little gimmick."

"Good gosh!" exploded Maybush. "We've got a (*Continued on Page 59*)

"Sorry, sir, but that's mine."

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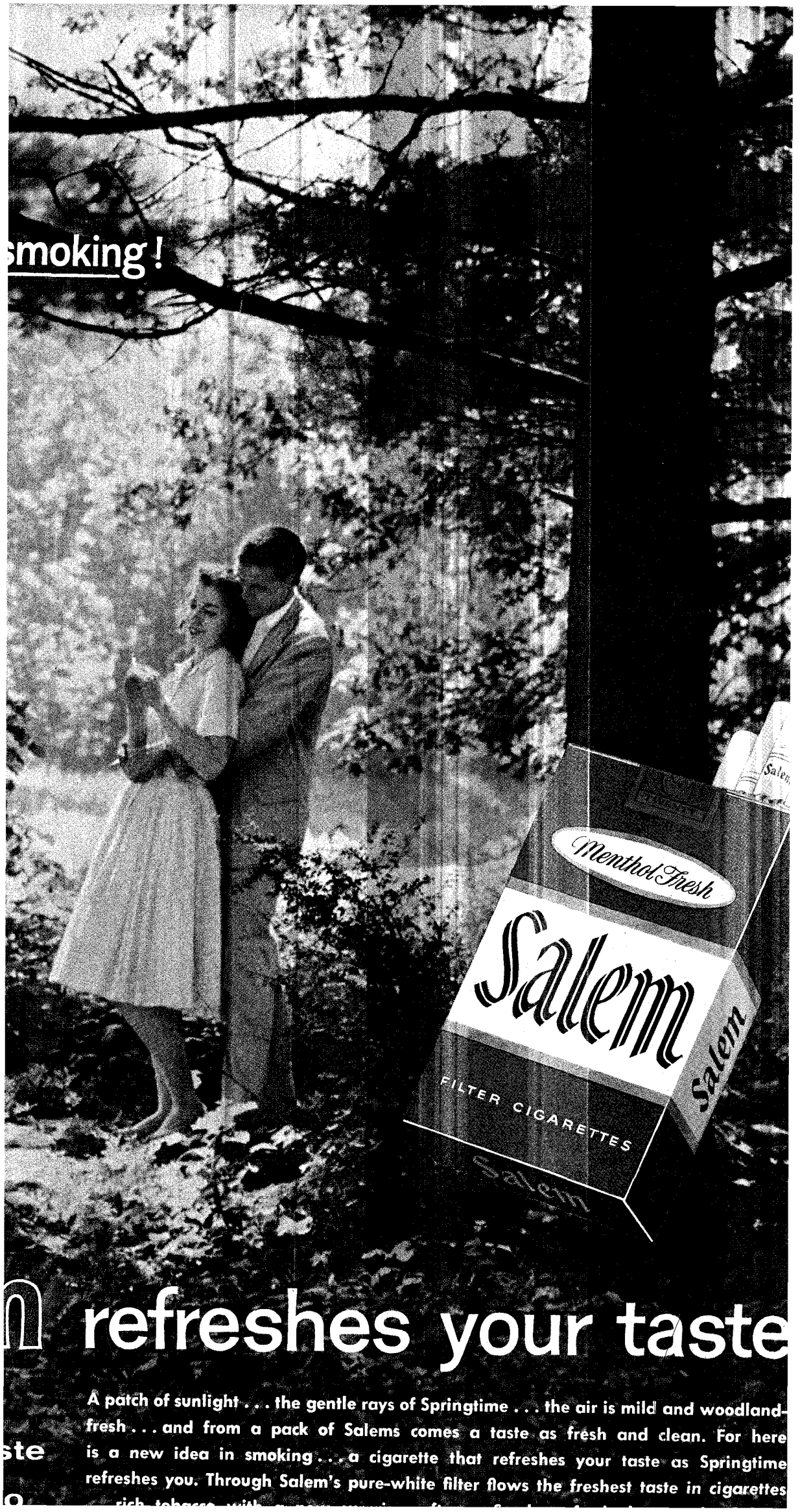
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(*Continued from Page 56*) sandbag on the piano pedals, a drummer beating on a chair back; we've got reverb till it sounds like an underwater piece; and he says it needs a gimmick!"

"Go home, Andrew," said Shorb gently. "And to bed. You're a genius. Let that be your last thought before you go to sleep and your first when you wake up."

"You go to hell!" flashed Maybush.

Shorb shook his head calmly. "I wasn't trying to be funny."

Andrew stared at him for a minute and cooled off. His blue eyes softened. "Yes, you're right. I am. I'm a genius. I'll come up with something. I know I will. All right, let's get some sleep."

Not much sleep, though. At four-thirty the night switchboard man answered the phone. It was Andrew Maybush.

"Find Jerry Saltman somewhere in the building and put him on," he rasped. And then, panting, "Jerry? When you get home this morning, send your wife down to the studio. I'll be there at nine. And tell the switchboard man to call George Ellis and get him back at the same time."

It was the gimmick. Jerry Saltman's wife had a trick voice—astonishingly high, sweet, piping—and native musical taste. Maybush gave her a free hand. She sang as she felt. They re-recorded, from tape to tape, and way, way up there, her sweet, fluty notes dipped and soared around the piece like swallows around a barn. It gave the whole thing a fresh air of country enchantment. When Ellis played it back for him in the control booth, Maybush got to laughing so hard he nearly choked.

"What is it?" people asked. They couldn't decide whether Mrs. Saltman was a piccolo or a Theremin. And it sold, it sold! The kids flipped over it. It was voted a hit on Juke Box Jury. The first week it was Number seven at Music City, Number twenty-two over the country, and the next week it moved up to second place in Century sales. Fan clubs sprang up all over the place. When the Island Pearls performed at a junior high school, they had to have a flying wedge of gym instructors to get them off the school grounds. They lost cuff links and tie clips; they lost buttons off their suit coats and belts off their raincoats. They signed autographs till they had writer's cramp.

With their record sales soaring, the Island Pearls rocketed riotously. They bought themselves matched outfits. They ordered silver tuxedo jackets. They stormed along the Boulevard leaving down payments. And when they weren't spending money that hadn't yet come, they sat in Gil Shorb's office and bickered. Almost anything was cause for loud words. They could argue up a storm over whether, at a certain point in a certain song, they should go "doo-wah" or "ba-ah, ba-ah." They fought endlessly about whose name should be at the top on sheet music or publicity blurbs. With all his habit of calm acceptance, Gil Shorb felt them in his hair.

One morning he went up to Century to see how Andrew was getting along. Maybush, they told him, had an attack of asthma and was home in bed. Shorb could guess what was happening. He stood in the window, looking off to where Vine Street got lost in the smog, and he felt that unfamiliar something in him again, building, building. Angry at the Island Pearls and their jovial self-complacency. Exasperated at Bill Maybush and his callous youth. Sick at heart for Andrew, his friend; big, helpless, childlike genius. He went downstairs, picked up his car and drove to the Strip.

The Island Pearls had bought themselves shiny guitars. They were scattered around his reception room strumming on them. Shorb said, with an air of pleasant command, "You and you and you—out!" And to Bill Maybush, "You stay." Then he came straight to the point. "Is there trouble between you and your father?"

"What makes you think so?"

"He's in bed—with asthma."

"Oh, that." Bill laughed. "He's had that all his life."

"It wouldn't be that cat-with-a-swelled-head bit that you're trying to push off on him? That song of yours?"

"Well, we think it's a natural to follow Red Corduroy Vest, sure we do. It's our song. We're not only the recording artists, but we know the market, don't we? Wouldn't you say we know the market?"

Shorb told himself, "Easy, easy." He paused, considering. Then he said evenly, "Perhaps we shouldn't let this thing go too far before pulling out. Andrew's a pretty stubborn guy when he thinks he's right. Suppose I get you fellows out of your Century contract. I'll also let you out of the one you have with me. You can get yourselves another agent and he'll get you another recording company with a more far-seeing A. and R. man."

No doubt Bill Maybush was shaken. "You mean start all over again?"

"That's right. Fresh start, under better conditions."

"You guys sure stick together, don't you?" said Bill with bravado.

"Well, yes. But if I were to tell you that I stick to your father because he's the straightest-acting, the cleanest-thinking man in Hollywood, you'd say that was sentimental poppycock. So let's be practical and say that he's the cleverest A. and R. man in the country and I know it. Let's just say I'm out for the money and I know which side of my bread the butter is on."

"We're making money for you."

"Temporarily, yes." Shorb smiled his pleasant, impersonal smile. "But tomorrow I may wake up to find that everything is girl quintets, the Island Pearls out, bang!, like a balloon that got blown up too big. And who's to say what is good and what is bad? It's happened to me and my best clients too many times to count. On the other hand, Andrew Maybush is like the hills out there. He stands. Know what I mean? He lasts. Solid."

"We made a hit for him." The boy's voice was small, but stubborn.

"Now I'm glad you said that. I have a little something here on tape I want you to hear." Shorb crossed to the tape machine and switched it on.

"That's our demo."

"Yeah. That's Red Corduroy Vest the way we brought it to him. Now this other ——"

"Well, I know. Of course. Without backing and all ——"

"Oh, the backing—yes." Shorb shrugged his shoulders in mock deprecation. "A few country musicians." Then he looked into Bill's eyes and laughed, a laugh that embraced so much—a sandbag on the loud pedal, a drummer beating on a chairback, an echo machine, the night clean-up man's wife piping like a bamboo flute, and a big, conscientious, blond man laboring with short breath—that Bill could not meet that laugh, or that look, and he dropped his eyes.

"Now honestly," said Shorb, and there was a sudden kindness in his voice, "who would you say made that hit for Century Records? You or Andrew Maybush? At least there's room for debate."

There was an uneasy silence. Then Bill said, "Gee, Mr. Shorb, I don't know how to tell the guys we have to get another agent."

Was this a play for sympathy? Gil Shorb's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "I have an alternative," he said. "I can send the Island Pearls around the country to meet disc jockeys, line up some personal appearances at state fairs and get you out of our hair for a couple of months."

The boy's spirits sprang up like a tennis ball. "But that's great. That's not punishment."

"You're missing the point." The sudden hardness in Shorb's voice made the boy uncertain once more. "I'm not interested in punishment or reform. I try to keep my life free of those complications. My philosophy is to face facts and, if I can't change them, accept them. But that's not Andrew's way. His way is to suffer, know what I mean?"

"I guess so."

"Sure you do. He saw this coming. He dreaded it. And he could have stopped it. Don't you see that simply by releasing a mediocre record—not bad, just mediocre, like your demo—he could have stopped you Pearls dead in your tracks? Well, why didn't he? That's how complicated a man's life can get. Understand?"

"I—I guess so."

"You will. The point you're missing is this—and it may come as a shock to you—that I don't give a darn what happens to the Island Pearls. But I won't have that man bothered. If you want to be my client, you make your peace with him, and you make it handsomely. Know what I mean?"

"Yes. O.K., O.K."

Next morning Gil Shorb strolled serenely into Andrew Maybush's bedroom. He found the mammoth man in his king-sized bed, propped up in pillows. On his face was a cherubic smile. His breath came easily.

"I understand you're sending the Island Pearls around the country. Do you think that's a wise thing for those kids, Gil?"

"I don't know," said Shorb indifferently, "I don't know anything about kids. I just take my ten per cent. You're his father. Why don't you forbid him?"

Andrew bent his bushy brows and looked dubiously at Shorb. "Are you ribbing me?"

"Perhaps." Shorb smiled affectionately.

"Because I can't forbid him anything. I admit it. But he's a good kid, Gil, and he seems to be getting his feet back on the ground. You know what he said to me this morning? He thinks with a year or so of experience 'in the world,' as he put it, he can take better advantage of a college education when he starts."

"Yeah."

"He said something else. He wanted to thank me for Red Corduroy Vest, said without me it could have been just another one of those things. He's been doing some thinking. You know, Gil, Bill and I haven't talked together like that since—I don't know when."

"Yeah. When will you be in your office?"

"Oh, I'm going down this afternoon. I feel great."

"Because I have some girl singers I'd like you to hear. Five of them. A good close group. Call themselves the Sugar Cookies. Might go somewhere."

"Girl quintet?" said Maybush doubtfully. "I don't know. But we'll give a listen anyway." THE END

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Out-of-town businessmen who rented cars from the local rental service frequently parked overtime and ignored the parking tickets. The city one day demanded that the rental service pay all the parking fines plus additional fines for ignoring traffic summonses.

"The city ordinance makes it illegal for the registered owner of an automobile to 'cause, allow, permit or suffer' it to be parked overtime," the city attorney argued. "Therefore the rental service, as the registered owner of these vehicles, should pay regardless of who was driving them."

"We can prove that these cars were parked overtime, not by our own employees, but by renters over whom we had no control," counsel for the rental service replied. "To hold us responsible for their wrongdoing is unconstitutional."

If you were the judge, would you make the rental service pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The rental service did not have to pay. The court said that to make the registered owner "conclusively" liable, in the face of evidence showing that others beyond his control committed the traffic violations, "would be to infringe on constitutional rights."

Based upon a 1957 Arkansas decision.

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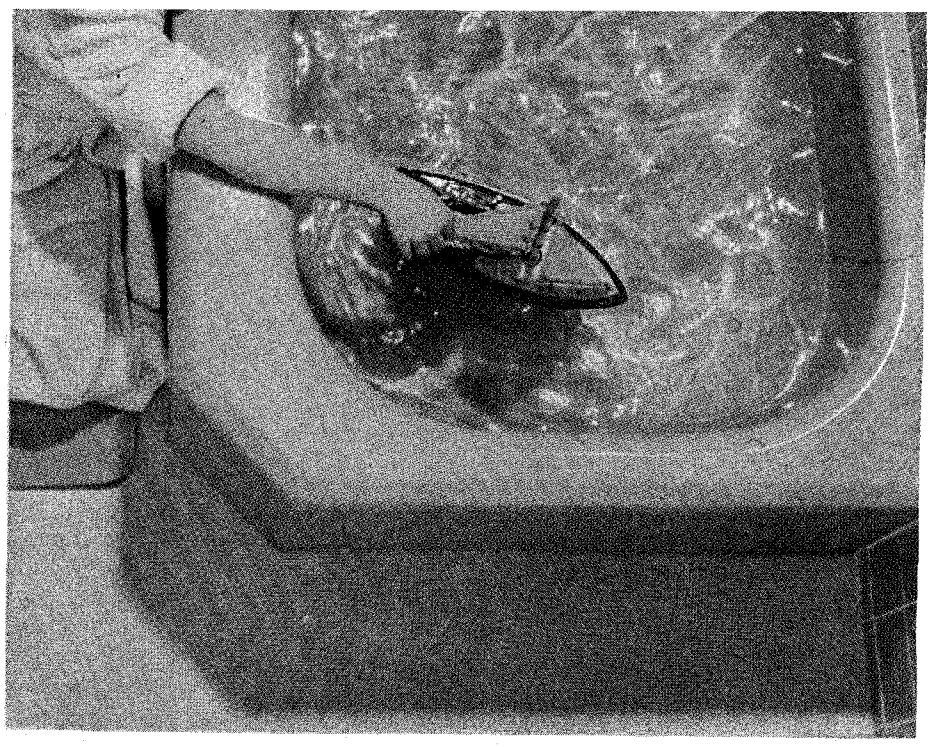

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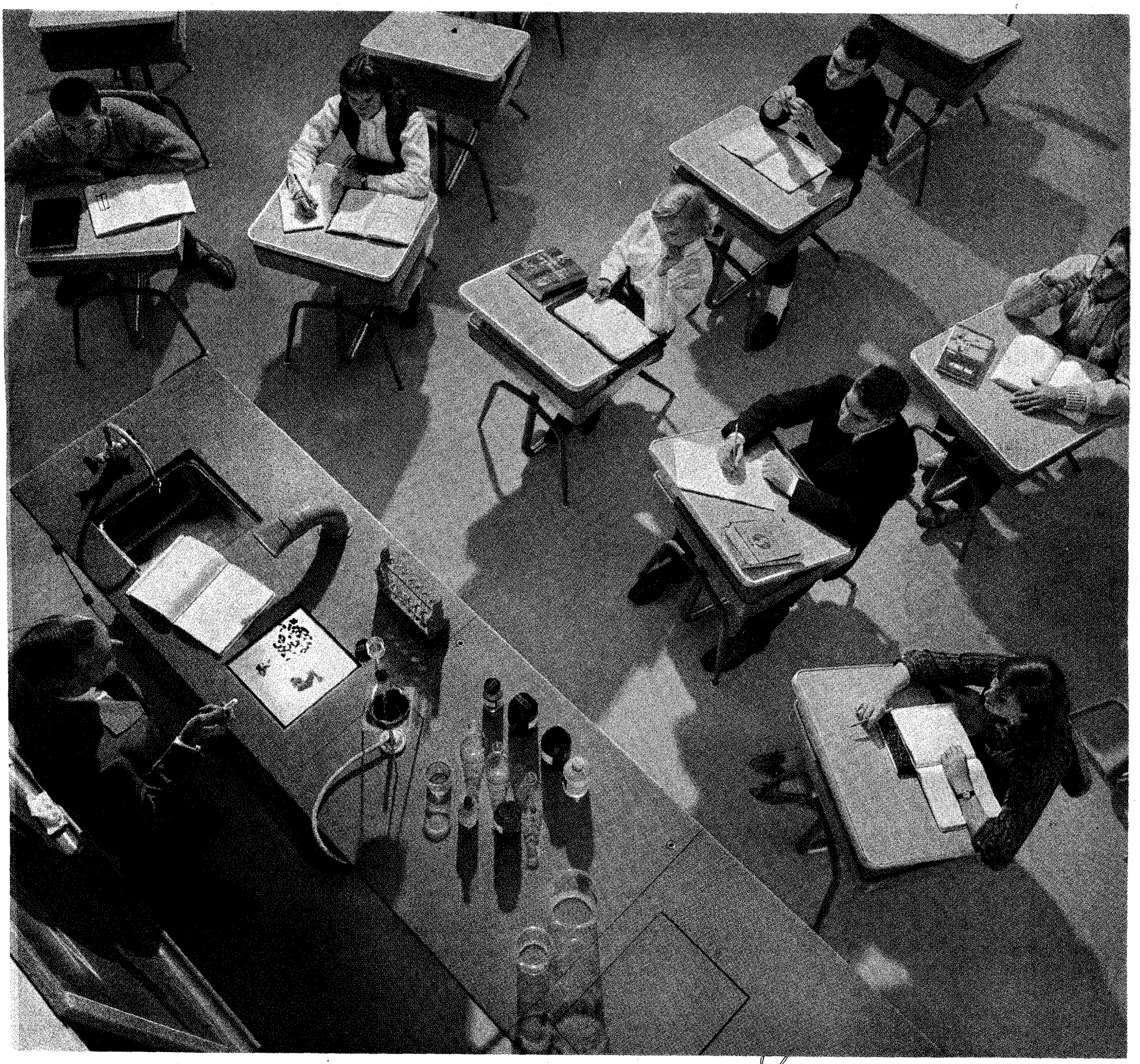

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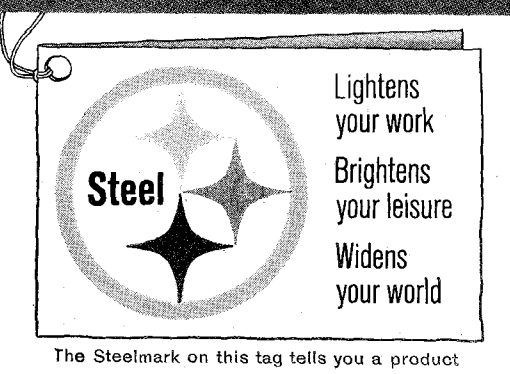

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A Matter of Infidelity (Continued from Page 37)

David poured. Sally sat down. "Gloria," she said, "has come home." The last two words were in italics.

There was no doubt about her meaning. David's martini suddenly took on the flavor of kerosene. He put his glass down, pushed it across the table with the back of his hand. "I see," he said. He looked out the window. Well, it wasn't normal if Gloria and Larry didn't have a little spat about this time in their marriage. About the time that Gloria got unpacked, Larry would be at the door. He reached for his drink again and tasted it. The flavor of kerosene was gone. "Any particular reason why?"

"It would seem," Sally said, "that Larry has been unfaithful to Gloria."

"I don't believe it," David said. Unfaithfulness was something you read about in books and in plays and in magazine articles. He knew that it existed, as he knew that there were marijuana cigarettes, but he had never had any direct contact with either.

"I'm afraid," Sally said, "that Gloria has proof."

"What kind of proof?"

"Checks," Sally said. "Larry keeps all the household books, including the checkbook and canceled checks, down at his studio. The drugstore called. It seems that the store had changed hands and the new owner had no record of a thirty-four-dollar bill's being paid. He thought that the check might have been made out to the former owner, and would Gloria mind finding out? Well, she found the drugstore check. In addition, she found several checks made out to Jill Rogers—a model who once worked for Larry."

"Modeling fees," David said.

Sally shook her head. "I'm afraid not. Gloria knows that Jill hasn't worked for Larry for six months. Besides, these were for one hundred dollars each. Three of them."

David whistled.

"There was also a check for two hundred and seventy-five dollars made out to The Clothes Horse—a dress shop in town. Gloria called. The clothes were all for Jill Rogers."

"There's a logical explanation for all this," David said. "Larry will clear it up in two minutes."

"I'm sure he would," Sally said, "except that he went to Los Angeles ——"

"Well, when he gets back, he ——" David began.

"—— on the same plane with Jill Rogers," Sally finished.

David swore.

"Now, David, swearing and making speeches and waving your arms won't accomplish a thing. Gloria and I have talked the whole thing over. She'll stay here until he gets back. Then Larry will have a chance to explain. But the evidence would seem to indicate infidelity extending over a period of several months."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," David said. "Stop talking like an attorney."

"I'm afraid that it's going to be a legal matter before long. Now when Gloria comes down, don't discuss this with her unless she brings the subject up. We've gone all over it."

"What do I do?" David said. "Pretend that she's home from college?"

"Let's just have it tacitly understood that she's here for a visit while Larry is out of town."

"Anybody else know about this?"

"I think only Molly Crandall, Gloria's best friend."

"Oh, fine. That's just like putting it on the twelve-o'clock news broadcast. How long is Larry going to be down there?"

Sally shrugged. "He *said* he had an assignment for one of the national magazines. He didn't know how long it would take. Maybe two weeks." Sally motioned for silence. "I hear Gloria coming now."

Gloria came into the kitchen carrying little Wendy, who was a one-year-old carbon copy of her mother. If Gloria's heart was breaking, it didn't show. She looked as radiant as an airways beacon, and as lovely as a five-iron dead to the pin. She had large, slanting eyes, high cheekbones and a little cleft in her chin. She moved like a black panther.

He smiled at his daughter and said, "Hi, good-looking."

Gloria handed little Wendy to Sally and then put her arms around David's neck. She kissed him on the cheek and ruffled his hair. "How's my dad?"

"Fine." He looked at her and a piece of his heart seemed to chip off. "Care for a martini, Gloria?"

She shook her head. "I'm going to feed Wendy."

This was an operation which David could very well do without. "Go ahead. I'll read the evening paper."

"Dinner in half an hour," Sally said.

He nodded, went into the front room and settled down with the evening paper. He was a troubled man, and the fact of Larry's infidelity nagged him with its utter absurdity. Looking at the matter objectively, he could not for the life of him understand how a man could in all honesty prefer any other girl to Gloria. But, of course, there were the checks. Damag-

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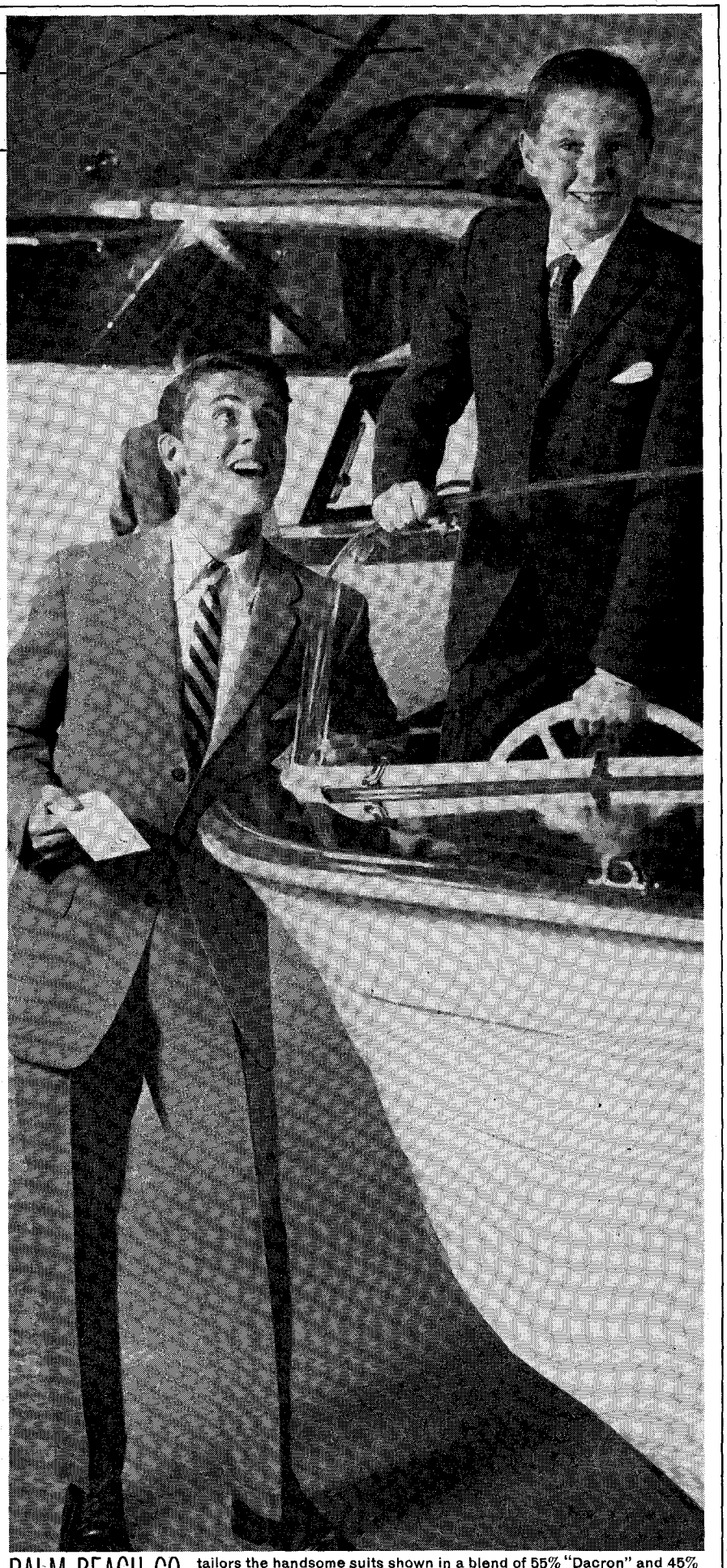

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ing, he would admit. But Larry was not a fool, and David felt that a man would have to be a gifted idiot to use a checking account in furtherance of extracurricular activity. Still —— David tossed his paper aside, letting anger flow over him, and then he walked out on the long front porch to cool off.

David lighted a cigarette, sat down in a chair and lifted his eyes to the sky. Well, it wasn't the worst thing that could happen. Marriages had broken up before, and it was certain that they would be broken up again. David realized that he had seen very little of his daughter and his son-in-law in the past year. Thanksgiving and Christmas, of course. Now and then a Sunday afternoon. But those were state occasions. Maybe Larry did not really care for the responsibility of marriage. Maybe he was a man with a perpetually roving eye for the ladies. Maybe ——

David got out of his chair, threw his cigarette out onto the lawn and went inside. Speculation was worth nothing.

At dinner, the talk was of things unrelated to the business of Gloria's presence back home. The lawn looked good, everyone agreed. They predicted that the good weather would hold for a while. The chops were excellent. Gloria determinedly entered into the conversation, turning her smile on and off like a traffic signal. She ate almost nothing.

True, it's the woman who pays, but usually with some man's money.

IMOGENE FEY

After dinner, David amused little Wendy while Sally and Gloria did the dishes. When the phone rang, David knew that Sally would get it on the kitchen extension. He kept one eye on Wendy and one eye on the television screen, where a couple of welterweights belabored each other.

In the sixth round, Gloria came into the front room, picked up Wendy and announced that it was time for bed. She went upstairs. Sally came into the room, carrying two cups of coffee.

"Who was on the phone?" David said.

"The Crandalls."

"Oh. What'd they want?"

"It was just wonderful of them. They've invited us all down to the beach for the weekend."

David digested this news. He searched desperately for a way out. He wanted to go to the beach the way he wanted a broken leg. There was the matter of his foursome in the morning, with a little gin rummy and a couple of drinks in the locker room after the golf. He realized full well that a man should not get in a rut. Still, he looked forward to Saturday golf after a long winter as he looked forward to coming home to Sally each evening. He winced as he saw one of the welterweights on the screen belt the other with a left hook. The man who was belted went down.

"From the expression on your face," Sally said, "I get the sneaking suspicion that you don't want to go."

David pointed at the screen. "I winced because, vicariously, I felt that punch, but your suspicion is still in order. Besides, we're having a barbecue Sunday—remember?"

"Oh, pooh! The Crandalls were coming, and the Crowleys and the Blakes. I'll call Betty and Laura. They won't mind."

"I had a golf game tomorrow."

"Well, if your golf game is more important than your daughter's happiness, we'll just forget the whole thing."

"A golf game has nothing to do with Gloria's happiness."

"Well, I think she's being very brave about this whole matter. She's deeply hurt, naturally, but she realizes that sitting around moping isn't going to accomplish a thing. I think we should make a little extra effort to get her through these first few days. A trip to the beach will get her mind away from Larry."

"How?"

"She won't have time to think."

That was precisely what David was afraid of. David liked the beach, but he liked it on his own time, without the determined regimentation of a house party. A man got all the rest and relaxation of a worker on a production line. Still, Gloria was his only daughter. "What time are we leaving?"

"It's an hour-and-a-half drive. If we get away by seven-thirty, it will give us practically the whole day down there."

"All right."

Gloria came downstairs. "She's asleep already. You ready to go, mother?"

"Uh-huh. I'll get my coat."

"Where are you going?" David said.

"We're just going for a walk to get out of the house. You can read or look at television. Wendy will be all right."

Wendy was not all right. Fifteen minutes after they left, David was watching a television play. The detectives had the killer trapped in a warehouse. Wendy started sounding off. David reluctantly left the killer to get himself killed, and went upstairs. Wendy was yelling.

It had been some time since David had coped with a yelling baby. He picked the little girl up, patted her bottom and said, "There, there." (*Continued on Page 67*)

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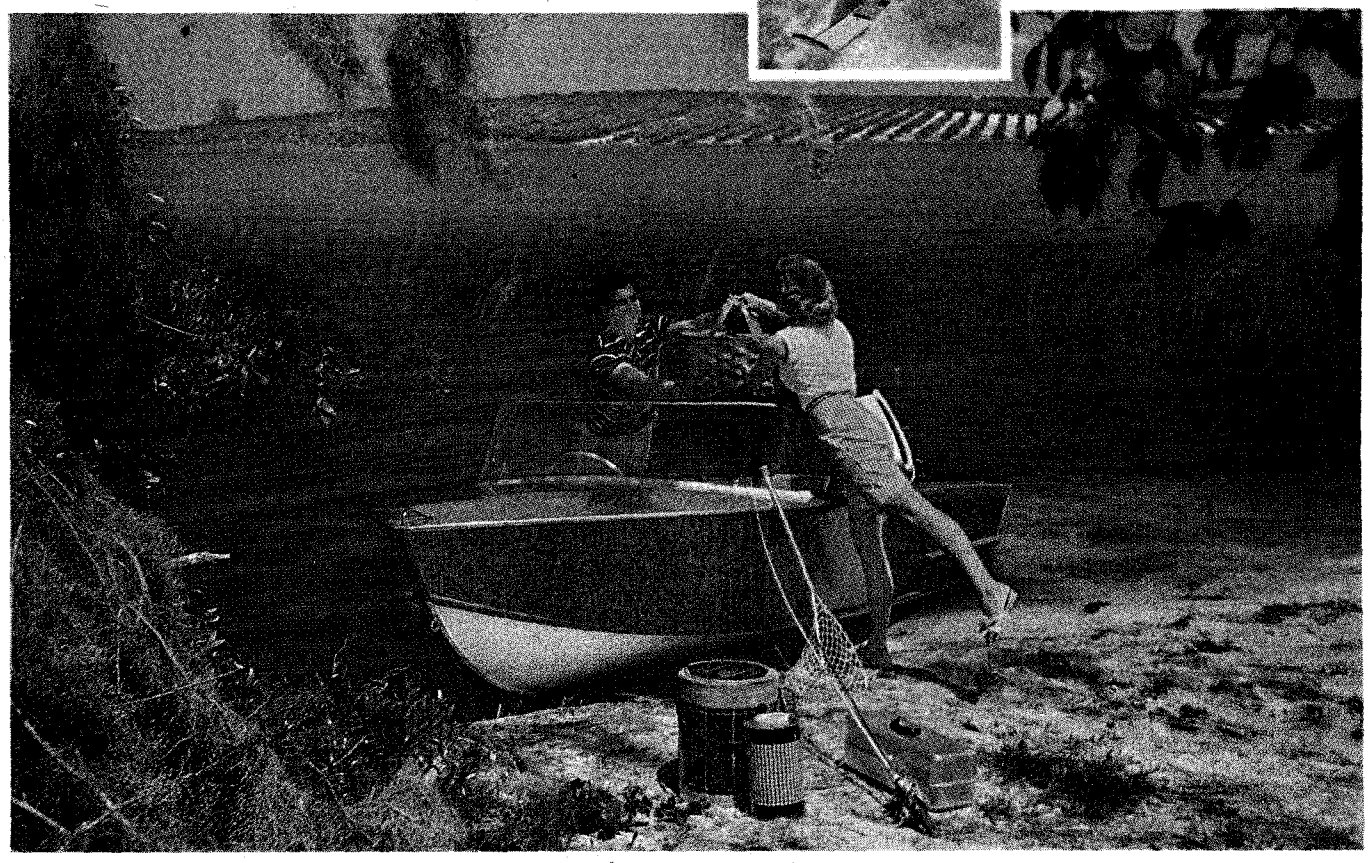

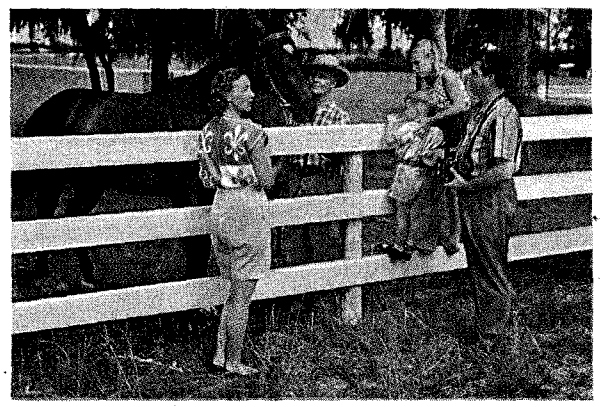

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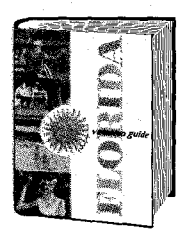

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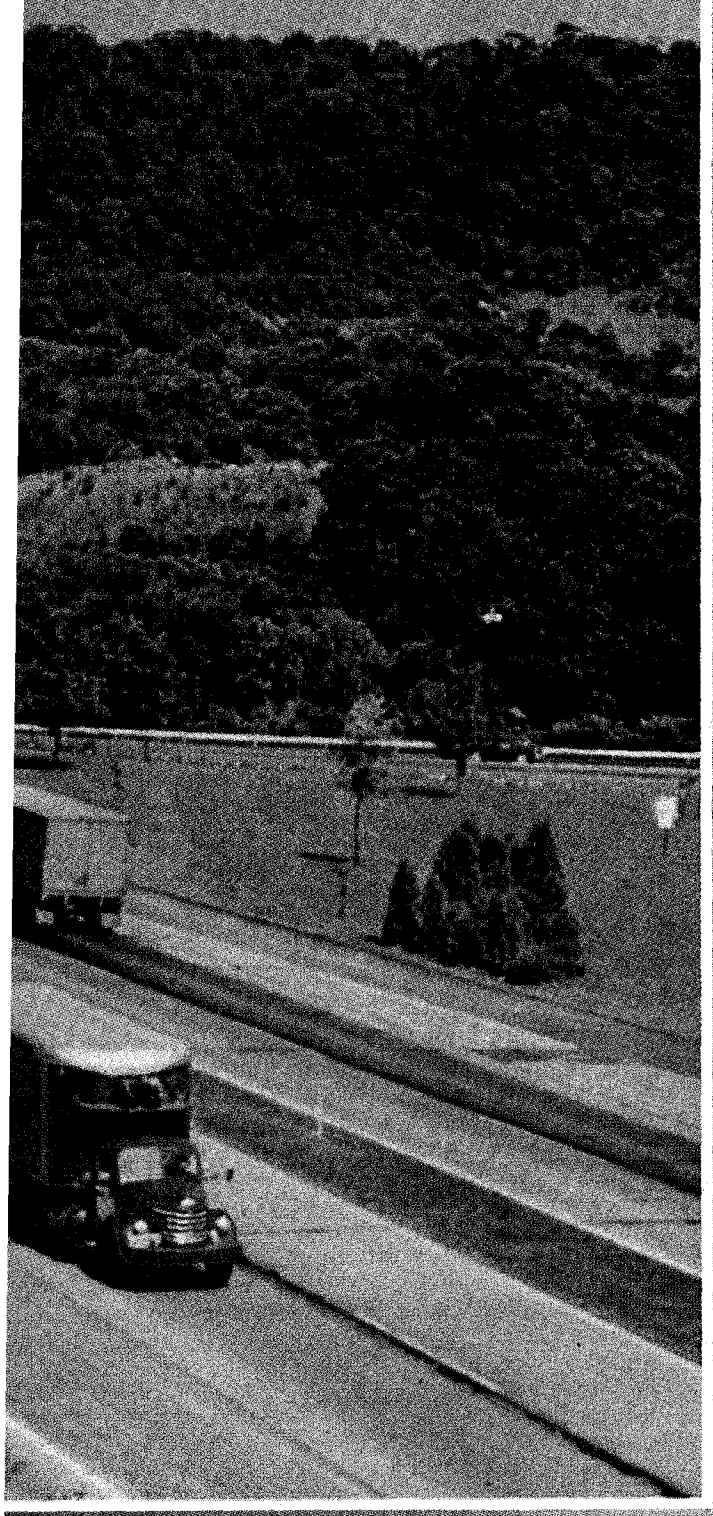

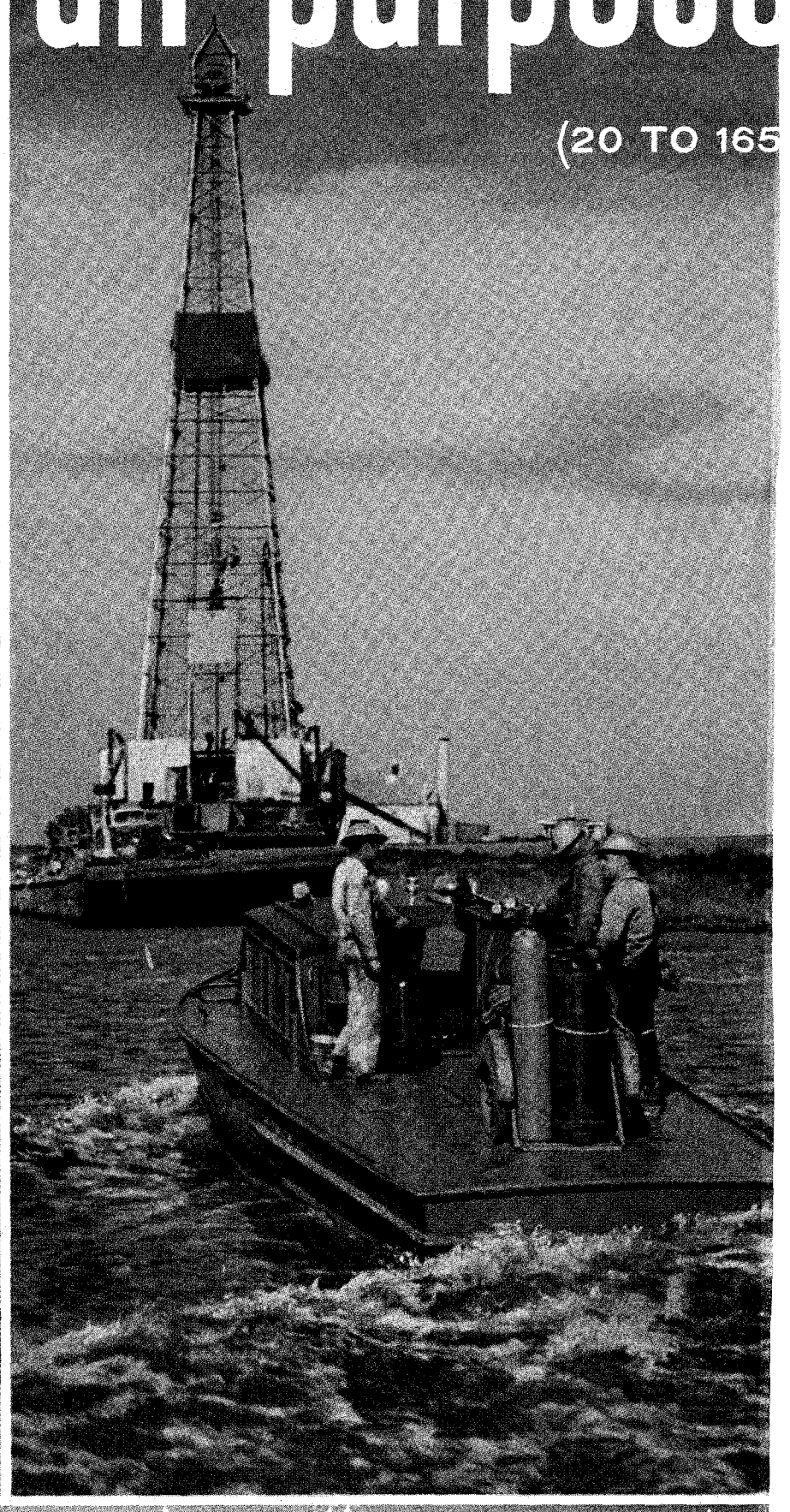

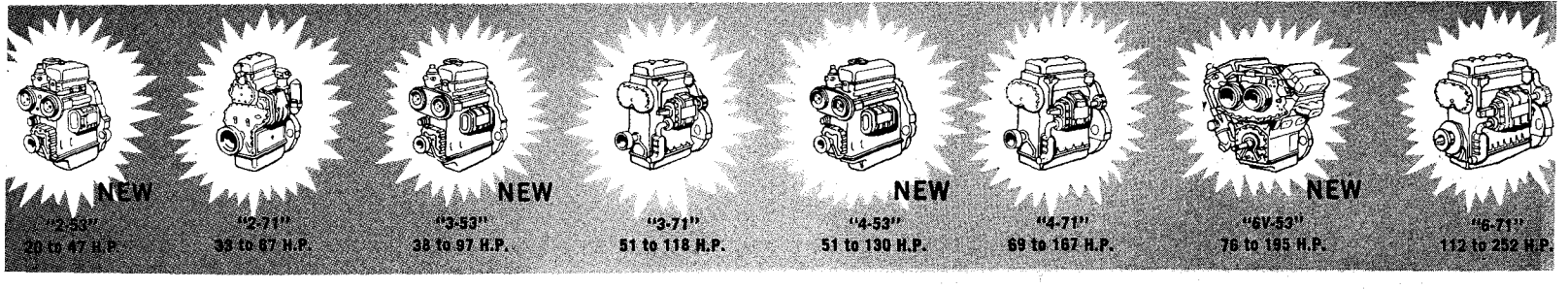

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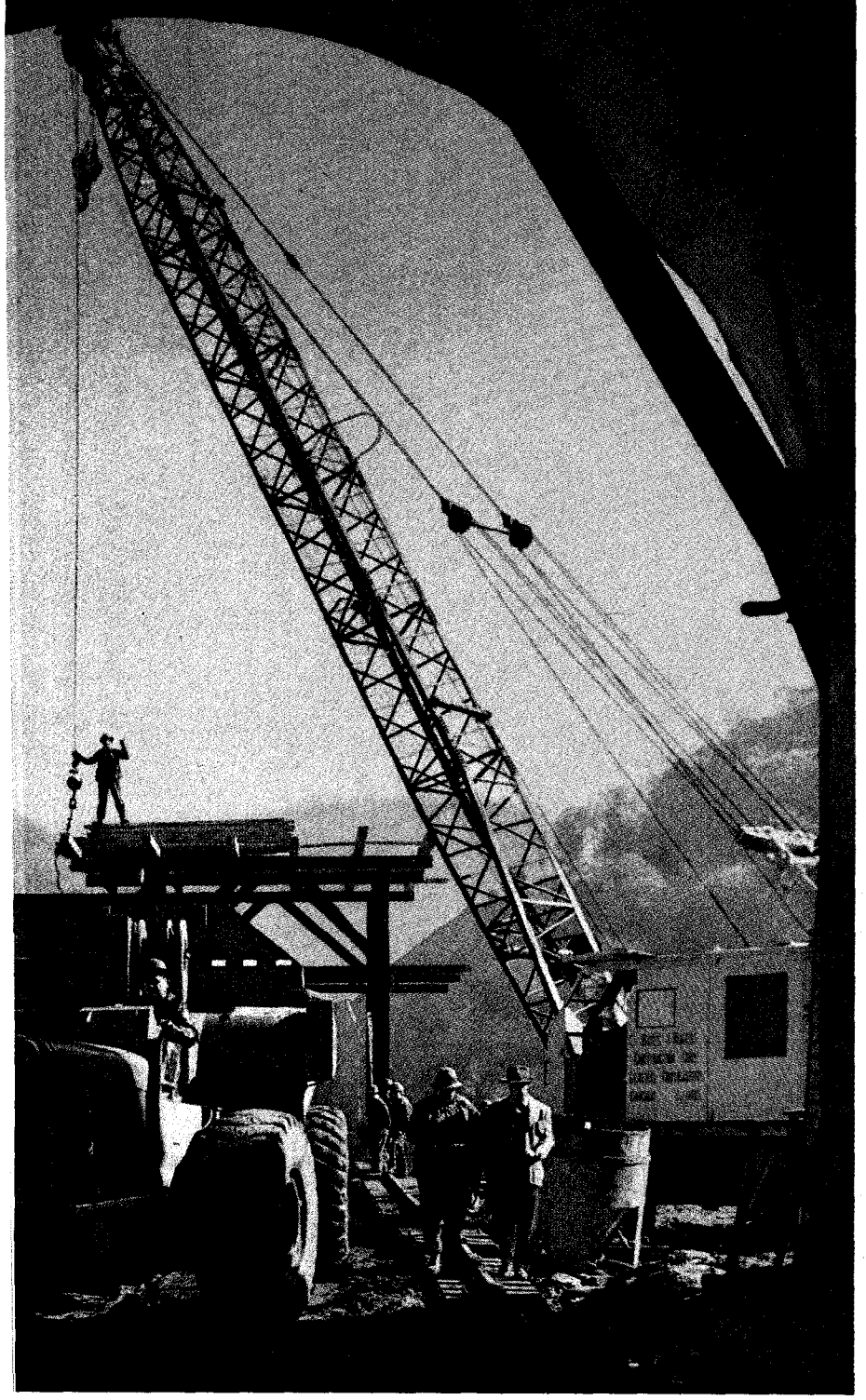

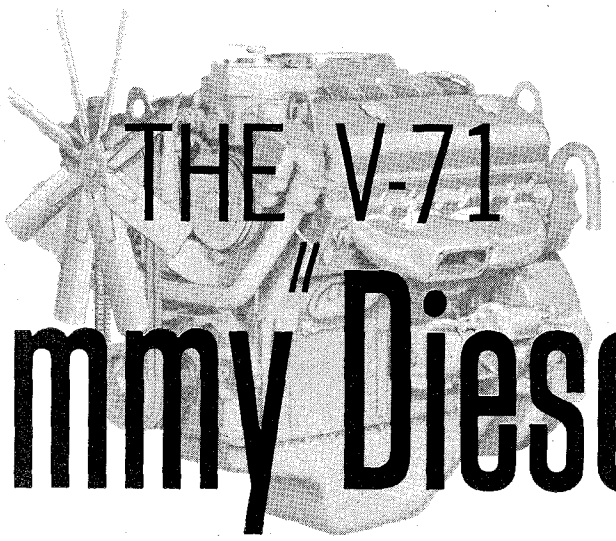

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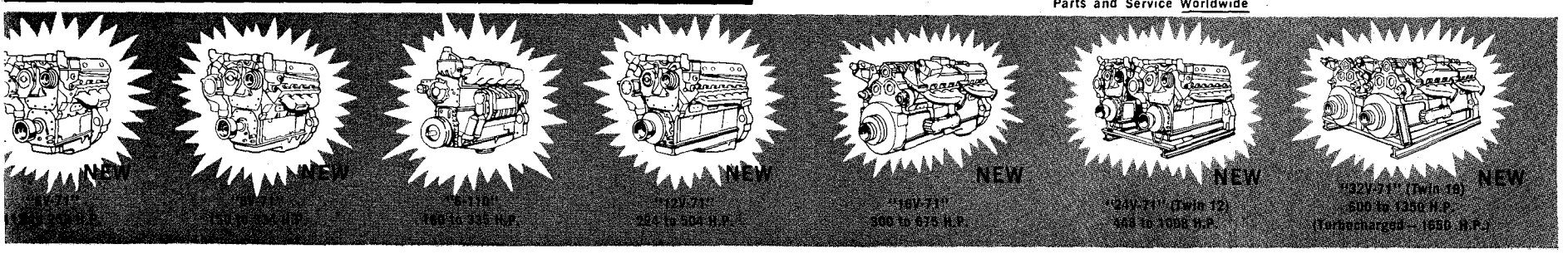

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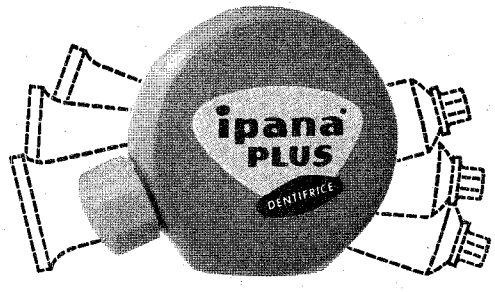

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(*Continued from Page 63*) Wendy raised her voice a few decibels. *I'm getting too old for this sort of thing*, David thought. He walked around the room, jiggling and talking. He felt around for an open safety pin. Nothing. Finally, desperately, he walked downstairs. He looked helplessly at his granddaughter. His nerves jangled. "Shut up!" he yelped.

Wendy did not take kindly to a loud voice. It seemed impossible that she could yell any louder, but somehow she managed. That was just like a couple of women, David told himself. Go for a walk, leave him with a screaming baby. He looked carefully at Wendy.

A kid could make herself really sick by yelling like this. Or maybe she was already sick. Finally he dialed Dr. Ed Palmrose, a neighbor and golfing friend of his. He held the receiver near Wendy.

"Hear that, Ed?" he said.

"Yeah. What is it?"

"My granddaughter."

"Good set of vocal cords."

"I know that," David said. "Gloria and Sally took off somewhere. I'm here alone. I think something's wrong with her."

"All right," Ed said wearily. "I'll be right over."

David carried Wendy back upstairs. When he reached her crib, she stopped yelling as abruptly as if someone had snipped a sound track. The silence was deafening. David gingerly laid her down and covered her. She gurgled a few times and then was fast asleep.

David heard the doorbell. He went downstairs and opened the door, feeling like a man facing the fire department after he has put out the fire with a garden hose.

Ed Palmrose, carrying his little black bag, came into the house. "Quiet around here, isn't it?" he said.

"So help me, Ed," David said, "she stopped, just like that."

They went upstairs. Ed examined Wendy. They went downstairs. "Well, that's the way the cookie crumbles," Ed said.

The reaction set in. "I feel," David said, "in need of a small drink."

"I'll join you," Ed said. "I'm not on call, except for extreme emergencies, like yelling kids."

They went out to the kitchen and mixed two drinks and carried them back into the front room. They were playing gin rummy when Gloria and Sally walked in.

Gloria took one look at Ed, at his black bag, turned white and screeched, "Wendy!"

David made a convulsive movement and knocked over his drink. He retrieved the glass and said, "Ed will explain." He went to the kitchen for a sponge. He came back just as Gloria disappeared upstairs. He mopped up the damage, took the sponge back to the kitchen and got back into the front room just as Gloria arrived with Wendy, who was again yelling her head off at being awakened.

"For the love of Harry S. Truman," David yelled. "Why wake her up?"

"I didn't," Gloria said. "I just picked her up."

"Why didn't you leave her alone? She was sound asleep."

"That doesn't mean anything. She might have been sick and wore herself out screaming."

"There isn't anything wrong with her, Gloria," Ed said.

"Let me have her," Sally said. She picked Wendy out of Gloria's arms. Wendy stopped crying immediately.

"Well!" Gloria said, outraged. "Such loyalty!"

Ed left the house. Wendy was put back to bed. Everyone else went to bed. David lay quietly, feeling as if he were next to a time bomb. He found that he was clenching his teeth, waiting for Wendy to start sounding off. Finally, he got up, went downstairs, fixed some bouillon and a piece of toast, and thought morosely of the future.

There is a time, he thought, *for the bird to leave the nest. Two generations surely do not mix, let alone three. I would not even dream of voicing that opinion out loud right now, nor would I, by thought, word or deed, let Gloria feel that she isn't welcome. She can stay forever, but, by the lord Harry, it isn't the way it was meant to be.*

He went back upstairs and finally got to sleep at one-thirty in the morning.

The next thing he heard was the voices of Sally and Gloria. Sally came into the room. He clawed himself awake, opened one eye and said, "I'm awake."

"You can have the upstairs bathroom. You'd better get up. You have to pack and load the car."

"What time is it?"

"Six-thirty."

David subtracted one-thirty from six-thirty and immediately became sleepier than before. Reluctantly he swung the covers back, put his feet on the floor and rubbed his head. He put on a robe, slid into slippers and went to the bathroom. He shaved, got dressed and went downstairs, carrying his packed "hit-and-run" bag and slacks and cashmere jacket on a hanger. There was what seemed an appalling stack of luggage in the front room.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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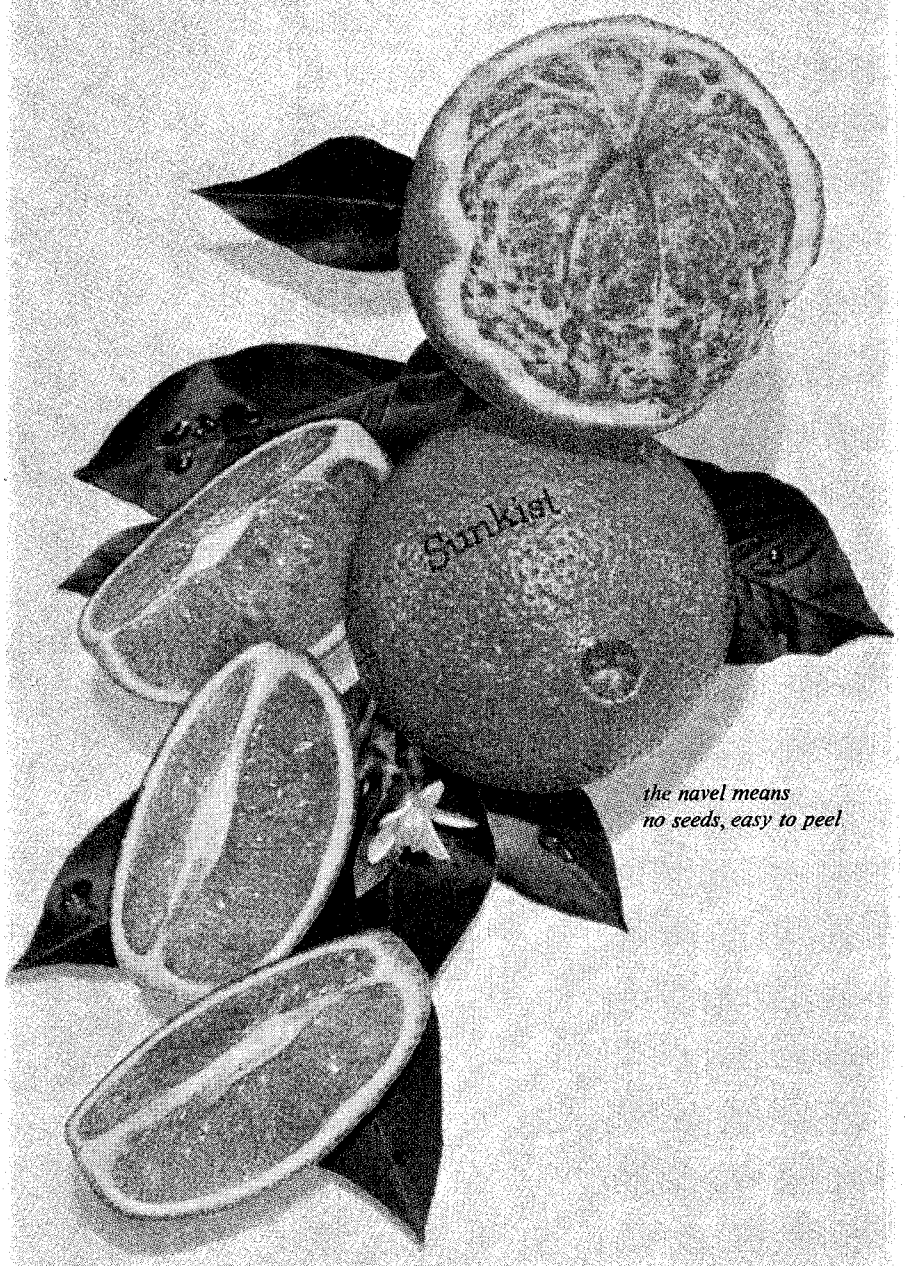

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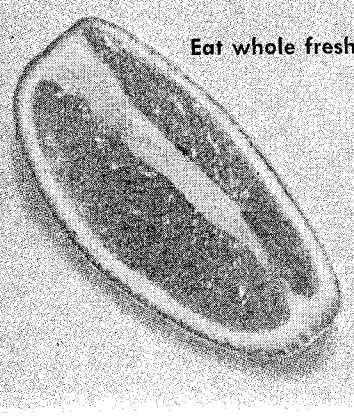

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From long experience as a husband and father, he knew enough not to complain. Wordlessly he dragged all the luggage outside and somehow fitted it into the car. He went back inside. Sally had made coffee, so he poured a cup and sipped it while he made a piece of toast. He looked outside. The sun was high. It was a clear, windless day.

He thought, painfully, of the golf course, resolutely put it out of his mind, finished his toast and coffee and yelled, "You two about ready?"

Somehow, he managed to survive the weekend. With all the determined cheerfulness of a real-estate salesman attempting to sell swampland, the Crandalls entertained them. There was, apparently, going to be no time for brooding over Larry's villainy. As soon as they arrived, there was breakfast, with great ham slices cooked on the charcoal broiler on the patio. Afterward, there was walking on the beach, a late lunch, croquet, time for changing clothes, then a cocktail party at Surf Pines. Dinner at the Crab Broiler followed, and then everyone wanted to go to the Driftwood Room to hear a new piano player. David begged off and was dropped at the house. He undressed and collapsed into bed. He didn't even hear them come home.

The next day was more of the same. Up at dawn for clam digging, home for breakfast, church, swimming and badminton. When, at five o'clock, they took off for home, David had the feeling that he was leaving the circus.

"I thought it was nice of the Crandalls to have us, didn't you?" Sally said, when they were home and catching up on the Sunday papers.

"Yeah," David said, "except that it's just evading the issue. You can't stop her from thinking."

"She can be kept so busy for a while that she won't have time to brood."

"I suppose so." David did not feel that group therapy was the answer. He felt that Larry was the answer, but he had to admit that the answer was eleven hundred miles away, which helped not at all.

The next day was sticky and humid. David came home that night looking forward, with much more than casual eagerness, to a cooling drink, a shower and a pair of old slacks and a T shirt. He pulled gratefully into his driveway after winning once again his battle with traffic and nearly fell out of his car. There must have been ten cars parked around his house, nearly filling the curving driveway.

Reluctantly, he went into the house through the back door. Mrs. O'Brien, a woman whom Sally had in to help out on state occasions, was in the kitchen, putting bite-sized sandwiches on platters.

"What," he said, "is going on?"

"Bridge," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Four tables—sixteen dames."

David groaned.

"You're supposed to fix martinis when you get home. Are you home?"

"I'm afraid so," David said gloomily. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He got sixteen cocktail glasses out of the cupboard, filled them with ice to chill. Through the kitchen door he could hear the never-changing distaff chatter of all bridge afternoons—everywhere.

Sally came bustling into the kitchen. "Oh, you're home. Thank heaven! Now make them about four to one, David. I hope you don't mind. I thought I'd have a few of Gloria's friends in. It takes ——"

"—— her mind off things," David finished. "I know."

"I'm afraid dinner will be out of the question, David. Could we ——"

The unspoken question was whether David would take them out to dinner. He wanted to go out to dinner as he wanted athlete's foot, but a man did what was required. "All right, we'll go out to dinner."

The martinis were served. The level of the chatter rose as the level in the gin bottles was lowered. David did not venture into the front room, having learned, from long experience, that a man was as useful at a bridge luncheon as a pen without ink.

Presently the sound dwindled inside and increased outside as automobile engines were started. In a short while, peace and quiet came to the Ewing residence. Mrs. O'Brien was left with the debris and little Wendy, and the three of them went out to dinner. David insisted on The Doll House, which could double as a tomb as far as noise was concerned. After dinner, since Mrs. O'Brien could be trusted to stay until they got home, they went, at Sally's insistence, to the neighborhood theater. David dragged himself along with them, fell asleep right after the newsreel, awakened when the picture ended and drove his women home.

• •

Danseur Apache

By Ralph W. Seager

March, the Apache, the
insolent young dancer,
Kisses your cheek,
Then whirls and bites your
ear.
When snow falls in your
hair, he'll answer
With his scarf.
Should you accept
demurely, then be wary;
He'll spin you naked back
to February.
But brazen it up to him,
And let your feet find out
his tune—
He'll take you in his arms
And dance you all the way
to June.

• •

That was Monday. On Tuesday the Wrights had a swimming-cocktail supper for Gloria. "To keep her from thinking of things," David said, as he got ready to go.

On Wednesday, traditionally Ladies' Day at the golf club, Sally called David at six and told him that they were going to stay for dinner. Could he come up, pick up Wendy and get her to bed? David could, although he had planned on washing his car. He went up to the club, bailed Wendy out of the club's nursery and took her home.

In the days that followed, there was more of the same, and finally, on Sunday night, David said, "I think that Gloria's making a career of keeping her mind off things, and it's driving me nuts."

"Well, if you can't go through a crisis with your only daughter, then it seems to me that you're being extremely selfish."

"Selfish!" David yelped. "Is it selfish to want a little sleep? Is it selfish to wish for a normal existence instead of this rat race? Two weekends now we've gone to the beach, once with the Crandalls, this week with the Adams. All last week we ate home once—and that time we had eight people for a barbecue to keep Gloria from thinking about things. If you ask me, it's time she did a little thinking."

"It seems strange to me," Sally said, "that Larry hasn't tried to phone. If he called their

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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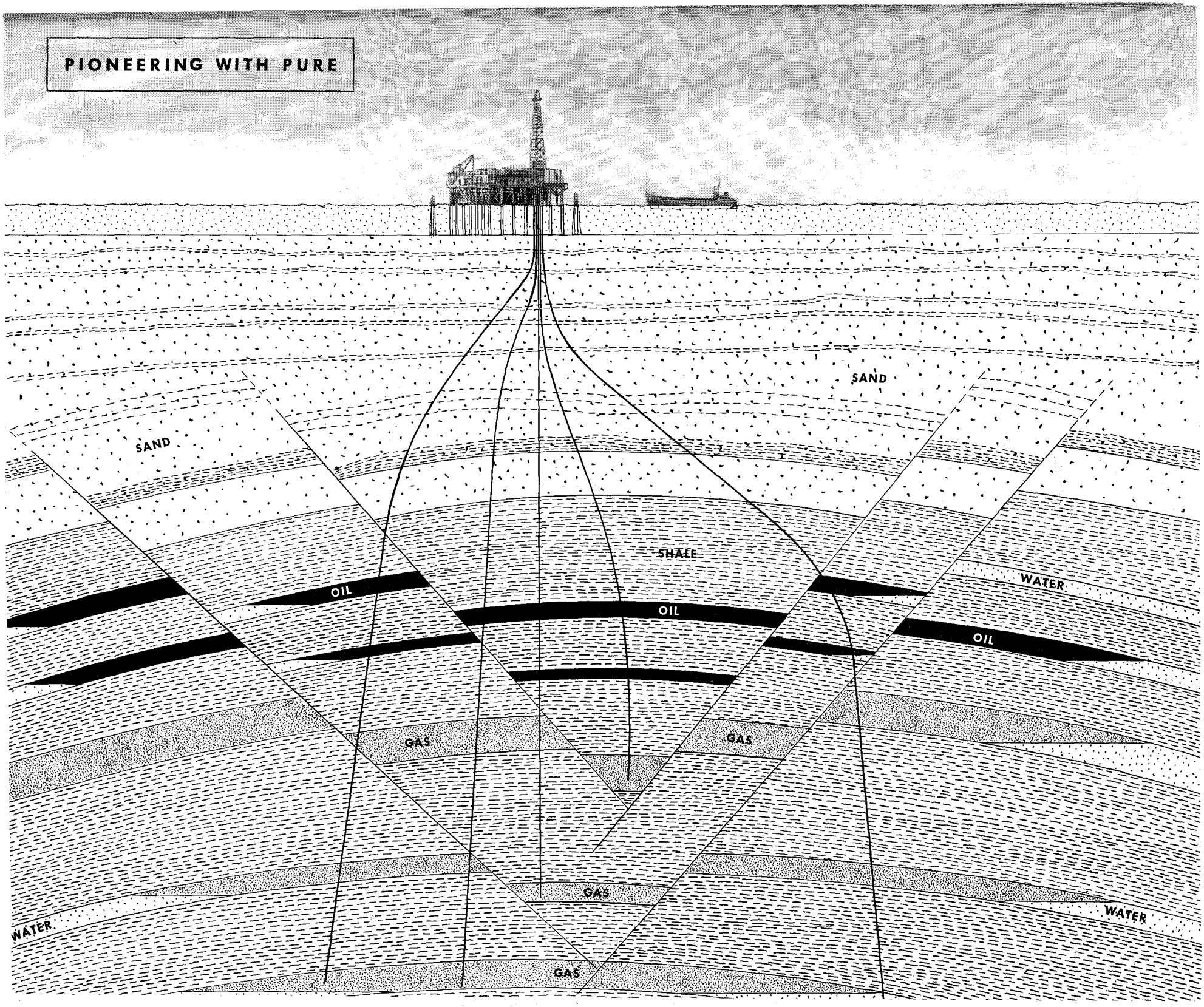

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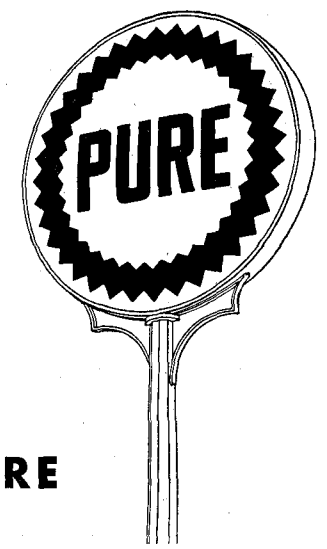

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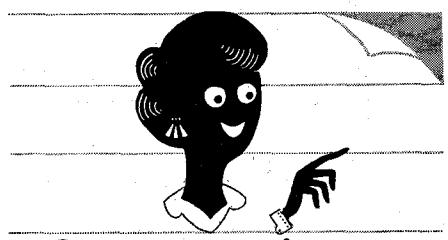

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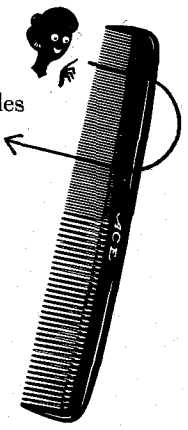

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(*Continued from Page 68*)

home and got no answer, he'd call here. You don't suppose he's run off somewhere with that Jill Rogers? Mexico, or someplace, and isn't coming back?"

"He's on an assignment," David said. "He might be miles from a telephone. We don't know." He said that, and he tried to convince himself that he was being logical. "Anyway, there's nothing we can do about it."

Monday morning, however, he decided that he had better do something about it. A crisis, he decided, could last only so long, then it ceased being a crisis and became a stagnating pain in the neck. To do something about the crisis he stopped at Larry's studio on his way to work, climbed the long stairs and pushed open the door. Lining the walls of the outer office were the now-familiar photos of Marines in combat. When he opened the door, a bell rang in the inner studio, and presently Larry's assistant, a slender young man wearing a white shirt and suntan pants, appeared.

"Hi, Mr. Ewing," he said.

"Hello, Frankie," David said. "You any idea when Larry will be getting back?"

"Heck, no. I haven't heard from him since he left."

"I see. He went to Los Angeles?"

"Uh-huh. Took off one morning like an I.C.B.M. He always stays at the same place. Give you the address, if you want."

David nodded, and Frankie went back into the studio and presently returned with the address written on a slip of paper. David looked at it. A Beverly Hills address. He put it in his pocket, frowned reflectively. He did not like to ask Frankie about Jill Rogers. The Ewings, he decided, would wash their own dirty linen. He thanked the young fellow and left the studio.

When he got to his office, he closed the door and worried the problem around like a puppy chewing a slipper. There seemed to be only one course of action and he wasn't at all sure that it was the right course. There was the matter of the damaging checks, and there was the unalterable fact that Larry had gone to Los Angeles with Jill Rogers. As a father he had certain obligations; as a husband he had certain other obligations. *And by the lord Harry*, he thought, *as a man, I am tired of having my home filled with women, of distaff crises, of feminine chatter, of having my evenings and weekends regimented because of a determined effort to keep Gloria from thinking of things.*

Finally, he reached a decision, walked into Mr. Smether's office, came out ten minutes later and told his secretary to get him space on the first available flight to Los Angeles. By the time he had signed some letters, she told him that he was booked on Flight 674, leaving at noon, arriving in Los Angeles at three-twenty-five.

David left the office and drove home. He had no intention of telling Sally and Gloria that he was flying to Los Angeles, not wishing to listen to feminine instructions on how to handle the matter if he should see Larry. He walked into the house and shouted, "Sally!"

"Up here," she said, from the head of the stairs. "What are you doing home?"

"Pack me a bag, will you, Sally? I'm leaving for San Francisco at noon."

There was the clicking of heels as Sally ran downstairs. "San Francisco!" she said.

"I have to see some people down there."

Sally sucked her finger. "David, you couldn't ——"

"No, I couldn't go to Los Angeles," he said. "This is a business trip."

Sally sighed. "If we just knew ——"

David patted his wife's cheek. "I know what you mean. I'll try and be back tomorrow night."

When David arrived in Los Angeles, he got into a cab, consulted the address Frankie had given him, relayed it to the cab driver and settled back. Half an hour later the cab stopped in front of a two-story apartment house on Doheny Drive. David paid the driver, took his bag and stood on the sidewalk for a few moments, almost reluctant to go in, fearful of what he would find because he had an honest and sincere affection for his son-in-law.

Well, Ewing, he finally told himself, *what are you waiting for? You haven't flown eleven hundred miles just to stand out here on the sidewalk.* Feeling weary and older than his years, he walked toward the apartment house, consulted the directory, did not find Larry's name, but noted that the manager was in Apartment A. All the apartments had outside entrances and he finally pushed the button of the manager's apartment. When the door opened, David saw a pretty, blond woman, wearing toreador trousers and blouse. She was barefooted. A baby crawled around on the floor.

"I'm looking," he said, "for Larry Pydynkowsky."

"He's expected back this afternoon," she said. "He isn't in now."

Sometimes the quickest way to brighten the corner where you are is to get out of it.

KEN & PAT KRAFT

"I wonder whether I could wait in his apartment? My name is David Ewing. I'm his father-in-law."

The woman gulped, looked upward toward a second-floor apartment. "I don't know ——" she said.

David took out his billfold. "I can show you my identification, and I assure you it'll be all right."

"Oh, I'm sure you're his father-in-law, all right," she said. "It's just that ——" She hesitated and then shrugged and sighed, as if she had been caught red-handed driving through a red light. "It's Apartment C. The door's unlocked."

"Thank you," David said. He took his bag and climbed the stairs, found Apartment C and opened the door. Well, there she was, sound asleep on a long, overstuffed couch. She was wearing shorts and a white blouse. Well, David told himself, he had come here for information and here it was, all wrapped up in shorts. He realized, gloomily, that this wasn't what he expected. He expected to find Larry, who would give him a plausible explanation for everything, and then a drink, and then they would both have a good laugh over the circumstantial evidence which had brought him down here.

The girl stirred, opened her eyes and abruptly swung her feet to the floor.

"Don't be alarmed," David said. "I'm David Ewing, Larry's father-in-law."

She let her breath out and then stood up. "Whew!" she said. "You scared the bejabbers out of me. I had this wonderful news and I knew Larry was getting back today, so I came over to wait for him. I have a key to the apartment."

"I see," David said. The girl was lovely, David would admit that. Objectively, however, he came to the conclusion that if a choice had to be made, he would throw rocks at this girl and pick his own daughter. "You're Jill Rogers?"

She nodded. "I guess you heard that Larry brought me down here."

David peered at the girl. You read about these things every day. Of course you read about sweepstakes winners, too, and flagpole sitters, and guys going over Niagara Falls in barrels. But when a thing like this lands in your kitchen, your objectivity about such matters is somewhat shaken.

At that moment they heard heavy steps outside the door, which opened. David turned as Larry walked in. David's son-in-law was wearing Marine fatigues, combat boots, was unshaven and was loaded down with about a thousand dollars' worth of photographic equipment. His eyes showed extreme fatigue, but when he saw David, a grin split his face and he shouted, "Dave! What the devil are you doing here?"

"Well, I ——" David began.

"You met Jill?" Larry shrugged himself out of his equipment. "Man, I thought I was through with maneuvers forever. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing."

"What maneuvers?"

"First Marine Division. Biggest in years. I've been on shipboard and on the beaches ever since I got here. I didn't even get a chance to phone Gloria. How is she? How's Wendy?"

"She's—she's fine. She's been staying with us."

"Larry," Jill said, "I've got the most wonderful news."

"They didn't!" Larry said.

"They did! My test was good. I'm signed at two hundred and fifty a week."

Larry grinned, put his hands on his hips. "Well, well. Little Bertha Kubilus, from across the tracks, finally hit the jack pot." He pointed a finger at her. "And don't forget, toots. When you hit the two-thousand-a-week bracket, I own ten per cent of you."

David looked from one to the other, as confused as a thief at an FBI convention.

"The newest little starlet to hit Hollywood," Larry said. "Straight from Milan, Italy. The sultry sexpot, Maria Ferrino—by way of Oregon City, Oregon, of course." Larry grinned. "I was raised next door to this brat. She's been stage-struck all her life, but she couldn't see across the room without glasses. She's a good little actress, but who's interested in a kid from Oregon City? Nobody. So we did a little rebuilding job."

The girl pointed to her eyes. "Contact lenses, at two hundred bucks."

"A few hundred dollars for clothes," Larry said. "I knew a good agent down here. I phoned the guy and he said to bring her down. I had to come down on this assignment anyway."

The girl sighed. "I get mixed up, sometimes. Born Bertha Kubilus, Jill Rogers as a model, and now Maria Ferrino."

"She speaks Italian better than half the native-born Italians," Larry said. "So we just imported her from Milan." He grinned at the girl. "She thinks that just because I invested five hundred and seventy-five bucks in her I'm going to take ten per cent the rest of her life, but I'm not. Pay me back fifty bucks a month, kid, and forget the rest of it."

The reaction set in. David felt as weak as a day-old kitten. He let out his breath in a great rush, sat down on the couch and looked at Larry. "I should punch you in the nose, but I don't have the muscle. Right now I'll settle for a drink. While you're fixing it, I'll call the airline and see about reservations for us. On the way back I'll tell you a long, and not very funny, story." He shook his head. "As I've said many times, if I ever get that daughter of mine raised ——"

THE END

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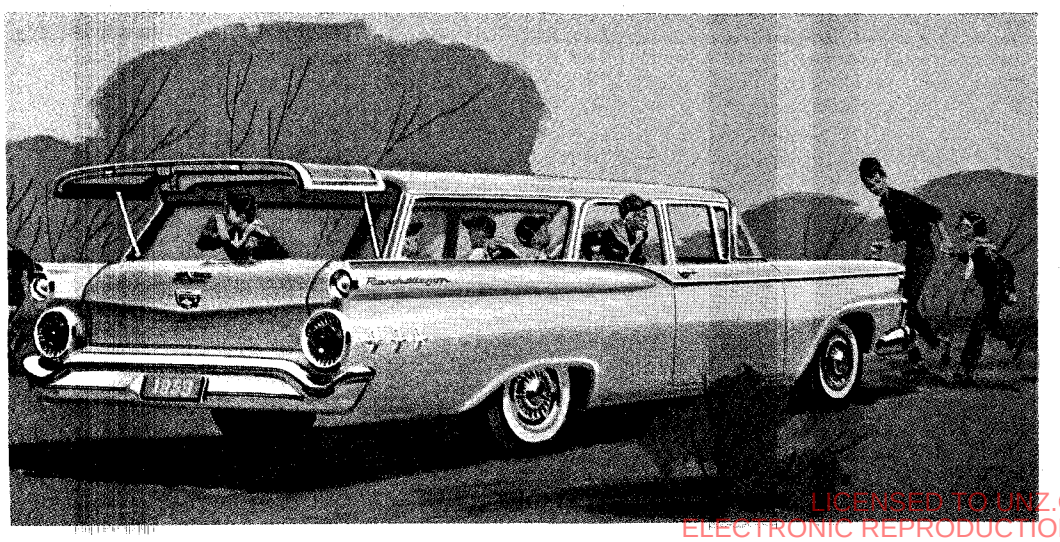

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My Life With Babe Ruth (Continued from Page 24)

My father, Col. James Monroe Merritt, was the very model of a southern lawyer. In addition to his law practice, he taught at the University of Georgia. My mother was Irish. She was born Carrie Lou Rylle. They were nice. They were strict—very, very strict.

We returned to Athens when I was ten. Just before my fifteenth birthday I ran off to get married to a man named Frank Bishop Hodgson, aged thirty-three. His people were wealthy cotton brokers, and he owned the Holland House, a small residential hotel.

I looked older than fifteen, but I'm afraid I was not even fifteen in all other ways. Mr. Hodgson was every minute of thirty-three, and he wasn't exactly the type to sit around the house all day with a child bride.

A year and a half after we were married, my daughter Julia was born. Mr. Hodgson was right pleased, but not enough to save a marriage that was doomed from the very start. He died in 1922, but long before that I had left town.

Determined to be a model, and protected by twenty-year-old Marie Martin, a colored friend and maid, I went to New York in November of 1920. I had a letter to Howard Chandler Christy, the famous artist.

I did not realize, of course, that Christy was constantly besieged by hopeful young women, most of them with letters from somebody. But Christy at once was obviously enchanted—with Julia, the baby in my arms. He called the next morning at 7:45 to growl, "Be here at nine."

I got ten dollars a day for posing from nine A.M. until the sun went down. I posed for other artists of the day also, but most of my work came from Christy.

In 1922 I thought I'd like to try the stage, a natural step for a model, then as now. I got a small job in Dew Drop Inn, a musical show that broke in at the National in Washington. One day the star, Jim Barton, said to my roommate and me, "Would you like to go to the ball game? The Yanks and Babe Ruth are in town. Babe's a friend of mine. I'll introduce you both to him."

I said sure, why not? I had always liked baseball. I had a solid interest in the game, knew it better than most women. I was quite certain that as great as Babe Ruth was, he would never equal my friend from Georgia, Ty Cobb.

We got there early. Jim called Babe over to the box and introduced us. Babe took off his hat, smiled a rather sweaty smile, said what I thought was a perfunctory, and certainly a gruff, "Hello." He concentrated his talk to Barton.

He was twenty-eight and to me he looked every year of it. His face and stomach were fat, his legs like a chorus girl's. As he and Jim talked, I realized his "Hello" was really not gruff. He simply had a rough voice.

We had a matinee the next day, and when I arrived at the National Theater a little gnome was waiting. He was Eddie Bennett, bat boy for the Yankees. He had a note for me.

"I don't know what hotel you're at, so I'm sending this note," it read. "Will you have dinner with me this evening?" It was signed, "Babe Ruth."

I said to Eddie, "Tell him I'll have dinner with him tonight if I can bring my girl friend."

In very little time I got a phone call backstage. "I'll be delighted to have you both," the Babe's voice boomed. He gave me the name of his hotel and his suite number.

I asked him, civilly if coolly, if there weren't any restaurants in Washington.

"Lord, Miss Hodgson," he replied plaintively, "I can't go into any restaurant."

"And why not?"

"Because I get mobbed every time I try to eat in a restaurant." Then he fully realized what was in my mind, and his laughter shook the telephone. "Don't worry. You and your girl friend won't have anything to worry about. My suite'll be lousy with people." Then, a little sadly, he said, "It always is."

So Bobbie Kane and I had dinner in his suite. And it was lousy with people—people who were utter strangers to me and, as I quickly realized, virtual strangers to Babe.

My host, I soon perceived, was morose. There was liquor in his talk, but there was no drunkenness. The Babe was not then, nor was he ever afterward, either a drunk or a teetotaler. He liked to drink, but they never made enough beer or whisky to turn Babe mean or nasty. In fact, this flight into moroseness was a rarity. He usually just got a little louder and laughed even more.

As we talked alone in the corner of his Washington hotel suite, he told me about 1921, the year he hit fifty-nine home runs, batted .378 and knocked in 170 runs. That was when he proved that 1920, a year almost as fabulous, had been no freak, and that he was the chosen of chosen as far as baseball talent went.

But the year before our meeting—1922—had been disastrous. He had got in trouble with the baseball commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. He had fought with the owners of the Yankees. He had fought with the ballplayers—real fights, with fists and blood. He was in perpetual warfare with his manager, Miller Huggins.

Babe was reviewing all these things with a woman he didn't know very well. There was always a drink in his hand. Somebody he didn't even know would see to that.

The Yankees went to St. Louis and our show to New Haven. Much to my surprise, the Babe called from St. Louis. He called every other night for the balance of the Yankee tour. But if he was wooing me, he didn't make any sounds that would suggest it. As far as I could judge, he was a guy very much in need of a sympathetic ear.

When the show opened in New York and the Yankees returned, he called. He was lower than ever. I invited him to my home. He met my mother—who had come to live with me after my father's death—my daughter and my two brothers, Eugene and Hubert.

The Babe and I fell in love. But the Babe was married, and his religion forbade divorce.

Second wives writing about first wives are always tedious, and I don't see how I could be anything different. So these are the facts as I knew them. I was not breaking up a home. It was broken.

Babe had met Miss Helen Woodring when he was with the Boston club in 1914. She was a waitress in Landers' Restaurant there. She was, I am told, very beautiful. She was sixteen and he was twenty when they married. He had bought a farm outside of Boston. She was living there when the Babe and I met.

Ours was a long courtship—nearly six years—filled with frustration and not a little humiliation. No woman likes to hide her love, but this woman had no choice. Babe was not just another married man out of love with his wife. He was Babe Ruth, the idol of kids everywhere.

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I could never even have a picture of him in my home. We couldn't go out to dinner. It was an absolutely miserable position for me. It was bearable only because I was in love, and because he, too, found the position intolerable.

On January 11, 1929, Mrs. Ruth was burned to death in a fire at Watertown, Massachusetts. We found out about it when my doorman called to tell me the lobby was crammed with newspapermen and photographers.

Babe went up to the funeral and left immediately after it for the Yankee training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida, arriving a good month before the remainder of the team. He worked hard, behaved and got into first-class condition.

When the team returned to New York he wanted to get married. So did I. But he wondered about marrying so soon after his wife's death. I suggested he talk it over with Father Hughes, of St. Gregory's, on West 90th Street. Father Hughes paid me the great compliment of advising the Babe to get married to me as soon as he could. We were married on April 17, 1929—opening day, no less! Dorothy, a girl Babe and his first wife had taken from an orphanage in infancy, naturally came to live with us.

Everything that happened to my husband in his own childhood was bad except one thing. This was the fact that a certain six-and-a-half-foot man saw something in the Babe that nobody else could see. He saw that Babe was inherently a decent human, although outward appearances then were all to the contrary.

The six-and-a-half-foot giant was a Xaverian Brother named Matthias. The Xaverians work with underprivileged kids in Europe and in the United States. Their mother house is in Belgium.

Brother Matthias was a teacher at St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore when Babe and he crossed paths. Babe was sent there after being officially judged "a hopeless incorrigible" by the courts of Maryland at the ripe old age of seven.

He was the first-born of George Herman and Katie Ruth. He spoke virtually no English as a child. German was his normal tongue. There were eight Ruths in all, including two sets of twins.

George Herman Ruth, Sr., owned a struggling barroom at 426 West Camden Street. His son, George, was hanging around it when he was five years old. He was chewing tobacco when he was seven, and drinking whisky before he was ten!

He was committed to St. Mary's at the request of his parents. He was in and out of the place five times between the ages of seven and nineteen. There is no doubt in my mind that he came to love the place—but hated every minute he spent within its walls.

The boys were obviously rough and hard. The discipline was strict; it simply had to be. The food was of the plainest, there being virtually no money. The Xaverians had no choice but to run a taut and economical operation.

Brother Matthias was with the Babe from the beginning. Each time the Babe left, he left with Brother Matthias' advice and prayers. Each time he returned he found compassion and understanding.

"Brother Matthias was the greatest man I ever knew," the Babe said often. He was flatly convinced that had it not been for Brother Matthias he would have wound up in jail.

The Brother taught Babe to read and write; the difference between right and wrong (and there was a job); and he taught Babe a game called baseball. In time Babe became a pitcher at St. Mary's, always playing on teams composed of boys three and four years his senior.

The man who got him into baseball was Brother Gilbert, a friend of Jack Dunn, who owned the Baltimore Orioles, then of the International League. Brother Gilbert told Dunn of Babe's remarkable skills.

Dunn signed papers with the state of Maryland, making him responsible for Babe until Babe was twenty-one, and on February 27, 1914, Babe left St. Mary's for good. He was then nineteen.

Babe started the 1914 season with a $600 contract. Jack Dunn doubled that within a month, then quickly made it $1800. Babe was in the minors less than three months when he was bought by the Boston Red Sox, of the American League. There was no question that the Babe would be with Boston in 1915. From then on he never played another minor-league game in his life.

He became a national baseball idol before he could vote, and he just wasn't equipped for it. Very few are. This was a robust man, and he wanted all the things robust men should want—unfortunately, in excess.

Life for him quickly began to consist of the "good guys" and the "bad guys." The "good guys" were Brother Matthias, Bill Carrigan, Jack Barry and Col. Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston. Carrigan and Barry were his first big-league

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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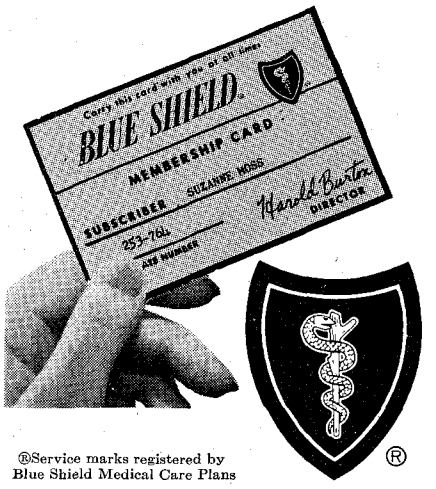

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managers in Boston; Colonel Huston shared ownership of the New York Yankees with Col. Jacob Ruppert when the Yanks bought the Babe from the Red Sox in 1920. The "bad guys" were Ed Barrow, Miller Huggins, Jake Ruppert, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and, in time, Joe McCarthy.

Discipline, naturally, was what separated the "goods" from the "bads"—although in Babe's eyes, Brother Matthias and Carrigan were strict men. They, in truth, kept him in bounds far better than more dedicated disciplinarians, because they mixed understanding with the training rules.

Barrow, as Babe's last manager in Boston, and later as general manager of the Yankees, was his particular bête noire. Barrow was a tough man, wise in the ways of baseball and reasonably wise in the art of handling men. He scared them all. He challenged Babe to a fist fight the first year they were together. Babe, at twenty-three, did not choose to fight a man of fifty.

When Barrow took over the Red Sox in 1918, they had won two pennants in three years, and Babe had been their best pitcher over that span. But Barrow took the Babe, who might well have become the greatest pitcher of all time, and made of him the greatest hitter of all time.

This was not the obvious move it now seems. To be sure, even before Barrow came on the scene, Carrigan and Barry occasionally took advantage of Babe's bat by putting him at first base or in the outfield. But neither man ever dared think of Babe as anything but a pitcher.

Taking Babe off the mound was like telling Paderewski that he should switch to the violin, but Babe was willing to try the experiment when Barrow suggested it. Both men recognized that his hitting potential in every game made him more valuable than his pitching potential in every four or five games.

In 1918 Babe appeared in ninety-five games, only twenty of them as a pitcher. He hit the stupendous total of eleven home runs—enough to gain him a tie for the homer championship of the league. The next year Babe was in 130 games and pitched in only seventeen of them. He belted twenty-nine home runs, then the all-time record. He was to pitch in only five more games from 1920 until his retirement in 1935, mostly in meaningless contests.

If for nothing else, the Babe and his friends owed gratitude to Barrow for having the courage of his convictions. And frankly I can think of nothing else to be grateful to Ed for.

On January 3, 1920, the New York Yankees bought Babe Ruth for $100,000, plus a $350,000 mortgage loan to Boston owner Harry Frazee on his ball park. The Yankees had never won a pennant; had never amounted to anything but a poor relation to the glorious and beloved first team of New York City, the Giants.

It took Babe no time at all to capture New York, and he never lost the hold he had on the people of that fickle town. They were far faster to forgive him his mistakes than were the men who grew famous and rich from their patronage.

The year 1920 was typical of many that lay ahead for Babe and the Yankees. He played baseball in the daytime—hitting fifty-four home runs—and just played at night. But the Yankees almost won their first pennant in 1920, and set a record of attendance at home of 1,289,422—an American League record it took twenty-six years to beat.

In 1921 the Babe escaped death by a sheer miracle in an auto wreck. He flouted training and refused to live with the team on the road, or even travel with it on short hops. For all of that he had one of the best years of his career. The New York Yankees followed him to the first of their many pennants.

The next year also started off nicely enough for Babe. He got himself a $22,000 raise to $52,000, after bickering that was smoothed out by the ever-friendly Cap Huston—who was to decide to sell his interest to Colonel Ruppert the following year. However, Babe and his teammate Bob Meusel weren't allowed to play until May twentieth. Judge Landis had suspended them for the first thirty-nine days for defying him by going on a barnstorming trip after the 1921 season.

When the Babe finally went back to work on May twentieth, he was out of shape, to put it gently. He drew a couple of additional suspensions that season—one for going into the stands to chase a fan who was heckling him, the other for calling a revered American League umpire a string of unprintable names.

In the end, the 1922 Yankees nosed out St. Louis for the pennant, but in the World Series against the hated Giants, they couldn't win a game. The season had been bad for the Babe, with his average falling from .378 to .315 and his homers from fifty-nine to thirty-five. The Series was a disaster. The Babe hit .118, with only a single and a double in seventeen times at bat.

That was the autumn when Jimmy Walker, the mayor-to-be, cut loose with the famous speech in which he told Babe that he was letting down the "dirty-faced kids in the streets" who loved him.

This was the background of the man I was to meet in 1923 and marry in 1929.

The seasons of 1923 and 1924 were great ones for the Babe. In 1925 he felt well, was working hard at training camp in St. Petersburg and was confident he could make it three good years in a row. Then he arrived in New York before the season started—on a stretcher.

In New York I read of the Babe's collapse in the Asheville, North Carolina, railroad station. All the stories agreed that the Babe's stomach had rebelled at his Gargantuan appetite for peanuts, hot dogs, soda pop, and so on. I was aware of that appetite and was quite prepared to believe what I read.

The Babe was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in New York. I was not yet Mrs. Ruth, so it was some time before he told me the full story. It had started in Atlanta. He slid heavily into first base in an exhibition game and incurred a painful groin injury.

I don't know why the club didn't say, in effect, "Babe Ruth didn't gorge his way into a hospital. He is just another ballplayer painfully injured trying to win."

This was 1925, a long time ago in our mores. Perhaps the club felt that in the interests of delicacy the exact nature of the Babe's injury should not be publicly stated. It was simpler to let the public think that the great star was just a hog.

He was a weak man when he rejoined the club in May, and the great Yanks had completely collapsed. The players took to fighting among themselves, with their angry manager, Miller Huggins, the prime target.

In August the Babe was hitting a miserable .246 when the club got to St. Louis. He didn't use his hotel suite two nights running.

When the Babe arrived in the dressing room an hour late one day, Hug's patience completely cracked. He snapped, "Don't bother dressing. I've had enough of you and your excuses. You're fined $5000 and suspended indefinitely."

Babe came home, granting ridiculous interviews at every stop his train made. I was bitterly disappointed. But my job at this time was not recrimination. I listened, sympathized and patted the unhappy little boy on the head. I also said, "Stop talking—particularly to newspapermen."

The Babe went to see Colonel Ruppert for a showdown. The colonel backed Hug all the way. It was not much of a chore to talk Babe into accepting Colonel Ruppert's ultimatum: "Apologize to Hug or remain suspended."

The apology was accepted gracefully. Babe finished out the year with a .290 average, and the Yankees finished seventh.

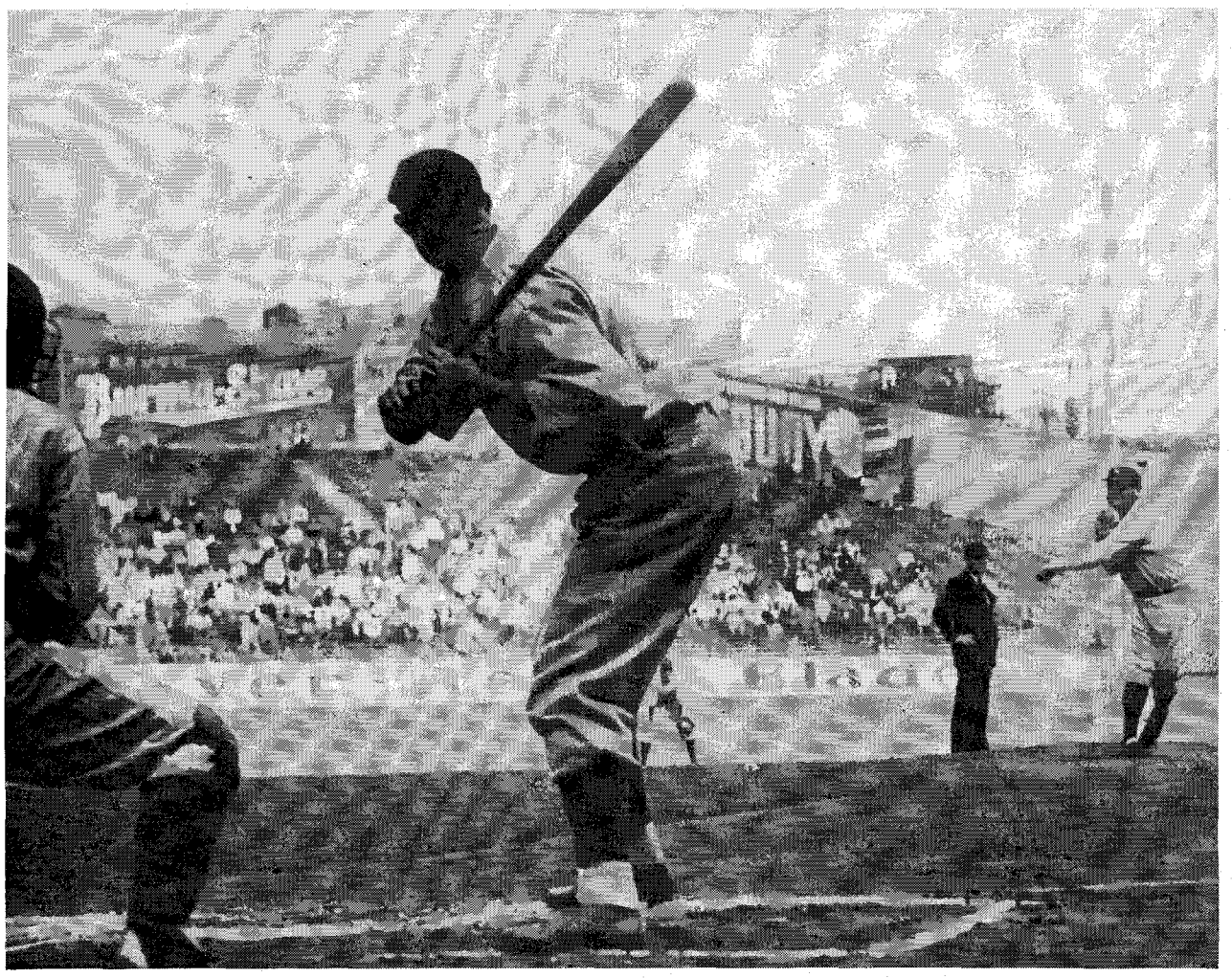
Christy Walsh, his business manager, and I talked the Babe into making as certain as possible that the disaster of 1925 was not repeated. One of our ideas was that he get in shape even before spring training. It turned out to be a pretty good idea. In 1926 Babe boosted his average eighty-two points to .372, belted forty-seven homers and enjoyed a season of peace and quiet on and off the field as the Yanks won another pennant.

The 1927 Yankees were the greatest baseball team that ever played, and my husband was the greatest player on that team. The pennant race was over by the first of September, but Babe was fighting to break his home-run record of fifty-nine.

He did it, of course. The sixtieth was made in the Yankee Stadium against Washington. Tom Zachary, a left-hander, was the pitcher, and the homer came in the final game of the season.

The year 1928 was almost as good. The pennant race was a lot closer, but Babe's fifty-four homers helped win it. Then came his greatest World Series. It was against the St. Louis Cards. The Yankees won in four straight, just as they had against Pittsburgh the year before. The Babe got ten hits in sixteen times at bat for a phenomenal .625 average. He won the last game singlehanded, belting three resounding homers and making a spectacular catch for the final out.

(*Continued on Page 76*)



1933: To draw a crowd for the season's last game, the Yankees called on tired, aging Babe Ruth (right) to pitch against Boston. He worked nine full innings and won the game, 6–5, allowing twelve hits but not one walk.

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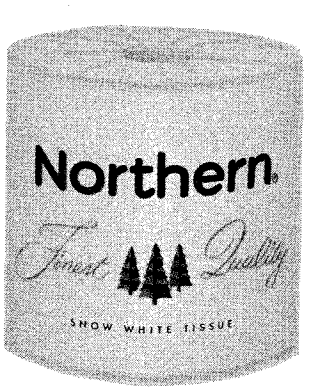

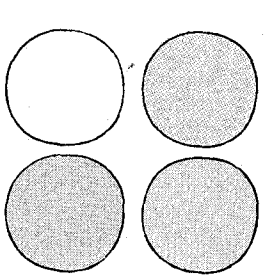

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(*Continued from Page 74*) The next year we were married. I freely, in fact proudly, admit that I moved in and changed a lot of the Babe's habits. I traveled with him on the road. I cut down on his eating, his drinking, his late hours and his friends.

Every year from 1929 through 1932 he hit over .340, batted in more than 135 runs and hit anywhere from forty-one to forty-nine homers. And in 1929 Babe Ruth already was thirty-four years old. So if I curtailed a few of the Babe's pleasures, I certainly didn't curtail his greatest pleasure—playing major-league baseball and playing it well.

Babe Ruth and kids went together. Babe was bluff and blunt, but he could reduce the shyest of kids to the status of a bosom companion in three minutes or less. I think Babe's own childhood gave him an affinity and an understanding with children, particularly with a child in distress. I believe he went to see more sick kids than any other man who ever lived.

Bill Slocum, one of the Babe's ghost writers, had a bad moment one morning at breakfast in his own home. There was a picture in the paper of the Babe at a hospital, surrounded by grinning kids.

One of Bill's sons, speaking from the great wisdom and cynicism of his eighteen years, pointed to the picture and said, "Pop, the Babe's sure a great guy. Always visits kids in hospitals. Accompanied by a photographer."

The elder Slocum set down his coffee cup and regarded his pride and joy with loathing. "For every picture you see of the Babe in a hospital, he visits fifty without publicity," Slocum said. "Every road trip it'll happen three or four times." He explained that if any newspapers knew about it, the hospital told them. Babe didn't. Nor did Slocum.

Babe was never a father, but he raised two daughters, my own Julia, and Dorothy, whom Babe and his first wife took from an orphanage and whom Babe and I legally adopted the day we married. He was a good foster father to them—perhaps a little strict in some things, but also overindulgent.

His strictness never showed up until young men started calling. Then he could be a tartar. Lord knows he approved of boy meeting girl but, like a lot of men, he felt differently about it when the girl was his own.

The girls had a lot of fun with the Babe, though. He was meticulous in seeing that neither girl ever had any reason to feel slighted. A present for one meant a present for the other. A trip for one meant a trip for the other, or we all traveled together.

In a sense, Dorothy was brought into our home by Babe, and Julia by me. They were both his daughters to him—and, to the very best of my ability, to me.

Dorothy has drifted away from me, I'm afraid. She now lives in Connecticut and is the mother of four children, a fact that simply would have delighted Babe.

Julia married Dick Flanders, who ran an inn up in Kearsarge, New Hampshire. Dick died on January 8, 1949. After Dick's death, Julia married Grant Meloon and had a son, Tammy. They were divorced in 1955. Today Julia and Tammy live on the beautiful chicken ranch owned by her present husband, Brent Stevens, in Eaton Center, New Hampshire.

Naturally I wonder often if any of the Babe's grandchildren will become ballplayers. I hope they will and I hope they won't. Those will be frightening footsteps to follow. He, of course, would have been mad for a son or grandson who could play ball.

Babe Ruth was a rich man when he died. He had been a rich man for at least a decade before his death. That fact must have astonished a lot of people—none more than Mr. Ruth himself. Until he was twenty, Babe was a pauper. By the time he was twenty-two he was making the remarkable sum—for 1917—of $10,000 a year.

In 1921 he made perhaps $50,000, including his outside earnings. From 1922 through 1926, his baseball salary alone was $52,000 a year, and his endorsements in the last couple of years probably more than doubled that. In 1927 and 1928 the Yankees paid him $70,000 a year, plus a winning World Series cut, and he picked up perhaps $75,000 annually in endorsements. And there were no taxes to speak of in those days.

Yet, when we were married in the spring of 1929, he was broke and in debt. That took some doing, but Babe was up to it.

Christy Walsh, Babe's manager for many years, had done a superb job at handling Babe's affairs. But managing the Babe was something else. Babe spent money as fast as Christy collected it.

Christy continued to bring the money in after the Babe and I were married. I handled the Babe. I don't think I am disclosing any secrets when I state that a bride can do an awful lot with her husband of a few months that a wife of ten years can't do. I got the Babe to abandon the tiresome chore of signing household checks. I said that any time he wanted a check, I would sign it, and I kept my word. But the Babe had to do an awful lot of explaining to pry a check from me that was good for more than fifty dollars.

We lived very well. He paid at least $250 for each of his dozens of suits, and I encouraged him in such extravagances. We had a lot of $200,000 years, including 1930 and 1931, when he was paid $80,000 annually by the Yankees. He also badgered them into giving him $2500 plus 15 per cent of the gate at exhibition games.

It is an obvious irony that the second-hardest hitter who ever played baseball spent most of his career in the shadow of my husband. Lou Gehrig was a shy, handsome giant of only twenty-two when he joined the Yankees in 1925. He came from the streets of New York, but had in him the naïveté of a farm boy. He attended Columbia University, but always cheerfully insisted, "The only B.A. I have is a batting average."

He and the Babe had much in common—their religion, their German ancestry, their mutual boyhood poverty, their love for baseball and, of course, their remarkable skill at bat. They were to become fast friends, and bitter enemies—and friends again. The one thing that might have been expected to provoke enmity between them was jealousy. But it was an even more common human frailty that split them. It was women who, in my retrospective opinion, talked too much.

The Babe and Lou had ten years as teammates. They were the most devastating back-to-back sluggers ever to make life seem utterly hopeless to a pitcher in a tight game. If the Babe didn't break up the game with a tremendous belt, Lou often did. And more than one pitcher saw them combine to wreck their hopes.

For all that Babe and Lou had in common, there were some contrasts too. Babe's "parents" had been a home for boys. Lou's father and mother were earnest, hard-working German-Americans who were janitors in a middle-class apartment house during Lou's childhood and youth. Babe wanted to go on the town when he could. Lou wanted to build a home for his folks in the suburbs and get back to them just as soon as the ball game was over. Babe hated authority; Lou accepted it as just and right. Babe loved people; Lou was a loner, his early shyness replaced by suspicion that came with success.

We lived in New York. Lou lived in nearby New Rochelle. Babe and Lou were mad about fishing and spent many hours at it together in the winter. During the season, the New Rochelle house was a handy retreat for Babe, Benny Bengough and Tony Lazzeri. Babe and Benny really understood Mom Gehrig's inspired German cooking, and her way with pickled eels.

Our daughter, Dorothy, was also a constant visitor in New Rochelle. Lou liked her, and Mom Gehrig was crazy about her. And that's where the trouble started. Dorothy was the kind of child who got very fond of the same two or three sweaters and dresses. Every time she went up to visit in New Rochelle, she brought along the same clothes.

Mom Gehrig was outraged that her favorite Ruth girl wasn't as well dressed as my natural daughter, Julia. However, her obvious conclusion was wrong. Each child had a rich wardrobe, but Julia was a dresser and Dorothy was all for comfort, particularly in the country.

The remainder of the story is predictable. Mom Gehrig said something to a ballplayer's wife about "poor, little, underfed, badly dressed Dorothy." The ballplayer's wife lost the least possible time telling it to another ballplayer's wife. And you know who heard it next.

I told my husband that Dorothy was never going to New Rochelle again in her life; that if I ever saw Mom, Pop or Lou again I'd—oh, you know the rest.

The next day the Babe and Lou met in the clubhouse. There was no Ruthian outburst. This was 1933, and the Babe was too filled with troubles of his own and the pain of playing to tear a clubhouse apart. He simply told the story to Gehrig, and then said, "Never speak to me again off the ball field." It was that simple, that final—and that stupid.

This was not a highly publicized breakup, but there was an occasional note in the papers. Usually the writers guessed erroneously that Lou's wife and I didn't get along. Actually, Lou didn't get married until the fall of 1933, after the breach had occurred. The new Mrs. Gehrig and I just didn't meet, except on ultra-official occasions where we beamed affably at each other.

And so it went until 1939, several years after the Babe had retired. Babe and I were amazed to hear the unanimous opinion, "Lou is finished. Never saw a ballplayer go so fast."

His trouble turned out to be far worse than just growing old, of course. Lou, the man of iron, was dying of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a degenerative spinal disease similar to multiple sclerosis. In May of 1939 he asked Joe McCarthy not to start him in a game in Detroit. It ended the longest playing streak in history—2130 consecutive games.

On July 4, 1939, the Yankees sent for all of the great stars who had been part of the Gehrig saga to pay tribute to Lou. Babe was among the many who took part in the ceremonies at Yankee Stadium.

The spectacle of a man who is going to die, talking to 60,000 people, is an awe-inspiring one. Lou was up to it. He spoke of his mother and father, of his wife and of being a Yankee—the four things he loved most on earth. Then he said, "I consider myself the luckiest man in the world."

I was conscious of movement in the deathly-still infield, and realized it was Babe. He walked over to Lou and threw his arms around him. Lou returned the greeting and smiled. Later Babe told me, "Damn it, I went over there because I had to. I wanted to laugh and cheer him up. I wound up crying like a baby."

Two men such as they never deserved to be charged with so base a sin as jealousy. They were too big for it. It's a shame that all their womenfolk weren't just a little bigger than they were one hot afternoon in 1933.

The finish of Babe's own playing career had come more slowly. By the end of the 1932 season his legs were gone. He could still hit them a mile—and did. And his remarkable arm was as deadly as ever. But he was covering a dime in the outfield and knew it.

When 1934 came around, Babe found himself in an intolerable situation. He was unhappy in the field because he knew he was doing badly; he was miserable on the bench because there he was in the presence of Manager Joe McCarthy, a man he loathed and who loathed him.

The mutual loathing between McCarthy and the Babe can be explained succinctly: McCarthy was manager of the New York Yankees, and Babe thought the job should be his. Babe also felt, as did many experts, that anybody managing the players McCarthy had would be a winner. Furthermore, McCarthy had never played a single inning in the big leagues. To Babe, McCarthy was a "busher." His fellow players shared his dislike for McCarthy.

When McCarthy was hired in 1931 to replace Babe's good friend, Bob Shawkey, Babe felt he had been slighted. He was furious whenever the question, "How can Ruth manage a ball club if he can't manage himself?" got back to him. He had quieted down considerably since his rollicking youth, and he was dead certain that his off-the-field conduct was, at the very least, equal to McCarthy's.

Finally, in 1932, Ed Barrow, speaking for Colonel Ruppert, offered Babe the job of managing the Newark team in the International League. The Babe could see no reason why he should have to start out in the minors. He rejected the offer.

By the 1934 season the Babe's salary was down to $35,000. He was thirty-nine years old. He played in only 125 games, batted only .288 and hit only twenty-two home runs. For 1935 the Yankees sent him a contract calling for one dollar. The Babe was through as a Yankee.

Meanwhile the Boston Braves were teetering on bankruptcy. Their owner, Judge Emil Fuchs, got permission from the Yankees to talk to the Babe. Babe's understanding of his deal with Fuchs was clear. He would in time succeed Bill McKechnie as manager. He was technically to be Bill's boss, because he was signed as a vice president, no less, of the Boston National League Club. He would also play right field whenever his aching body permitted.

It was a bad, bad deal for Babe. It was not only a bad deal for the $35,000 he signed for but would have been bad for $350,000. Fuchs was determined to make his investment (*Continued on Page 78*)

Once Over, Weekly

Blue-serged, white-gloved
little masters
Look on Fridays as disasters:
Far from their ideal of bliss is
Dancing with the little
misses.

Harold Willard Gleason

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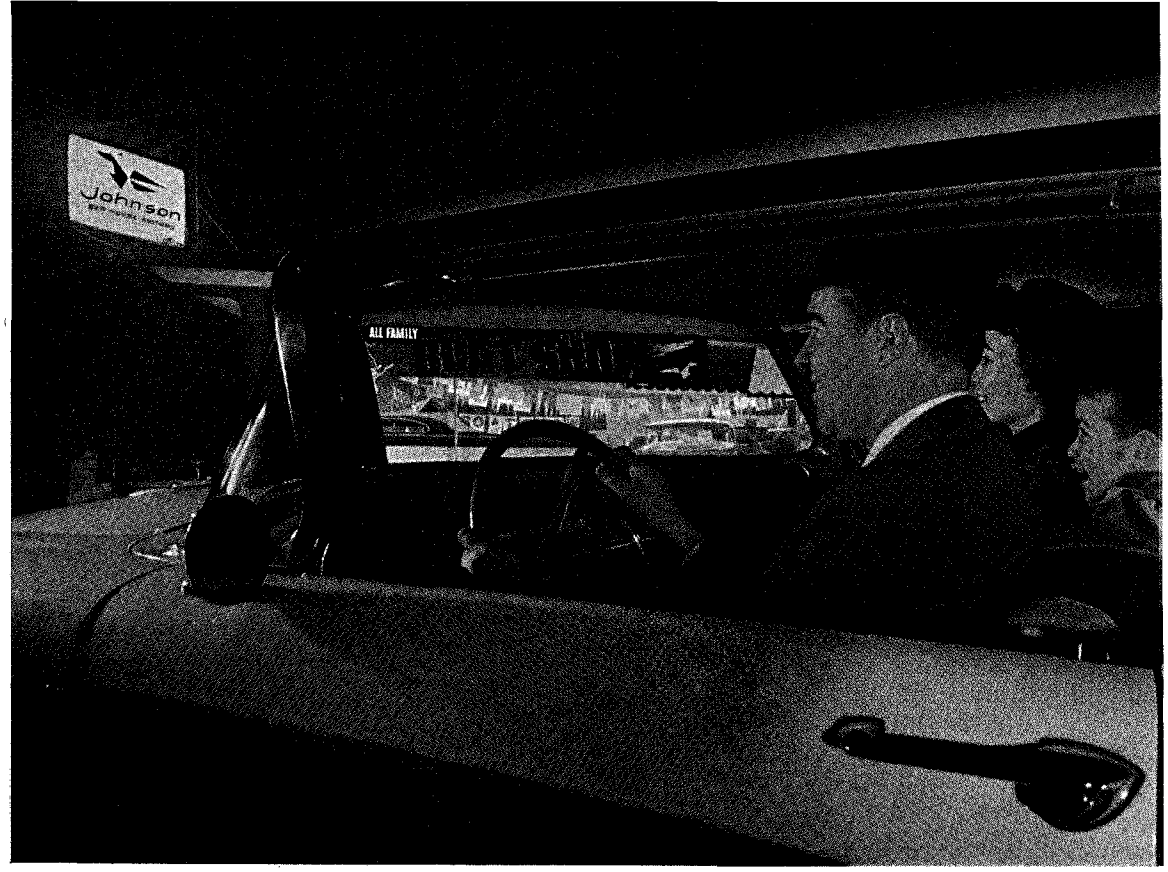
Once again
IT'S
Boat Show Time
AT THE
Sea-Horse sign!



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Johnson FIRST IN SALES FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

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(*Continued from Page 76*) in Babe Ruth's managerial hopes pay off to the last dime. He scheduled exhibition games out of all conscience.

On May twenty-fifth the Braves were in Pittsburgh, and Babe Ruth hit three towering home runs. It was a remarkable performance for any man, and particularly for an old and heart-sick athlete.

He knew this was the moment to quit. I begged him to quit. So did Christy Walsh.

"I can't quit, dammit!" Babe roared. "I can't. I gave that double-crossing old so-and-so in Boston my word I wouldn't quit until after the Memorial Day double-header in Philadelphia."

On June second he called in the newspapermen in Boston and announced that he was through. That third homer he smashed in Pittsburgh had been his 714th big-league home run—and his last.

Now Babe was out of work. Not out of income—he was on the radio three times a week, there were endorsements and—when he felt like it—lucrative personal appearances. But he heard not a single word from organized baseball.

I know no words for his despondency. He kept himself busy with hunting and fishing and golf. Whenever he entered the house, there was always the same unspoken question plastered all over his big, tanned face—"Any phone calls?" Sometimes, rarely, there was rage. Now and then there were hot tears of frustration.

Oh, how I hated baseball and everything in it in those years! Why was there no place in baseball for Babe Ruth? Let's assume he can't manage. (I never assumed it, and nobody ever found out.) And let's assume that baseball is a business, and let's further agree that baseball had been good to Babe.

There still should have been a job for him. Why not a coaching job? Some big-league coaches are mere pensioners. Didn't Babe Ruth at least deserve a pension for his pride? And who knew he wasn't fit to be a really great coach?

One night in 1938 Babe came home from a fishing trip around nine o'clock. He looked at me, and I said, as normally as my voice would allow, "Larry MacPhail is trying to get in touch with you."

Babe was excited at once. Larry MacPhail was the general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Babe called MacPhail at once, then almost ran from the phone. "MacPhail wants to see me right now," he said, heading toward the door.

Babe was back at one in the morning. He was bubbling. "MacPhail wants me as a coach for the rest of the season. I told Larry I'll appear in all the exhibition games I can, and I'll give a ten-minute hitting exhibition before each regular and exhibition game. I'll be the manager next year!"

MacPhail treated us both well that season. There were only two unhappy sides to 1938. The first was the kind of ball club Babe was working with—the Dodgers wound up in seventh place. The other was Leo Durocher, who was playing shortstop for the Dodgers.

Leo had been a brash rookie with the Yankees when Babe was king. They had disliked each other then, and nothing through the years had changed those feelings. Leo was a remarkably gifted shortstop. Anything his hands could reach they grabbed. It was Babe's feeling that deft shortstop play was the sum total of Leo's attractions.

During the season, Leo let word get out that Babe had missed an important signal that cost the Dodgers a game. Assuming Babe did miss it—just assuming—Leo still was guilty of dirty pool. All ballplayers miss signals, and traditionally they confine their mutual recriminations to the privacy of the clubhouse.

Babe waited to see if the ax would fall on Burleigh Grimes, who managed the club in 1938. It fell, as expected. Babe found out about it in the newspapers, and he also found who would succeed Grimes. Leo Durocher had the job!

Now Babe was out of baseball once more. He took to the golf course, the fields and streams and the woods. The war came, and the Babe was always available to help sell bonds or do anything else he could.

In 1945 the estate of Colonel Ruppert sold the Yankees to two millionaires—Del Webb and Dan Topping—and Larry MacPhail. Babe took hat in hand, figuratively, and went to the Yankees begging for a job. He said he would go to Newark if that was what the Yankees wanted. He wrote a couple of letters to that effect to MacPhail and got no answer.

Then he telephoned. Larry was more than cordial. They hung up on Larry's "Sit tight, Babe. You'll hear from us."

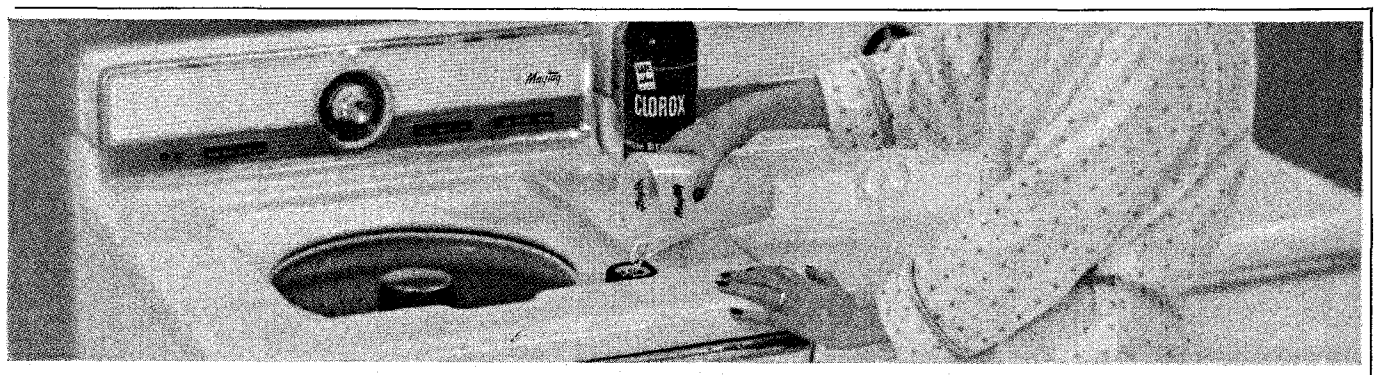
He didn't. On September 20, 1946, Babe wrote an abject letter pleading for anything at all with the Yankees or their farms.

Three weeks later Babe got an answer. It was a brush-off, filled with gratuitous advice that Babe work with sand-lot kids. Here is that proud and precious document, written on the stationery of the New York Yankees:

October 8, 1946

Mr. Babe Ruth
110 Riverside Drive
New York City

Dear Babe: I left for Canada on September 20th and your letter reached me on my return yesterday.



This is all you do to get whiter washes—safely and automatically: Just pour in proper amount of full-strength bleach. Dispenser dilutes bleach automatically, then adds it to wash water at exactly the right time.

New Maytag automatic bleach dispenser knows exactly when to add the bleach

Takes the mistakes out of bleaching, gives whiter washes automatically. Now you can bleach without worry, mess or mistake. To get perfect results, just pour proper amount of full-strength bleach into Maytag's new Automatic Bleach Dispenser.

Your bleach is automatically diluted to just the right strength *in the dispenser*. Bleach solution is automatically added to the wash water only *after* your detergent has had a chance to do its best work. And, because your Maytag Automatic Bleach Dispenser waits till the time is right, you get whiter washes than you can with any other method.

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It is apparent that some of the veteran material responsible for winning in 1941, '42, '43 will not be available over all of the next five-year period, therefore we will have a major job of rebuilding. It is my carefully considered judgment that the rebuilding of this Club could best be handled by a manager with considerable experience.

When Mr. McCarthy resigned during the season it was practically everyone's opinion that Dickey was entitled to a chance with the Club. Lack of experience handicapped Bill in meeting present problems and would, I am convinced, similarly handicap anyone else who had not managed here or elsewhere.

No one appreciates more than I your contribution to Baseball. After you retired I gave you an executive job on a higher salary basis than most managers. While I cannot recommend your appointment as manager of the Yankees I believe there is a place for you in baseball on a basis which should be acceptable to you. I had this opinion in 1938. I feel the same way about it today.

There is an important job to be done in the Metropolitan New York area in connection with the promotion and development of sand-lot and amateur baseball. I believe the three Major League clubs should aggressively support and subsidize these activities.

If you would like to discuss this with me some time, I will be glad to meet you at your convenience.

With best regards, Your friend,
L. S. MACPHAIL

With this letter the Babe's hopes died. Soon he began to die. In November of 1946 Dr. Philip MacDonald sent Babe to French Hospital to see if the mystery of agonizing head pains could be diagnosed. It took surgery to diagnose cancer. The Babe didn't know this then. He was never to be told, and so far as I am aware he never did know. Yet perhaps he did and was making it as easy for me as he could.

After the operation his health improved enough for a trip to Florida for some fishing and a little golf. Then in the spring of 1947 Babe got a baseball job. He got it from an automobile concern, the Ford Motor Company, which was sponsoring American Legion Junior Baseball. Babe was to be the titular head of the program. He would visit ball parks and meet kids.

A doctor and a nurse flew with us as we visited such cities as Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Billings, Montana; Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and others in between. After Los Angeles he had to go home by train.

Babe underwent some drastic experimental treatment in New York, and it helped. He put on weight and felt somewhat better—well enough to accept the Yankees' invitation to a brilliant promotional stunt, "Babe Ruth Day."

More than 60,000 people showed up. Babe spoke, huskily and briefly, of what baseball meant to boys, and extended his thanks to everybody who had paid tribute to him that day. Then he trudged slowly back to the dugout, his eyes filling with tears as he listened to the roaring salute the fans fired back at him. And this time Babe did not cry alone—not by many, many thousands did he cry alone.

He was to make one more appearance at the stadium. On June 13, 1948, the New York Yankees celebrated the silver anniversary of "The House That Ruth Built." As in all these promotions, the Yankees, who at times didn't even seem aware that Babe had a telephone in his home, were clever enough to find his unlisted number and invite him to participate.

He stood out there near home plate, so very thin and bent. He had a bat in his hand. Now the bat was no longer a weapon of destruction. It was a thinly disguised support for his trembling body. They cheered and cheered. He took off his hat, and his head hung low. He walked off the field. The game began.

Thirteen days later Doctor MacDonald again took the Babe to a hospital. On the steps Babe looked up, read a sign and said, "Doc, this is Memorial. Memorial is a cancer hospital. Why are you bringing me here?"

Doctor MacDonald explained that not all patients at Memorial were cancer victims, which was true—but not in this case.

At the hospital on the evening of August fifteenth I kissed my husband good night, and he said, "Don't come back tomorrow. I won't be here."

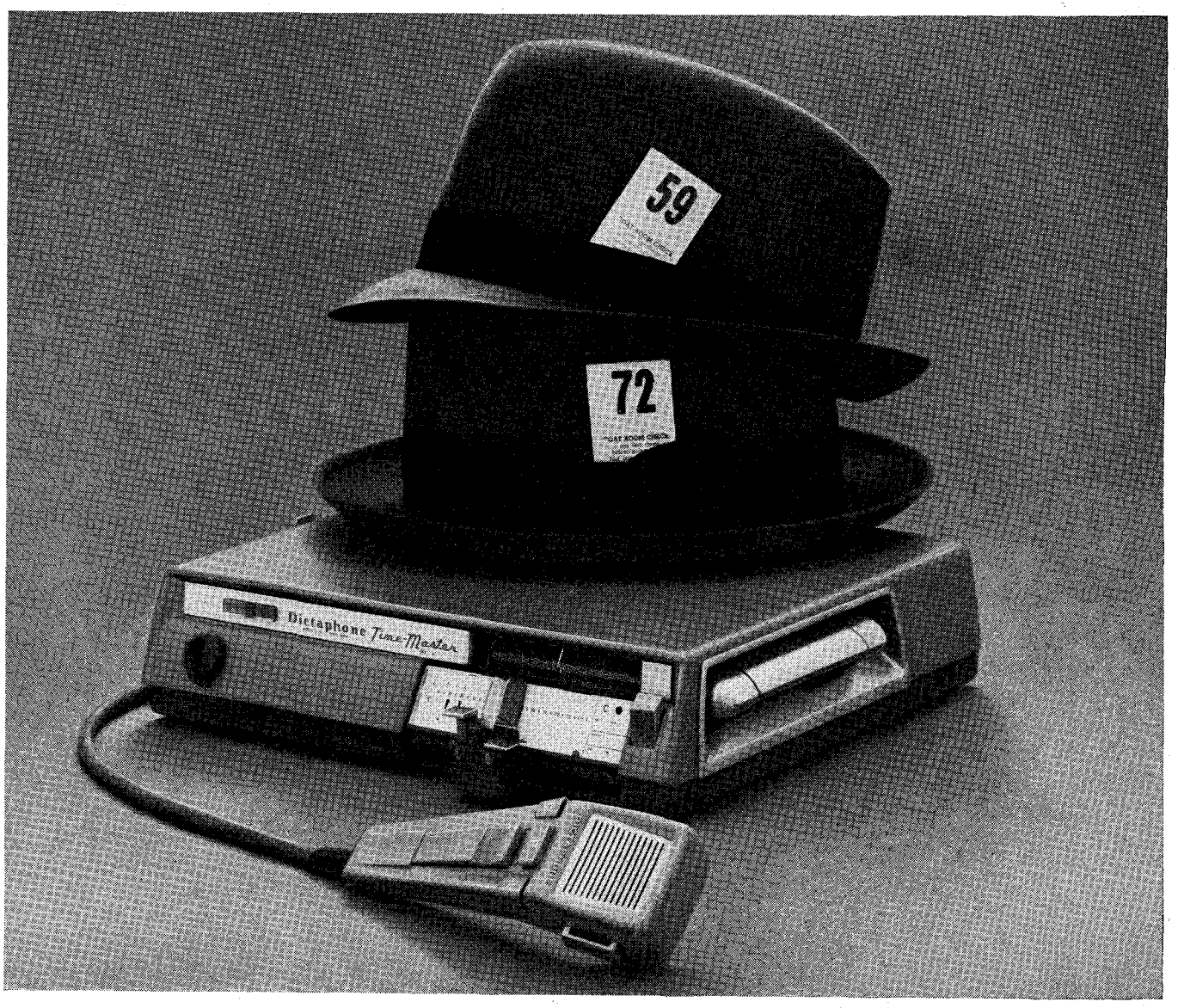
I did come back the next morning, and he was there, but only for a little while. He died that morning at 8:01.

I used to think that I was the only one who loved him. In the years to come I was to learn more and more that I wasn't. A nation loved him—not just because he hit 714 home runs and did all sorts of wonderful things on a baseball field, but also because the people knew that he was one of them. He had their faith and their weaknesses. They loved him because they sensed that he was, above all else, a great human being. And they were—and are—so right.

THE END

Count among careful drivers the man who is showing his wife how to operate the new car.

S. OMAR BARKER



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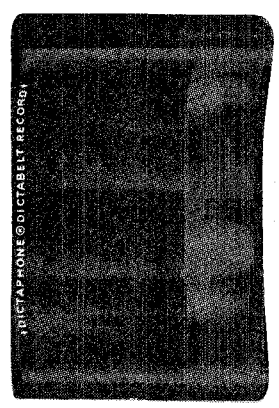

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Crisis in Crazy Kuwait (Continued from Page 31)

the boys who gather by the jetty have become contractors, importers, brokers, bankers, state officials. All arrive in late-model sedans—some own fleets of taxis. Only the ships at anchor, their sails furled, remind Kuwaitis of their loincloth days.

Just where is Kuwait, anyway? Most visitors to Kuwait from the western world, except for tanker crews who sail through Suez and up the Persian Gulf, arrive in this vest-pocket sheikdom by air. The purring engines of the British Viscount drone on for hours as it wings over the vast red-sandy void of Arabian Desert. Cairo, Beirut and Damascus fall far away now to the west. Finally comes the welcome flashing blue of the gulf and, as the plane slowly circles Kuwait to land at the airport, one peers through the wide oval windows as through some magic casement.

The panorama below astounds. An economic blockbuster has hit Kuwait. The old mudhouse and burnt-limestone city has burst its old walls. Great arterial avenues and multilane speedways twirl through British-style roundabouts, then thrust out in all directions toward the tawny desert hinterland. Along the avenues, some as broad as the Champs Élysées, are a myriad of new buildings—schools, hospitals, mammoth cinemas, office blocks, banks, power plants, supermarkets, sports fields, a stadium, a university.

Supermodern public projects are almost as splendid as their price tags. Since 1950, the Kuwait Development Board has spent more than $500,000,000. Among the projects are some eighty schools, which cost $75,000,000; a score of government buildings, $45,000,000; highways, $40,000,000; power plants, $30,000,000; an oil-tanker pier, longest in the world, $27,000,000; a new harbor, still abuilding, $24,000,000; a hospital, $10,000,000, and a TB sanatorium, $8,000,000; the Kuwait airport, cost $14,000,000, is soon to be superseded by a new jet-age field, cost $25,000,000. Before the oil boom, the annual Kuwait budget was $200,000.

Already from the air we have seen one remarkable bright structure, an industrial plant of strange and fascinating beauty, spread over several shore-line acres. This is the giant Salt Water Distillery—cost $40,000,000—an Eighth Wonder of the modern world. In the daytime, the sun shines brilliantly on its tall, smokeless, pencil-thin stacks, fifteen in all. These stacks are brightly painted in red, green, yellow and blue, and stand like gay modern sentinels on the ancient horizon. The dancing aquamarine waters of Kuwait Bay sparkle reflections on a score of large, cylindrical, silver-coated boilers and turbines. At night this marvel of technology is floodlit, like a magic castle by the sea.

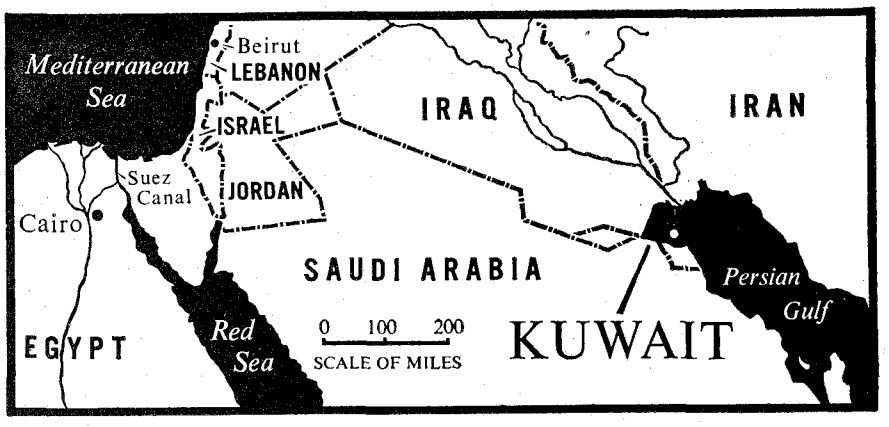
Kuwait—population 225,000—is probably the only city in the world to wring all its drinking water from the sea—4,000,000 gallons a day—and the only one that can afford it. Here it costs more to produce a barrel of water (about two dollars) than a barrel of oil (less than twenty cents). In the old days, Kuwait had to fetch its water from the Shatt al Arab River in Iraq, fifty miles by dhow. The rich were those who owned donkeys; the poor came on foot to get their water at the jetty.

A generation ago, until the oil drillers came in the late 1930's, only geographers, world sailors, foot-loose Bedouins and wanderlusting British really knew where Kuwait was. This Tom Thumb sheikdom is at the head of the Persian Gulf, known today to all Cairo radio listeners as the Arabian Gulf. Kuwait is a small enclave, about sixty miles wide and 100 miles deep, carved out of the shoulder of the Arabian peninsula. Kuwait town, the capital, is the only city, although a new oil town called Ahmadi is burgeoning beyond its southern suburbs.

It is geology, not geography, that really puts Kuwait on the map. This is the epicenter of petroleum, the luxuriant middle of the petroliferous Middle East. Kuwait lies just south of Iraq, northeast of Saudi Arabia, and its burning sands border both. Nor is it very far west of the Persian island of Abadan, a fifty-mile sail across the top of the gulf. Richer than any of her oil-rich neighbors, the Sheikdom of Kuwait sits grandly, if a bit giddily, atop the largest proved reservoirs of petroleum in the world—65,000,000,000 barrels, 25 per cent of the known reserves of this entire planet. (Value at present world market prices: $120,000,000,000.)

Oilmen now estimate that the Middle East has almost 70 per cent of world petroleum reserves. Of this, Kuwait alone accounts for more than two barrels in five. This petty sheikdom, not nearly as large as New Jersey, has almost as much underground oil as all three of her oil-famous neighbors, Iraq, Iran and Saudi Arabia, combined. She has more than the two industrial giants of the world, the United States and the Soviet Union, together. (Kuwait, 25 per cent; U.S.A., 12 per cent; U.S.S.R., maybe 5 per cent.)

Even the figures for present production are exciting. In 1946—the first wells were cemented during the war—the Kuwait boom began in earnest with a production



Kuwait, a tiny sheikdom on the Persian Gulf, is smaller than New Jersey, but its known oil reserves total 65 billion barrels.

of 30,000 barrels a day. Now Kuwait is shipping close to 1,600,000 a day and hopes to reach 2,000,000 when a second loading pier is finished this spring. As a crude producer, Kuwait has zoomed past Iraq, Iran and even Saudi Arabia. Among world oil producers, Kuwait is already big-league stuff, in fourth place behind the United States, Venezuela and Russia. She is topped as a world exporter only by Venezuela, and the resources of Kuwait are fivefold those of her South American rival.

This great good fortune—some Kuwaitis attribute it to the desert piety of their forefathers—would spell prosperity for any state. The per capita income in Kuwait has shot up from less than fifty dollars a year to more than $1600, from a standard of living similar to that of the Egyptian fellaheen to one that today surpasses that of Scandinavia and is pulling close to that of the United States.

Local businessmen estimate that the average native-born Kuwaiti family, five to six members, has $8000 per year to spend. Savings accounts alone total $175,000,000. The port of Kuwait, practically a free port, resembles the fat end of the cornucopia, pouring out for Kuwaitis cars, refrigerators, washing machines, radios, cameras, pleasure boats, all the goodies of the industrial world. The paradox of such infinite riches in a little room, although it begins like the Aladdin story, already has many of the overtones of the more somber tale of King Midas.

His Highness, sixty-five-year-old Sheik Abdullah al Salim al Sabah, the ruler of Kuwait and 50-50 partner with the Kuwait Oil Company, has an income of more than $1,000,000 a day, and neither he nor his fortunate subjects pay income tax. A quiet and unpretentious man, a grass widower, Sir Abdullah is plump as a bishop, has a gray goatee and usually wears a bored and quizzical look on his freckled face. He is, in fact, a simple, abstemious and avuncular man, a Calvin Coolidge type caught in a Harry Hopkins situation. He makes symbolic little economies, like sending his tires to Lebanon to be vulcanized. He does not treat the oil royalties as his personal income, for he has ample returns from his own salary and his holdings in land. He likes life to be uncomplicated, and has a passion for simple formulas. It was he who decided that one third of the annual Kuwaiti oil revenues should go into building projects, one third be used to meet the already high overhead and operating expenses, and one third be banked in London in an investment fund known as the Kuwait Kitty. This fund is in the ruler's name, and he is also his own minister of finance.

The ruler's gout is a problem of state in Kuwait. A British specialist in the free Medical Center once cured it by prescribing two wonder drugs, a green pill to be taken before lunch and a red pill to be taken after. But the ruler is a devout Sunni Moslem and hence a bit of a fatalist. Once the gout clears up, he neglects to take the pills, and soon again his big toe lights up like a Christmas-tree bulb.

Recently this painful moment came in Bagdad, where Sir Abdullah had gone to negotiate about his five date gardens and also to watch TV. The diplomatic cable between Bagdad and Kuwait soon burned with two urgent communiqués, both addressed to the British doctor: 1) Is it the green pill or the red pill first? and 2) Why can't somebody discover a single pill to do the job?

And there are other problems—for example, the yacht. The Kuwait Oil Company had presented to his predecessor, Sheik Ahmad, a three-decker ocean-going yacht with radar, an air-conditioned throne room and a huge spit to roast oxen. When Abdullah was elected ruler in 1950, he promptly sold this yacht to the

"If you have to force yourself to look like you're having a good time, forget about it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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port director of Basra in Iraq—who made him a better offer than King Faisal did—and had a simpler, launchlike craft built in the local Kuwaiti boatyards. His court retainers, feeling this barge is crummy and old-fashioned, are always at him to buy a new yacht. His answer is an invariable, "I've already got a yacht."

Another major vexation is that while Abdullah is the Ruler of Kuwait, he has powerful relatives who are also sheiks. He is an emir, or prince; they are feudal dukes and barons. When the royalties began rolling in, these Sheiks of Kuwait began rolling out, cutting a wide swath from Cairo to Cannes to Le Touquet, touching all the high spots and international fun spots of the golden west. They spent so much of the long green that the European press assumed each must be that fabulous fellow, the Ruler of Kuwait.

There is the sheik who took off for a gay month in Paris and left a Rolls-Royce with his Paris chauffeur as a gratuity. That was colorful Fahad, half-brother of the ruler, known as His Excellency The Ace of Spades. Then there is the palace-happy sheik, now building his fifth—a $20,000,000 job with dining rooms the size of ballrooms, and seventeen-ton crystal chandeliers.

When the ruler is overcome with a desire to get away from it all, as he often is these days, he takes three old cronies, merchants who are all past threescore and ten, and flees to his villa snuggery at Shtaurah, in the cedar mountains of Lebanon. Twice he has threatened to chuck the job of ruler, and already he spends more than half his time outside of Kuwait.

His most frequent retreat, when on the job, is to steam up the old yacht, gather together his septuagenarian chums, and sail to the nearby island of Failaka, in Kuwait Bay. There the old boys entertain themselves with Syrian dancing girls who really are dancing girls, play backgammon, and a game of hearts in which queens are wild. They talk about the good old days of their youth, when they all hunted bustard with falcons and rode white mares across the desert. And thought there was nothing under the sand but more sand.

During the Suez crisis, when the heat was on Abdullah from London to stand by his British allies, and from his Arab subjects to stand by Nasser, the ruler simply weighed anchor and sailed for Failaka, where he remained incommunicado for three weeks.

The ruler's full handle is His Highness Sheik Sir Abdullah al Salim al Sabah, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Ruler of Kuwait. He is linked by treaty to Great Britain, a secret treaty signed by his grandfather, Sheik Mubarak the Great, in 1899. Mubarak came to power by garroting one of his sleeping half-brothers and putting a bullet through the brain of another. Kuwait is listed in The Statesman's Year Book as "An Independent Protectorate linked to Great Britain," a curious nomenclature to describe an even more curious situation. In principle, it means the ruler is sovereign in internal affairs, and Great Britain, through a Resident Political Agent, handles his foreign affairs.

Out of this once-casual British connection, a relic of the old Indian Empire days, has grown a fourfold contemporary one: 1) the Kuwait Oil Company, Anglo-American in ownership (British Petroleum and U. S. Gulf), is incorporated in Great Britain. 2) Kuwait is in the sterling area. 3) Most of Kuwait crude petroleum is refined and sold in the United Kingdom; today three London cabs in five run on Kuwait petrol. 4) The Kuwait Investment Fund already represents an annual 10 per cent of the fresh, or liquid, capital available in London for investment anywhere in the sterling area. The British stake in Kuwait, in short, is tremendous, far greater than it ever was in the Suez Canal.

Back in 1950, with the oil royalties already gushing into Kuwait, a well-meaning British bird whispered in the ruler's ear that it might not be a bad idea to build a welfare state. A Labor regime was in power in London at that time, the idea was alamode, all sorts of spare blueprints were available. The ruler thought this was a grand proposal. He was eager to transform his primitive, backwater, tribal sheikdom.

In such an absurdly simple way was a complex twentieth-century idea plunked down on an Arab feudal society not unlike that of eleventh-century Europe, from feudalism to capitalism to the welfare state in ten vertiginous years. Kuwait was transformed all right; everything changed except the political structure. It was not long before the other sheiks about town, somewhat less interested than the ruler in the general welfare, made the quick transition from camels to Cadillacs. Here in Kuwait you also see some lavender Lincolns and champagne-gold Chrysler Imperials.

Petrol is power, and the automobile as the symbol of the new oil wealth is not inapt. As late as 1945 there were only four cars in Kuwait—the ruler's, the political agent's, the doctor's, and one belonging to the leading merchant. Today there are 30,000 cars, all of them shipped, f.o.b. plus $1400, from Detroit. Ninety-five per cent of the vehicles in Kuwait are American, and the Kuwaitis call them "Supermobiles."

All day long, from dawn to midnight, these colorific chariots circulate, slowly, on the spanking-new macadam highways. Driving is so new that it is still a sport in Kuwait, and gas is about nine cents a gallon. Only the sheiks, with crossed-flag plates, drive outrageously, aiming at pedestrians. Kuwaitis and their wives—double-veiled masked marvels who ride in back-seat purdah—spend hours sight-seeing the new wonders: the Salt Water Distillery, the oil pier, where tankers of the world arrive and depart in a majestic procession, the new port abuilding, the airport, the schools with air-conditioned classrooms.

Thirty thousand cars, and as yet no traffic law. The automobile is the loudest, but not the only, anomaly in Kuwait, where too much has happened, too soon. The ruler was eager, back in 1950, to transform the economy of his tribal sheikdom. But he was unwilling, or perhaps unable, to transform his blood relatives, the tribal sheiks.

The new-rich ruler, mild-mannered and easygoing, was faced with one of the oldest problems in politics—jobs for the boys. The office of ruler is hereditary, within the al Sabah family or clan, but the ruler is chosen by his relatives. To discipline those who had elected him seemed out of the question. Sir Abdullah took what he thought was the easy way out. To Dasman Palace, the "House of Plenty," he summoned his sons, his half-brothers, his uncles and his nephews and his cousins, and dubbed them ministers. The number of ministries in Kuwait jumped from three to twenty. Soon each ministry had a pipeline into the treasury, and so the fun began.

One ambitious sheik, Fahad, got his fingers on five ministries, including the all-important Public Works Department. Another sheik, Abdullah Jabir, became Minister of Education and supervised the building of eighty schools. A third sheik, a real big wheel who calls himself The Eagle of the Gulf, is Abdullah Mubarak. Although younger than the ruler, he is his uncle. Mubarak and his cohorts moved into Public Security. He took over the 1500-man army and promoted himself to field marshal.

A welfare state for sheiks was not the only product of the economic revolution. The boom got off to a fast start in 1950, and every year thereafter the oil revenues have increased in almost geometric progression. Out from London came five major British contractors, with gilt-edged blueprints. The program seemed simple—plan and plan, spend and spend, erect and erect. Kuwait got a Fifteen-Year Plan. It might have become an Arab Switzerland. Instead, it is today a pressure cooker, seething with the most virulent form of Arab nationalism. At Suez-crisis time, twelve of the oil wells were wired with dynamite, and one was set aflame.

An awesome example of how the British have managed to get themselves engulfed in Arabism is the development program itself. Today, of a population of 225,000, only 80,000 are native Kuwaitis. To drive the trucks and help build the schools, in poured Saudi and Iraqi manual labor; to teach in the schools, zealous Egyptians. Officers for the army are Jordanians from the old Arab Legion. In business are labile Lebanese and Syrians. Scholarships have attracted Yemenites, Tunisians, Moroccans and Algerians. Hail, hail, the Arab gang's all here, and every group has a grievance.

With the wisdom of hindsight, it is easy enough now to score and lament what was bound to go wrong. The economic revolution in a static political mold soon becomes a burlesque farce. Still, in the beginning, the building program was grand in concept, and the splendiferous façade of a welfare state did rapidly emerge, on a kind of cost-plus-fixed-spree basis—free schools, free clinics, free hospitals, free meals for students from a $1,500,000 communal kitchen.

But today in Kuwait almost everybody blames the original British contractors for all sorts of skulduggery and folly. What they really seem to have run into was the soaring cost nemesis. There is a kind of 3X, or triple-cost, factor bound to

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appear when modern builders try to construct in a preindustrial, pastoral economy. They also came up against those stout fellows, the sheiks, now eagerly gilding their crooked fingers, and so the cost factor became about 6X. (Low-cost housing, $20,000 a unit.)

There were, from time to time, frantic but fruitless efforts to apply some kind of braking controls to the great Bedouin Boondoggle. Kuwait has no elections, no parliament, no real commercial law, no budget, no trained civil service. The more responsible Kuwaiti merchants and literate citizens tried to induce the ruler to convoke a parliament. A short-lived High Executive Council was set up, a mixed bag of merchants, city elders and officials, with the task of framing budgets and supervising things generally. When Sheik Fahad returned from one of his grand tours in Europe, he would have none of this nonsense. He was the Minister for Public Works and now had his hands in the public till up to his armpits. Fahad suggested instead that the British contractors be fired, and in 1954 they were.

On with the boom. As incredible as it may sound—the oil revenues had by now topped $200,000,000 per annum—for a short period in 1954 Kuwaiti outgo and overhead expense actually surpassed income on the graph of high finance. The bubble had not burst, however. It was more like the second stage of a rocket.

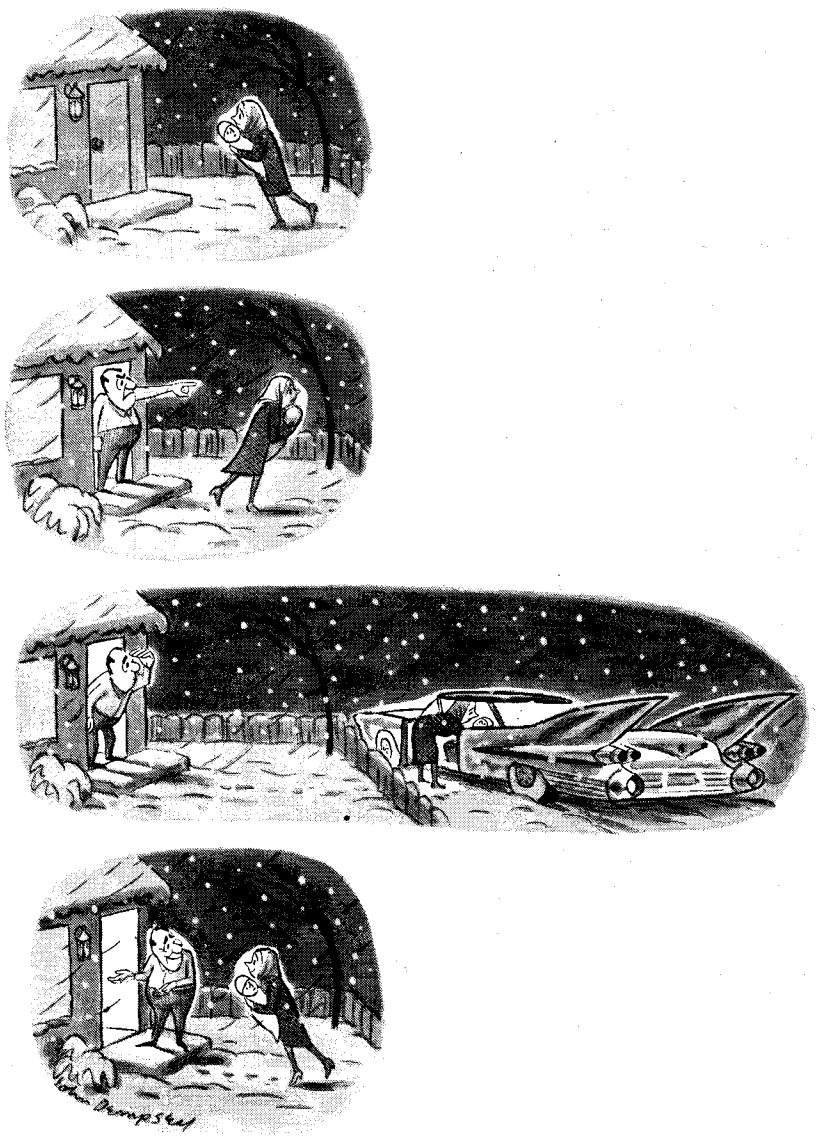
One ground rule that the ruler had insisted on was that each foreign company that came to Kuwait to do business—by now the Americans, Germans, Dutch, Japanese and others had come to town—must have a native Kuwaiti silent partner. These silent, or sleeping, partners, of whom there are today several hundred, have become millionaires.

Still another share-the-wealth gimmick—the idea again was the harassed ruler's—was to condemn land in Kuwait and have the state buy it at most handsome prices. Prices of downtown land soared. One British official at the Political Agency lost his chauffeur when that worthy, who owned a small plot of land he had bought twenty years ago for sixty rupees and a white donkey, sold it for 100,000 rupees ($21,000). I was told—in Kuwait it is difficult to tell where a fact ends and a leg-pulling gag begins—that the latest method for surveying city land consists in placing 100-rupee bank notes on the plot up for sale. The sum of the covering notes becomes the knockdown price.

By last springtime even the town walls of Old Kuwait burst, and now a mad race to enclose the desert began. It was known as the Battle of the Barrel Barons, and Sheik Abdullah Mubarak, with a fleet of more than 100 automobiles, was an easy victor. Claims were staked out by barreling off millions of once-worthless desert acres, to be sold to the government. But on moonlit nights jayhawkers and claim jumpers began shifting the barrels, so Mubarak had his filled with concrete. If these old barrels were placed in a straight line, they would stretch to Mecca.

And so would the tall stories. But like most Middle Eastern yarns, the real story of Kuwait is a scorpion piece—the sting is in the tail. For a visitor is not long in Kuwait before it is glaringly apparent that the most popular man in town is neither the old ruler, nor the British political agent, nor the American manager of the Kuwait Oil Company, nor any of the sheiks.

Who then? In this richest of Arab statelets, with wealth beyond the dreams of



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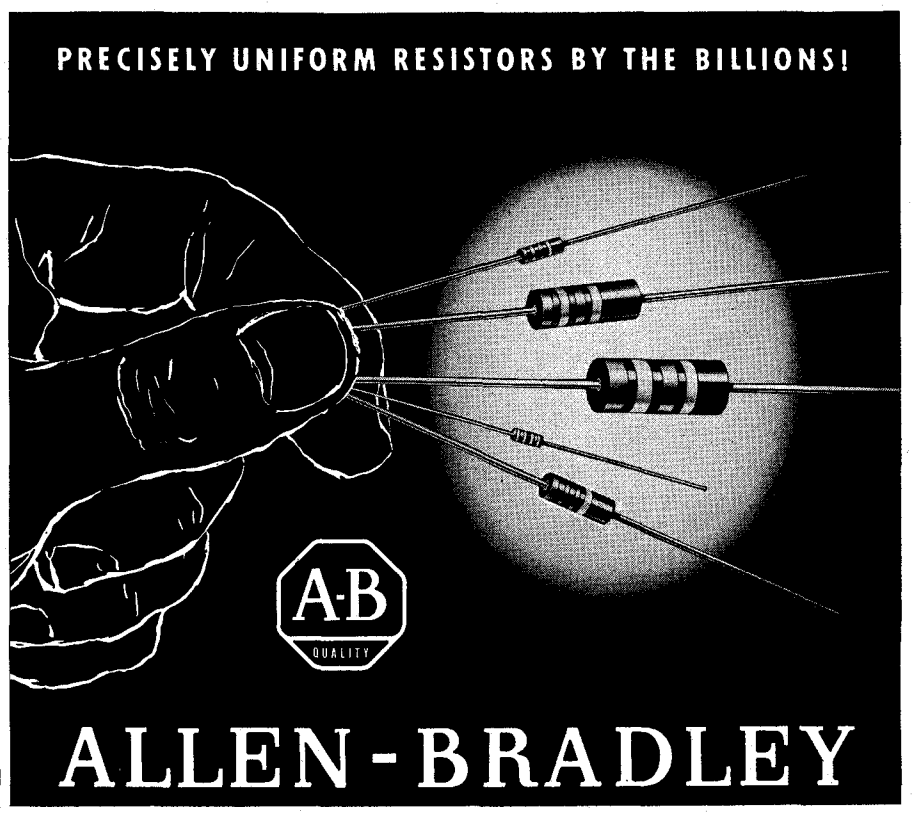

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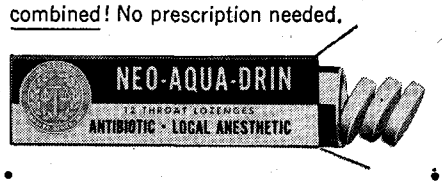

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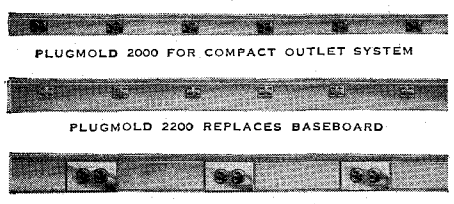

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avarice, the political dreamboat is a poor son of the fellahin of the Valley of the Nile, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Nasser has never been here, but an honest plebiscite would bring him about 92 per cent of the vote. In the eyes of the Kuwaitis, Nasser is the Nile Green Incorruptible who will someday come to throw the rascals out.

Over at the British Political Agency, when a reporter inquires why no responsible person has blown a whistle in crazy Kuwait, the best that one gets is a kind of hand-wringing, civilized despair. The official answer, a rather thin one, is that by treaty Britain has no right to meddle in the internal affairs of the sheikdom. Put bluntly, Britain has done a deal with the sheiks, the old game of playing the court cards, known here as nose kissing.

The British are already painfully aware that they are damned if they do and damned if they don't, and blamed for everything. In this Persian Gulf sheikdom, one of their last major outposts in the Middle East, the awkward British position is that of an otherwise intelligent man sitting on a powder keg and cursing the burning fuse. The fuse is Arab nationalism, and the powder keg is, alas, atop the richest oil reservoirs in the world.

Damning Nasser—a popular indoor sport in London—sounds ludicrous out here. For Nasser is not the cause or only begetter of Arab nationalism. He is its product and its symbol and, as such, the real McCoy. In the long run, protecting Arabs from Arab nationalism is like trying to defend Holland against the Dutch, nor can one build dikes in the sands of the Middle East.

Most of the usual danger signals are flying, and the rest are going up the mast. When Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal, there were mass rallies in spacious Safat Square. During the attack on Port Said, British were ordered off the Kuwait streets, and Field Marshal Mubarak brought out his armored cars to suppress incipient riots. [Three times since Suez, Mubarak has proclaimed martial law, banning newspapers and demonstrations, the latest instance occurring on February tenth.]

From the Suez mood of enraged anguish came, next year, the exultant celebration of the proclamation of the United Arab Republic, topped only by the wild enthusiasm set off by the revolution in Bagdad last July, with the ceremonial slaughtering of sheep in the main squares. Iraq, right next door to Kuwait, has always claimed the sheikdom. The Kuwaitis thought that Nasser's green stars—the symbols on the flag of the U.A.R.—had triumphed in Bagdad, and that liberation was at hand.

Many of the masses who do the milling about are, of course, Arab brethren from the other Arab lands. But the real leaders of the nationalist movement in Kuwait are the young Kuwaitis themselves, many of them the sons of the wealthy merchant class. This is what really jolts the British, who seem to have nursed the silent hope that the nationalist tide might break on the rock of prosperity, copious oil to still troubled waters. It just did not work out that way.

The reason why is simple. One of the predictable results of universal education is that it teaches eager young men to read the handwriting on the wall. This does not seem to worry the sheiks, most of whom are happily illiterate. But now hundreds of graduates of the Kuwaiti school system, most of whom have also spent several years abroad on generous scholarships, are back in town. They can read and write. In The Dawn, a weekly more popular because often banned, this is the fervent flavor of what they write:

The oil is thine, O Gamal! The oil is the property of the Arabs, and we Kuwaitis want it to be at the service of the Arab nation. We will never be happy or tranquil while this wealth goes into the pockets of imperialists, or is squandered on palaces and Cadillacs. We prefer a million times to live poorly under the shadow of one dear, strong Arab nation than to wallow in millions while we are enslaved and humiliated.

The source of this flamboyant rhetoric is The Graduates' Club. The members of this club, who call themselves nationalist-reformists, are educated young Kuwaitis—teachers, doctors, lawyers.

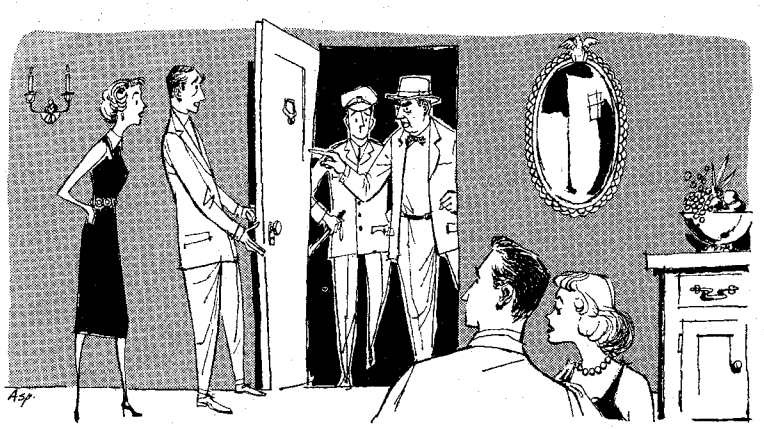
Here gather the angry young men who edit the two weeklies, the agitators for a parliament, the inspirers of the public rallies. During the second fortnight of my visit to Kuwait, I found myself spending almost every evening in this club.

These Arab hotspurs are shrill and prickly in dialogue. What do they want in Kuwait? If metaphor were artillery, there would be a revolution tomorrow morning. Everybody talks about a bill of rights, but nobody, I discovered, has ever thought of drafting one. The general mood is one of waiting for Gamal—"Kuwait belongs in the United Arab Republic, perhaps on a federal basis. With the money Sheik Fahad spends on concubines, we could build the Aswan Dam."

I munched banana chips, listened, and now and then popped a question. The Ruler? "The old boy is just an Arabian Gulf jellyfish the British push around with their big toes." The sheiks? "We would ride them out of town chained to their fancy cars, but it would bring a British cruiser into the bay." A constitution for Kuwait? "Ask your British friends. They're the great experts on democracy." Even the friendliest of evenings would end on one of the more polite Arab aphorisms, "Well, you know a thing and we know a thing."

What about oil, the 65,000,000,000-barrel question? Some, the more fanatical minority, want to nationalize it, just like that, Arab oil for the Arabs. Most Kuwaitis are not the sons of merchants for nothing, however. The majority talk about doing business on a forthright basis, and are most resentful that Kuwait royalties are squandered or banked in London instead of being used for Arab world welfare.

Always, the conversation would get back to Nasser. In Kuwait, Nasser is ten feet tall and casts a long shadow. I think many of us western reporters, writing from Cairo, have duped ourselves on Nasserism because we are allergic to blatant propaganda. Radio Cairo, the Egyptian press, Egyptian teachers and



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Shortly after ten P.M., a knocking at the door interrupted the Terwilligers' small dance party. It proved to be their next-door neighbor with a policeman. The neighbor insisted that they be arrested for violating a new city ordinance which forbade dancing or dance music after ten P.M. within twenty-five feet of a residence. At the trial the Terwilligers argued that the law was unconstitutional.

"It interferes unreasonably with our personal right to dance to music, our right simply to listen to music, and our right to use and enjoy our home," they contended.

"Personal and property rights can be restricted by law to prevent the disturbance of others and the creation of nuisances," the prosecutor replied. "That is all that this law seeks to do."

If you were the judge, would you throw out the law as unconstitutional?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The law was declared unconstitutional. The court said that while it might be all right to prohibit noisy public dances, it was unreasonable to outlaw all dance music. "Who," it asked, "could possibly be disturbed or annoyed by the graceful and stately minuet? Similarly, dance music—one of Strauss' waltzes, for instance—might float into the neighboring dwelling without jarring the most sensitive human tympanum, or it might be played so softly that it would not be heard outside of the room in which performed. . . . Even in these days of bizarre extremes and freak abnormalities, the music-tickling jazz has not yet succeeded in excluding all sane dance music. . . ." *Based upon a 1920 California decision.*

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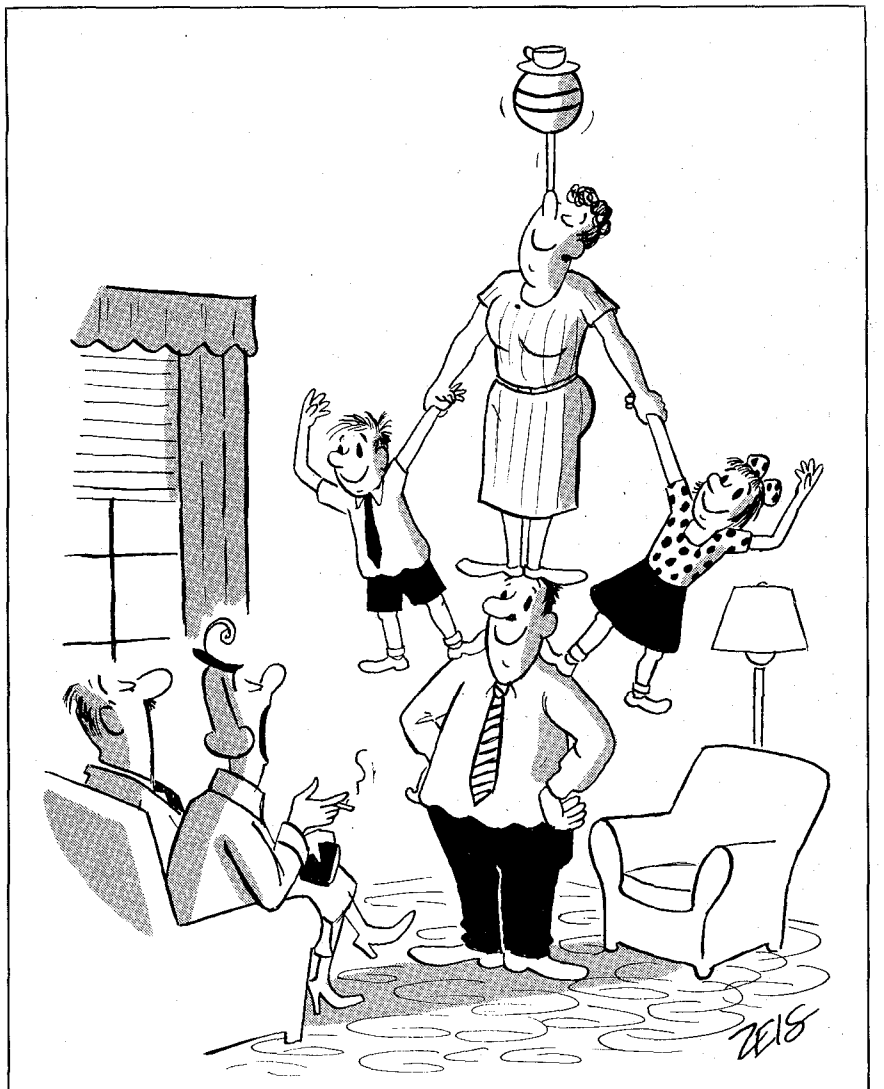

"Please don't feel you have to entertain us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

agents—none of these tools is absent here in Kuwait. But they are only accessory. Nasser's unique strength and genuine magnetism are just that to a whole generation—the first generation of secular Arabs; his virtues are their virtues, his grievances their grievances, until even the mole on his cheek becomes a bump of wisdom.

But the hero sometimes stumbles. Toward the end of my stay in Kuwait came one of those dramatic little epilogues which may, indeed, be the prologue to a quite new turn in Middle East politics and the most serious challenge yet to Nasser as an Arab statesman. Kuwait, one must remember, is just next door to Iraq, and Kuwaitis travel easily to Iraq without passports. Ever since the revolution of last July, Kuwait nationalists, Nasserites to a man, have been journeying to Bagdad to study the progress of the Glorious Revolution.

In July the Kuwaitis, like most people everywhere, were convinced that Nasser and Arab nationalism had triumphed in Bagdad. Now, suddenly, Kuwaiti voyagers have begun to bring back a startlingly different story. They tell of how a skillful Communist minority in Bagdad is gaining control of the press, the radio, the ministries, the street, purging Nasser's followers at every step. The gloomy picture they draw is of the eclipse of the green star of Arab nationalism by the red star of the Iraqi Communist Party. A Communist seizure of power in Iraq, a major Arab state, would shatter the genuine Arab Unity movement for at least a generation and maybe forever.

The irony of this is a bit too savage to relish. A Soviet breakthrough to the Persian Gulf would spell disaster for Nasser, but also a major catastrophe for the West. The oilfields of Iraq, Iran, and Kuwait, too, are the pawns in this game of power politics. Not Nasser, not the West, but Khrushchev may yet emerge as the laughing third, the real winner of the Iraqi Revolution of July, 1958.

Nasser's program of positive neutrality for the Middle East, is it really so bad if it is really positive? This may be the last big chance for western diplomacy to come to honorable terms with Arab nationalism and recoup some fearful losses here in the Middle East. When I arrived in Kuwait, everyone was cursing the British. A month later, they were damning the Soviets. This might be a fine time to stop the sheikly monkey business and start talking real business with the Nasser generation, the generation that counts.

Wishing Won't Hold Berlin (Continued from Page 33)

do, trouble will come—the whole purpose of the Berlin crisis is that it should. In some way, and soon, our military traffic will be interfered with, though it could be that the civilian traffic first would run into trouble. These are interesting, but minor, points of detail. The purpose of the whole exercise is to face the Allies in the most embarrassing way with an interruption of traffic to and from Berlin, calling for a truly soul-searching decision.

What should we and our allies do about it? There are those, some in high places, who hope and who seem to believe that somehow we will not have to answer that question. Various methods of shoving the question under the rug are proposed. One formula calls for endless negotiations on proposals which, it is thought, the Russians will never accept—including East Berlin in the "free city," making Berlin the capital of both East and West Germany, and so on. But surely this does scant justice to the intelligence of our opponents. If Khrushchev wants to force the issue, he will force it, and he will not be put off by talk.

Another formula for putting off the evil day calls for another airlift, as in 1948. In 1948 West Berlin was emerging from the rubble. It was kept alive in a state of siege by the magnificent work of the airlift. The Russians never interfered with it by military attack, balloons or by interruption of ground-to-air directional control, which they were quite able to do. They knew that, if a showdown were forced, the Strategic Air Command was armed with nuclear weapons and they were not. Meanwhile, the Allied counterblockade of East Germany was doing its effective work. The 1948 airlift worked.

Nineteen fifty-nine is not 1948. Berlin is the greatest industrial city in Germany. It lives by its exports. No airlift can maintain Berlin's economic life, even if it can fly. But can it fly against the Soviet will? We no longer have a nuclear monopoly. Do we today have equality of retaliatory power? Are we prepared to overcome interference with our, or our German ally's, rights of passage by air? If so, we are not avoiding the issue, but facing the same problem we should have to face some thousands of feet below on the ground. It is my conviction that right there—on the ground—is where the problem must be faced in the first place. Facing it is one thing, of course, and solving it is another.

Suppose Khrushchev makes good his threat and that his East German puppets then interfere with western traffic into Berlin. What do we do? Talk, protest, meet, go to the United Nations—then what? All this may gain time, but Berlin will still be beleaguered. Where are the relief columns coming from? Berlin is not Ladysmith or Lucknow, waiting for the sound of the pipes playing The Campbells Are Coming. Of what use is the gained time? Is it to enable us to call into action our "great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our choosing"? The words are Mr. Dulles' rather fancy paraphrase of "nuclear attack." I think the answer is clearly no. To invoke our "great capacity to retaliate" is to insure an experience by us of the Soviet's "great capacity to retaliate." Just where Berlin would come off in this exchange is more predictable than where we would.

What should be done calls for a joint decision of the NATO allies; but this does not make it any less important that the American Government and people should have thought the matter through, understood what is involved and be prepared themselves to act coolly and with resolution in the common interest. Differences of opinion can arise in arriving at so crucial a decision and can only be resolved by wise, informed and convincing leadership. A division of wills insures failure. In discussion with our allies certain points seem inescapable.

To respond to a blockade of Berlin with nuclear strategic attack would be fatally unwise. To threaten this attack would be even more unwise.

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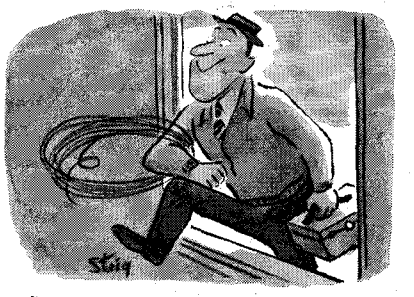
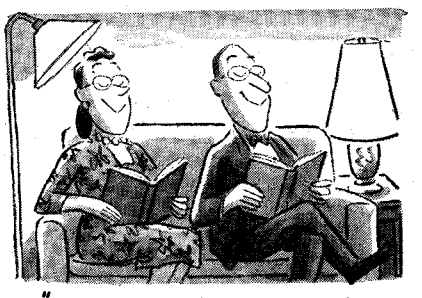


"I can fix it up, Ma'am.



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To rely upon passive resistance to blockade, trying to stick it through and hoping for the best, would seem in all probability to result in the capitulation of the city within measurable time on terms not far from those now laid down by the Russians. Berlin would become a Communist city. Resistance by its citizens after the Allied troops had gone would be suppressed, as in East Berlin and in Hungary. Such a patent and spiritless submission by NATO to Russian power could conceivably lead to a united effort among the Allies to breathe new life and strength into it as the sole means of resisting further demands. On the other hand, and perhaps more probably, it could lead to the collapse of NATO and the withdrawal of American forces from Europe, leaving no effective obstacle to Russian will on the continent.

The only visible alternative is to use western conventional power to remove obstacles to traffic to and from Berlin, both on land and in the air. This course presents grave dangers, but also possibilities. The dangers are very real. If the Soviet Union wished to employ enough of its conventional force, it could prevent an opening of traffic with Berlin. To respond to the superior Russian power with a nuclear strategic attack would be as unwise as to initiate one at the outset—even more unwise since any possibility of surprise would be gone. And the Soviet Union might be able not only to stop the forcing of traffic through to Berlin but also to occupy some or all of West Germany.

Moreover, if this third alternative is to have a real chance of success, the Soviets must be convinced that we are genuinely determined to keep traffic to Berlin open, at whatever risk, rather than abandon the people of Berlin and permit the whole western position to crumble. To that end, there is much to be done between now and the end of May and little sign of its being done—a real concerting of plans with our allies, a building up of NATO power in Europe, an increase in American troop strength and a return of British and French divisions to the continent, possibly Turkish and Italian reinforcements, and a strengthening of NATO's tactical air force. At home the unwise demobilization of our army strength since Korea should be reversed and a crash ICBM program put into immediate effect. All of this is of the greatest importance, but it does not decide—though it helps in the decision—what to do if Berlin is again blockaded.

Suppose these things are done. Let us then consider the matter of enforcing a blockade from the Soviet view. For it presents problems for them too. If NATO should assemble a substantial force, as has been suggested, and be prepared to fight for the route to Berlin, what are the possible costs of fighting to the Kremlin? These the Russian leaders would have to consider carefully, since quiet and undiscussed preparation by the West would have disclosed the will to resist.

The costs could be considerable. Khrushchev has threatened to use the forces of the Warsaw Pact countries. But these countries are none too reliable. Fighting over Berlin might lead to explosions in East Germany, Poland, Hungary and, possibly, in Czechoslovakia. The Russian rear could be in turmoil overnight. Then, too, while no sensible man on either side would advise the use of nuclear weapons, strategic or tactical, no one can be sure what might happen as tensions rose with actual fighting. Especially unpredictable would be the course of events if Russian troops attempted to occupy West Germany. Either side could believe that such an extremity would lead the other to seek the advantage of the first nuclear blow and, hence, to anticipate its opponent. All of this the Kremlin must weigh in the scales. The stakes are high; so are the risks. Judged on past performance, Soviet leadership has not been reckless.

So we begin to see that, as in all crucial decisions, the choice lies between alternatives neither of which holds out clear promise of success and both of which bristle with danger. To choose a passive resistance to a blockade offers little hope of raising it or of saving Berlin. It also runs grave risk of ending NATO and leaving Europe, and probably the Middle East and North Africa, under Russian hegemony. On the other hand, to move vigorously to prepare as substantial a force as possible to keep communication with Berlin open and to be united in the determination to use it, if necessary, has one advantage. It might prevent a blockade or end one. It is also true that it might fail to do either; and it might precipitate a nuclear strategic exchange.

Is it likely to do the latter? As already suggested, insofar as conduct in Moscow will, when the time comes, be guided by reason, the chances are against all-out nuclear war. But this conclusion is only tenable if Moscow should believe from the extent of the preparations made and from the posture of NATO—and I do not mean from speeches and communiqués—that both the will and quite considerable capacity existed to keep routes open. The Kremlin would be acting with unaccustomed recklessness if it responded to an attempt to open a route to Berlin by a nuclear attack on the United States.

It would be only a little less reckless to throw large Soviet conventional forces into a great battle in Germany. If this, however, should be done, the chances of intercontinental nuclear war begin to increase, for reasons already given. And if Soviet strategists were determined to push through to an invasion of Western Europe, as a measure of retaliation, it is difficult to believe that they would do so without trying to eliminate the Strategic Air Command by nuclear strikes. All of this, as already stated, seems to involve a willingness on the part of the Kremlin to assume risks to expand its power which would not be characteristic. But it is possible.

One further contingency must be examined. It is the possibility that a military effort to keep the routes to Berlin open—prepared as well as possible and executed as well as possible—may fail without a nuclear strike by either side. Such a situation would show wisdom and restraint by both sides, but one should not rely on its probability. However, would the West be better off, or worse off, than if it had adopted a purely passive resistance and arrived at the same result? The arguments that it would then be in a better position seem the stronger.

For suppose that there is a battle for Berlin, and the battle is won by the Communists, without global nuclear war. Then, at least, the bitter experience of defeat would have driven home a lesson and might well have inspired the will to act upon that lesson. For there would then be only one course left open to the western alliance, which would have to be pursued with the utmost urgency, in the interests of simple survival.

Politically this would be the unification of Western Europe under the leadership of France and Germany and the closest political and military attachments with the United Kingdom and North America. It would call also for the immediate stepping up of military preparations, with a view to developing a conventional defense in Europe strong enough in modern nonnuclear weapons—and possibly strategic nuclear ones—to be secure against any threats or force except on a scale certain to precipitate nuclear exchange. And finally, it would require an organization for economic expansion and development in the free world which no Communist system could rival.

Only this could turn an unparalleled disaster and hazard into an asset, as was done in both 1947 and 1949, and with the same stimulus.

Does this analysis depict a progression of events in which the world is moving inevitably to disaster either by the disappearance of the free part of the world or by mutual destruction? I do not think so. At every step in the analysis we see that Khrushchev has the advantage of being able to turn back from the use of force at any time, without loss of prestige and, perhaps, with gain of it. The West, which has the task of holding—not expanding—its position, does not have this freedom. Its policy, therefore, must be to give Khrushchev positive as well as negative inclination to peaceful adjustments. This is not likely to be found in a "solution" of the "Berlin question" or of the "German question," but might come through discussion of all sorts of matters and negotiations upon those where agreement might offer not one-sided but mutual benefit. The difficulty in the way of a solution of the Berlin question or of the German question, as the Russians use these terms, is that to them the solution of the former is a surrender of Berlin and of the latter, a defenseless Germany. Either or both mean the withdrawal of the United States from Europe.

However, in related fields interests on each side of the Iron Curtain may be served. The discussions on the stopping of nuclear tests and prevention of surprise attack could, if the Kremlin really wants mutually fair agreements, be pushed to conclusions. A European zone free of nuclear weapons might be quite possible if all parties involved would reconsider their military strategy from a fresh and wholly modern point of view.

But none of these avenues will lead to possible agreement if the Russians attempt to use them to break the West European-North American connection. That is vital, absolutely vital, to the whole future of civilization. And that is precisely what is at stake in Berlin, if Khrushchev means what he says. Perhaps he does not. Perhaps the official optimists may be correct, and Khrushchev's threat to Berlin will turn out to have been only a tactical bargaining move. But it is a fearful chance to take.

Wiser men would remember that "the mode by which the inevitable comes to pass is effort." They would know that the best way of bringing about the outcome is to convince Mr. Khrushchev, by quiet action rather than loud words, that we and our allies are genuinely determined to maintain our right of access to Berlin—on the ground as well as in the air. To do so will involve great risks and mortal dangers. But we have taken risks and faced dangers before in our history, and we have survived them and even profited from them. To fail to face the dangers now will vastly increase the risk of disaster in the end.

Never has there been greater need to follow Spartan practice as one of her kings described it: "In practice we always base our preparations against an enemy on the assumption that his plans are good; indeed, it is right to rest our hopes not on a belief in his blunders, but on the soundness of our provisions."

THE END

"He thinks girls are a dime a dozen—
wait till my lawyer quotes him my price!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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They Make the Strangest Movies

(Continued from Page 29)

otherwise connected with education, has never made a movie, is tone-deaf and partially color-blind.

Yet in 1953 former United States Senator William Benton, sole owner of EBF, promoted Mitchell to the presidency of EBF from an executive position with Muzak, Inc., which Benton also owned at that time. A native New Yorker now forty-three years old, Mitchell previously had been highly successful as an advertising salesman for The New York Times, a country editor, a promotion manager for a newspaper chain, and manager of radio station WTOP in Washington, D. C.

Benton considers Mitchell a master of the art of communication with an intuitive gift for putting his finger on any flaw in a film presentation. Articulate, witty and persuasive, he is also adept in selling the value of films to school boards—which are traditionally wary of new classroom tools—and to teachers all over the country. During his five-year regime, business for EBF has doubled. Its sales now bring in nearly $4,500,000 a year.

While ability to communicate and to sell are prime talents of the boss, patience and ingenuity may well be the outstanding qualities common to the men on his payroll who make the films.

Take Bill Anderson, the housefly's Boswell. Anderson spent 2500 hours researching, scripting, shooting, soundtracking and editing the housefly film. It runs just sixteen minutes.

The housefly is the most exasperating creature Anderson has tackled. He points out that the minutiae involved in capturing the insect in motion and in closeup almost amount to microphotography. In photographing a fly's eyeballs and getting them screen-size, Anderson found that the intense heat of the light either scared away the fly or killed it. He solved the problem by placing a glass flask filled with clear water in front of his lights. The light, passing through the water, hit the fly at a much lower temperature but with approximately the same intensity.

Anderson recalls that he once "lived with an angler fish for three months" before he could get it to move exactly as he wanted with a very slight touch of a tiny stick.

"Too much pressure and he'd panic and swim madly in all directions," Anderson remarked recently. "It's a very delicate matter to move a fish an eighth of an inch."

The same might be said for his successful efforts to force-feed an undernourished leopard frog—one of the wildest and fastest of the frog family. Anderson converted it through friendship into a disciplined actor. When Anderson put "Freddy" on a rock in his laboratory and set a moth within striking distance, the frog would stay put until its friend got back behind his camera. Then, Anderson swears, he could tell by the gleam in Freddy's eye when it was about to snatch the moth.

Anderson has a helpmate, indeed, in his wife Claire, who formerly sold perfume in a Washington, D. C., department store and "hated anything that crawled." Since their marriage, she has become accustomed to babying skunks and weasels, presiding over the hatching of maggots, and having a wolf spider around the house as a pet.

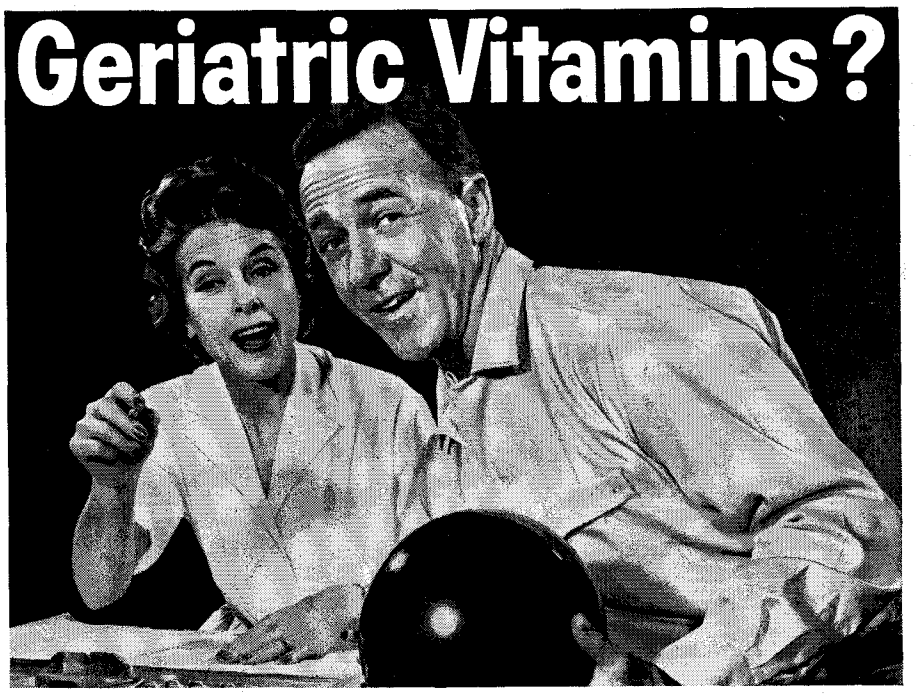
One of Mrs. Anderson's most skittish accomplishments was coaxing a Gila monster—a poisonous lizard—to cross and recross a strip of Arizona desert until her husband considered the "take" just right. She has been bitten twice by nonpoisonous snakes.

Anderson, nonetheless, is a stanch defender of snakes, both poisonous and nonpoisonous. "Reptiles are misunderstood," he maintains. "Most of them are your friends and very useful in the scheme of nature. It's just a matter of acquiring tolerance."

One of his colleagues who hasn't acquired enough, apparently, is Lynwood Chace, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Animals make Chace nervous. He is increasingly afraid of the small animals and insects which are his livelihood. He has had his troubles. Once he was badly beaten by a large swan whose nest he was raiding. And another time, while he was carrying a jar of black-widow spiders, forty-five of them crawled into his clothes and some of them bit him. Chace was sick for a week.

Nonetheless, in his basement Chace keeps a screech owl and live mice for

"Well, it's over with; you visited us, we visited you."



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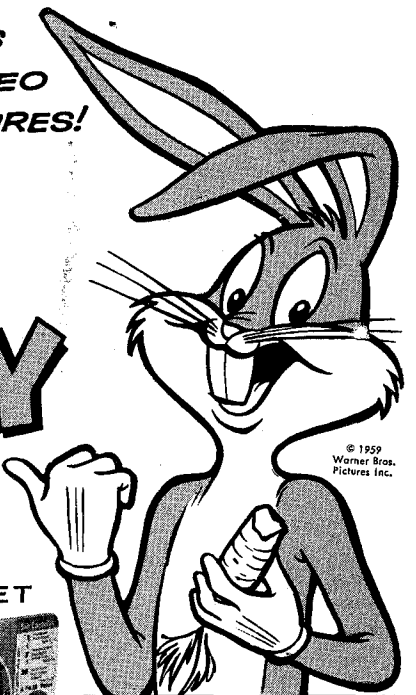

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feeding it. In his back yard he keeps a woodchuck, raccoon, red-tailed hawk, blue jay, wild cottontail rabbit, chipmunk and three more owls. He has been making charming movies for thirty years. His The Adventures of Bunny Rabbit is one of EBF's two all-time best sellers. The other is The Heart and Circulation. He has converted his barn into an indoor forest in order to do Aesop's Fables. Luckily, he finished the three fox fables before his red fox died in 1957, after a fifteen-year career as a star.

Chace has also re-created the race between the tortoise and the hare. One of his problems was to show the hare "addressing" the other animals in the forest. Chace tied a carrot to a long stick driven into the ground and shot at an angle from behind the rabbit, so that when it reached up and nibbled the carrot it appeared to be sitting up and speaking. Lined up before the hare was a captive audience—a horned owl, a rooster and a goose, each with a leg secured to a staple, and a skunk and a fox kept in position by two men, out of camera range, threatening them with broomsticks.

If the problems of photographing wildlife decreased with the size of the subject, all of Roman Vishniac's would be minute. Vishniac, generally regarded as the world's greatest microphotographer, concentrates on life that is unseen by the naked eye. And he feels as much affection for protozoa as Anderson does for reptiles. When he borrows a cupful of invisible specimens from a pond in Central Park, which is near his laboratory-apartment in New York City, he always returns it to approximately the same location by nightfall. He wants to make sure that the protozoa can rejoin their family and neighbors. He is astonished that people should be astonished by this.

"Seen through the microscope, they become extremely personal individuals—my friends," he explains. "I can't destroy them any more than you can destroy your pets—there's no difference."

Russian-born Vishniac, small, bald, and sixty years old, is a refugee from Communism as well as Nazism. He speaks seven languages and holds doctoral degrees in medicine, biology and art. Long a master of the still camera, he once photographed the physics building on the Yale campus as seen through the extracted eye of a firefly. A firefly's eye has 4600 lenses, compared to the single lens in a human eye.

"I'm trying to prove the complexity of all life," he says. He believes that scientists have the wrong view of one-celled animals because they study them in a preserved state on slides. In his opinion, the only way to study protozoa is by recording them in motion and exactly as they live.

"Every time I look into the microscope I see something new," Vishniac comments. "New situations, new activities! It's a whole world in one drop of water—plants and animals, breathtakingly beautiful in design and color. Sometimes enemies turn up and then you see some interesting drama."

Not all educational-film producers are so highly specialized as Vishniac. One of the most versatile is forty-seven-year-old Milan Herzog, whose 150 productions range from The Medieval Guilds to the life of the chipmunk. Herzog is a former Yugoslav newspaperman, and his knowledge of Europe helps him to take advantage of localities there. Filming The Crusades in Southern France, he recruited part of a local French regiment to be his crusaders and infidels—in return for rations. When he costumed the soldiers in chain mail and armed them with flat swords and lances, Herzog recalls, the problem was not to inspire them to fight realistically. They were spirited twenty-year-olds and the problem was rather to keep them from killing or maiming one another!

Production of historical films for educational purposes requires the utmost fidelity to authentic detail. Sometimes the researchers know more about the people they are immortalizing than the people know about themselves. They had to show the Quinaielt Indians of the Pacific Northwest how to carve out a log canoe as their forefathers did. They taught Sioux boys to shoot bows and arrows, and Iroquois Indians to chant in the tradition of their ritual antidevil dance.

In one instance, the demand for authenticity paid off literally. Director Robert Longini, updating a film about Canada, asked a mining engineer, Ron Stokes, to dress like a sourdough and demonstrate how the miners used to pan gold. Stokes took Longini to a public park in Vancouver as a likely-looking setting. As the camera ground away, Stokes panned, washed—and there at the bottom of his pan was gold!

Some educational films use top actors. British actor Roddy Hughes portrayed Mr. Pickwick in a movie based on characters of Charles Dickens.

Authenticity also has cost EBF some sales. When it decided to film the story of Paul Revere, the first idea was to follow Longfellow's poem. But historian Allan Nevins, collaborating on the project, pointed out that the poem was full of inaccuracies. So the ride was staged as historians now believe it happened, and called it The True Story of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.

Among other discrepancies, the movie showed that Revere wasn't across the river waiting for "one, if by land, and two, if by sea." In reality, it was he who told the sexton to show two lanterns. Then he jumped into a boat and rowed across the river. The lantern was for a substitute rider—not mentioned by Longfellow—in case Revere was captured. Revere was in fact captured by a British patrol—something else ignored by Longfellow—but fast-talked the redcoats into letting him go. Some professional Paul Revere fans in New England offered to buy a batch of prints of the film on condition that EBF put back all the poet's errors. EBF refused.

EBF has used some nonprofessional actors in its effort to achieve complete accuracy in depicting historical figures. Abraham Lincoln, for example, had a high-pitched, rather nasal voice, unlike those of most actors who have played him, and that's the way he sounds in the productions. Benjamin Franklin is always portrayed for EBF by Samuel Otis, a Winnetka, Illinois, architect and retired stock-company actor who not only looks remarkably like Franklin but also has made himself a minor authority on the subject of his double.

In the overriding concern for historical accuracy, the educational film producer cannot afford to lose sight of the importance of dramatic effect, according to John Barnes, another EBF director. Barnes won a 1953 Academy Award nomination in the documentary field for his production, The Living City, which dramatized the cycle of urban decay. He now specializes in historical subjects, such as The Pilgrims, Chaucer, Shakespeare, The Renaissance, Captain John Smith, and The Oregon Trail. All are noted for their emotional impact.

"I had always felt," Barnes says, "that most educational films were dull, badly photographed, appallingly acted and directed, and edited by accident. If they are dull, the film maker has failed. To me, history is dramatic."

The cost of producing an educational film varies. Coronet's expenditures range from $10,000 to $20,000 per movie. EBF spends from $6,000 to $25,000.

EBF's Barnes gets a lot for his money by shooting many of his productions in their natural settings in England. Available to him there is a wealth of appropriate acting talent and props. For example, he shot the climax of his film on Shakespeare in the basement prop room of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon. This gave him the choice of a dozen Yorick skulls and Brutus' daggers.

But it made the theater prop man nervous. Live performances of Romeo and Juliet were going on overhead at the time. In fact, as soon as Barnes' camera panned over the rope ladder which Juliet lets down for Romeo, the prop was whipped out of the room, up the stairs and on-stage just in time for the last balcony scene.

But re-creating history is easy compared to reconstructing complicated scientific experiments. EBF has found that a couple of bizarre experiments by Otto von Guericke, the seventeenth-century German scientist, didn't work exactly as described in his books. In 1654 Von Guericke created a vacuum between two copper hemispheres which, he reported, couldn't be pulled apart by the combined strength of sixteen powerful draft horses. The horses were divided into two teams of eight horses each pulling from opposite sides of the sphere. For its film, Atmospheric Pressure, EBF checked out the experiment, following closely a famous print which shows Von Guericke staging the demonstration at Magdeburg before the Emperor Ferdinand III and the Imperial Diet.

The stunt was re-enacted with hackney horses at an Illinois dairy farm. Sure enough, the horses couldn't pull the globe apart—they wouldn't pull together at all. Not even two teams of two horses each could be made to pull in unison. Film crewmen ruefully concluded that either Von Guericke was a hammy showman or had the advantage of two superbly trained teams of seventeenth-century horses.

An EBF axiom is: "We will kill ourselves to make something work the way it actually does, even if there is an easy way to fake it." One of its most remarkable films is The Ears and Hearing, which has had 150,000 showings in high-school biology and physiology classes. It contains the most famous single shot in educational-film history: the *anvil*, *hammer* and *stirrup* of the middle ear responding furiously to sound waves—as viewed from the inside of a human head. Three heads, each cut in half, were used before the shot was considered satisfactory. Procuring fresh human heads in itself would seem to pose a delicate problem. They were obtained at a Chicago morgue from corpses which had been willed to medical science.

The photographer of another EBF movie, Your Voice, was able to show an opera singer's vocal cords in action by shooting down her throat. The girl managed to run through the entire scale despite the fact that the intense light was singeing her membranes.

Many EBF science films were made under the supervision of the University of Chicago's late, renowned Dr. Anton J. Carlson, the "dean of the physiologists." Doctor Carlson was an enthusiastic collaborator. Once, when he couldn't find a volunteer to have his stomach pumped, he pumped his own.

EBF's science projects have become increasingly ambitious in the last two years. In 1957 it produced the biggest single film project ever undertaken when it filmed in color 162 physics lectures and demonstrations by the eminent Dr. Harvey White, of the University of California. During the 1957–58 school term the films were used as a survey course in 400 high schools, many of which were otherwise dependent on a few overworked physics teachers, or had none at all.

EBF is now filming a whole year's chemistry course of 160 lectures and demonstrations. The American Chemical Society chose handsome Dr. John Baxter, of the University of Florida, as the "master teacher" to give the course.

A third science project, which will top both of these, began last spring at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, an independent-minded M.I.T. physicist, felt that the concept and method of teaching introductory physics—largely through applied technology—have been obsolete in American high schools since 1926. He conceived of a course which would teach basic physics "as it seems to physicists in 1958." He (*Continued on Page 90*)

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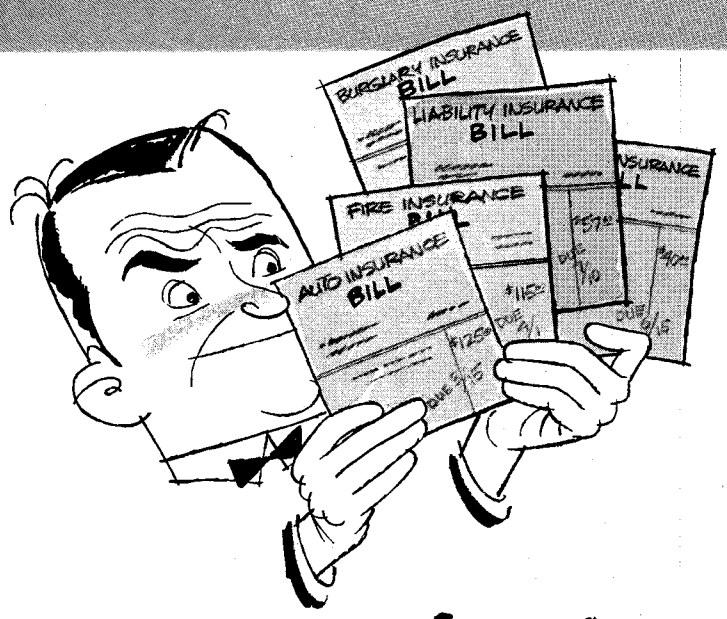

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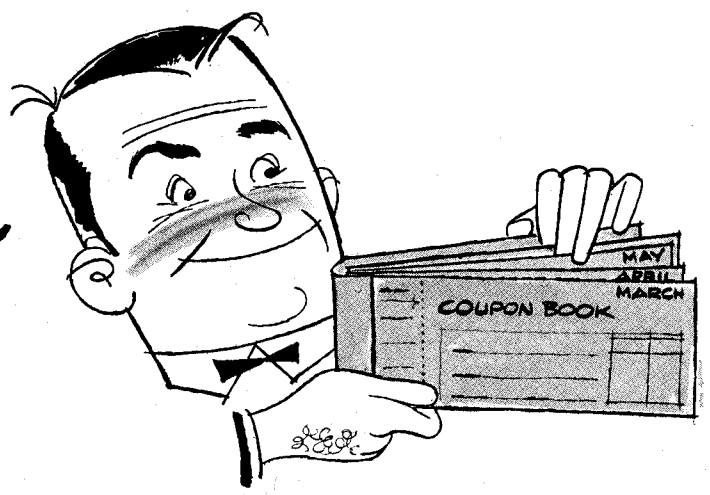

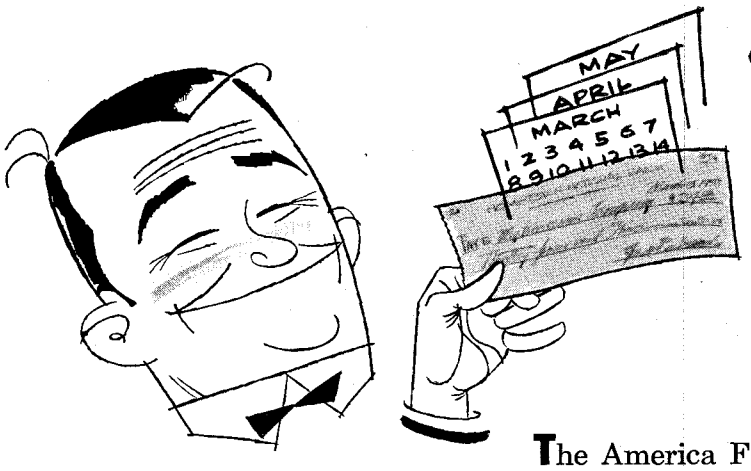

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(*Continued from Page 88*) wanted it filmed as seventy separate experiments by distinguished physicists.

The new approach calls for a new textbook, a new curriculum, and do-it-yourself laboratory equipment which the student can fashion from cheap household materials. Financed by the National Science Foundation and the Fund for the Advancement of Education, the project will cost about $750,000 for the films alone and was tried in more than 300 high schools starting in September.

Last spring EBF filmed fifteen fifty-five-minute lectures by Arnold Toynbee, the British historian, as he delivered them to a class at Washington and Lee University. Toynbee's analysis of history proved to be provocative, but his stationary lecturer's stance—with downcast eyes—left something to be desired. One staff member commented that Toynbee "looks like someone engaged in a fifteen-hour investigation of whether his pants are falling down." The cameramen varied the monotony by switching to close-ups of maps and other props.

EBF's movies are sold in fifty-four foreign countries and have been translated into thirteen languages. Coronet Films has had its films translated into eighteen languages.

EBF traces its ancestry to ERPI (Electrical Research Products, Inc.) Classroom Films, organized in 1929 by the Western Electric Company, which held patents on 16mm. sound projectors. William Benton purchased ERPI in 1943 and made it a subsidiary of his newly acquired Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. In 1956 Benton made EBF wholly independent of the book firm. After the election that year he got Adlai Stevenson to become head of EBF's advisory board, which is made up of prominent businessmen and educators. Benton, who had long been fascinated with the potentiality of films in education, is touting them now as the best immediate answer to the teacher shortage.

EBF movies have been used on television. But Mitchell points out that "you lose size and probably color and the option of previewing the film, which a teacher should do if she uses the film right. And you lose control—the option of stopping the projector and running it over."

A convention of North Carolina tobacco growers once decided to view an EBF film on tobacco as an informative diversion. This became the least enthusiastic audience in EBF history when the tobacco growers discovered that the theme was the harmful effects of tobacco.

This film was made by Warren Everote, EBF vice-president in charge of production. Everote takes his work ultraseriously. After making movies about the effects of alcohol and tobacco on the human system and of sugar on the teeth, he gave up drinking, smoking and eating sweets.

"But I swear I'll never make one about women," he says.

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GUMOUT DIVISION • Pennsylvania Refining Co.
Cleveland 4, Ohio

Secret Life (Continued from Page 22)

"We'll see. I'm going now."

But Marjorie Howgill had the last word—the most annoying last word any wife could have devised. "Then I'll pack for you," she said.

James Howgill took his holiday; it seemed the simplest way of initiating the break. He went for three weeks to a small hotel on one of the Italian lakes, where the food was wonderful, and his sense of freedom positively rapturous. He enjoyed a brief "romance," with a French girl who approached the whole thing on such a matter-of-fact, yet generous, basis that only a boor or a fool could have remained aloof. There was nothing to it, of course; they were simply ships passing in the night. But it was an augury for the future which he cherished. Life, for James Howgill, was not yet over.

When he returned to London, he settled down in a small service flat near Jermyn Street. There was no word from Marjorie, and he did not attempt to make contact; he was seeking to show her that his determination was as strong as ever, and that their marriage—divorce or no divorce—was over.

But presently, as the months went by, the situation began to irk him. Their friends had accepted the break with twentieth-century tolerance, but it was still less than satisfactory. He was married, and yet he was not married. If any "chances" came his way, he was still not free to make the most of them. The wonderful sense of liberation which he had experienced in Italy had degenerated into a dubious marital twilight.

By and by, grown impatient, he went to call on the firm of solicitors who had handled his affairs for fifteen years. They were not exactly go-ahead, but they might have some ideas.

Mr. Johnstone, senior partner of Seymour, Johnstone, Cripps & Knatchbull, received him with the deference due to a medium-rich stockbroker and the reserve natural in a man-of-law whose specialty was property management. Though he knew James Howgill's domestic situation from hearsay, he had been hoping that it would not be necessary for his firm to take an official hand in it.

When James Howgill had told him what he had in mind, Mr. Johnstone said, "My dear Howgill, you astonish me!" He did not look astonished, merely attentive. "You say there is no possibility of a reconciliation?"

"None whatever."

"Perhaps you have—ah—other personal plans?" inquired Mr. Johnstone delicately.

"Not at the moment," said James Howgill. "But, of course, I might have, later on. Just now, I simply want to be free."

"Ah, freedom," intoned Mr. Johnstone, looking as though he would like to make a speech about it. "And Mrs. Howgill—you say she will not take any action herself? In any circumstances?"

"So she said. And I believe her."

Finger tips together, lips pursed, Mr. Johnstone considered the matter. "Then, if you are so determined, you must initiate divorce proceedings yourself," he said finally. "Let us review the possible grounds of such an action. Mental or physical cruelty?"

• •

Morning Becomes Electric

By Philene Hammer

The radio begins to sing,
Then sets the coffee perking;
With clicks and buzzes
everything
(But me) has started
working.

Electrically I get fed
With little fuss or strain;
Now where can I plug in
my head
To galvanize my brain?

• •

James Howgill shook his head. "No. She's not like that."

"Desertion?"

"I don't see how we could make it stick."

Mr. Johnstone frowned at the slang phrase. "Let us agree that the desertion, if any, is on your side. There remains"—and here he gathered himself together, impelled to face crude reality—"the possibility of another man."

James Howgill shook his head again. "No. She's not like that, either."

"You are certain?"

"As certain as anyone could be."

"Women unaccustomed to living alone sometimes ——" began Mr. Johnstone, and then coughed. "We must take steps to find out," he concluded finally.

"How do you mean?"

Mr. Johnstone leaned forward. If it were possible for so benign a man to look conspiratorial, he did so now. "We must have her watched," he declared firmly.

"Detectives?" asked James Howgill, slightly appalled.

Mr. Johnstone raised an admonitory hand. "Private-inquiry agents. Of the most discreet kind."

The "private-inquiry agents, of the most discreet kind," resolved themselves, three days later, into a man with the especially discreet name of Bates. Bates was small, gray, invincibly ordinary; he did not even wear a bowler hat. One could not have picked him out in a crowd, thought James Howgill, looking at him with curiosity; in fact, one could scarcely have picked him out in an empty room.

For some reason, Howgill found this anonymity comforting; he had been feeling slightly guilty at the idea of employing detectives to watch his wife, but this man somehow excused the whole idea.

The two of them settled the details which Bates must have in order to begin his vigil: Marjorie's address; her appearance—James Howgill produced a year-old snapshot; her known habits—very few; her principal friends. Then Bates folded away the slip of paper on which he had taken his notes and stood up.

"Leave it to us, Mr. Howgill," he said. "If she's playing you up, we'll find it out."

James Howgill did not care for the phrase at all. "It's very unlikely ——"

"Human nature," said Bates, not hearing him. "You think you've seen it all, and then you suddenly get a thumb right in the eye. . . . What coverage do you want?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"One man can't work all the way round the clock," said Bates. Somehow, discussing terms and—presumably—money, he had taken on a certain measure of authority. "That's human nature of another sort. . . . Over the years, we've worked out the best way. It takes three men, in three watches: eight A.M. to four P.M., four P.M. to midnight, midnight to eight A.M."

"Like the navy," said James Howgill.

"No doubt. . . . Do you want them all?"

"I hardly think that will be necessary."

"Two out of the three, then?"

"Well—yes."

"Which do you want to leave out?"

James Howgill felt uncomfortable. "The nighttime one," he said at length. "I don't think ——"

Bates appeared surprised. "Very promising watch, the midnight to eight A.M.," he said. "If there's any real funny business ——"

James Howgill felt a sudden need to end the conversation. "To start with, I'd prefer to leave out the nighttime watch," he said firmly. (*Continued on Page 92*)

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World's favorite shirt style goes wash and wear!

New Arrow Trump—with famous non-wilt collar now in ARROW-PERFECTED wash and wear—only $4.00

Men *swear* by this classic shirt style. More men wear it than any other. Its non-wilt collar is renowned for handsome lines, comfort and a two-fisted ability to shrug off wrinkles.

Wash it by hand. Wash *and* dry it in a machine (using the new wash-and-wear cycle). This is Arrow's famous "Time-Saver" "Sanforized" fabric. No ironing, no fuss . . . positively no muss. The *Trump* is *perfected*, 100% cotton wash and wear. Dries smooth, neat, ready for the most important dress-up occasion. And it *stays* fresh and immaculate all day, all evening.

Treat yourself to a box of *Trump* classics today. You'll appreciate the *quality extras* that only Arrow assures. The difference is remarkable. The price is only $4.00. All-Silk Tie, $2.50.

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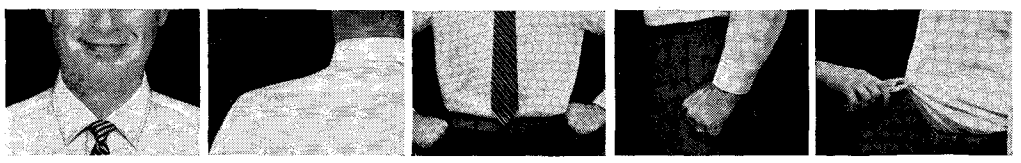

MEN PREFER ARROW 5-TO-1 because of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" labeled fabrics.

ARROW

first in fashion

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(*Continued from Page 90*) "The other two will be quite enough."

Bates shrugged. "Suit yourself." He prepared to take his final leave. "You won't see me again," he said, surprisingly. "After this, only written reports. Once a day, delivered by hand. In case of emergency, one of my associates will telephone. In case of special emergency, I will telephone myself."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Terms," said Bates, his authority now coming to a sharp head. "Five pounds per watch per day. Payable in advance."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Expenses extra."

"Very well."

"Photographs by arrangement."

For two days, during which James Howgill endeavored to suppress his guilty feeling that what he was doing was not cricket, the reports from Bates were dull—as dull, indeed, as Howgill had expected them to be. "Made visual contact with Subject, established residence, and so on," said the first; and the second: "Subject shopped Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly; all female wearing apparel. Subject partook lunch unescorted at Berkeley Buttery."

Even apart from the atrocious phraseology, it was not a particularly good twenty pounds' worth, save from the moral aspect; and James Howgill, given a few more such innocuous days, might well have called the whole thing off, there and then. But only those first two reports were innocuous.

The third report was narrative in style, and longer. "Subject was called for at own residence by an Unidentified Male Escort at 6:20 P.M.," it began. "They emerged at 7 P.M. They seemed on good terms with each other. Subject was laughing frequently. Followed taxi to Savoy Hotel, where Subject and Escort partook three martinis each, plus sandwiches. They then went to Haymarket Theatre, sitting in stalls, fourth row. They emerged at 11:10 P.M., and took taxi to Cascade Club (superior supper-and-dance club in Clarges street). Watch ceased at midnight in accordance with your instructions, by which time Subject had not reappeared."

James Howgill read this through a second time, very carefully, with an odd feeling of depression. All sorts of phrases in it started promising trends of thought; and yet his prime feeling was one of disappointment. How very unlike Marjorie it was! "Male Escort"—"on good terms with each other"—"three martinis"—"supper-and-dance club in Clarges street"—it could be construed as the road to ruin itself. And she had actually stayed out after midnight. That was something which hadn't happened for a very long time.

But apparently it was something he would have to get used to, for Report No. 4 gave him a great deal more to think about.

"Subject emerged from residence at 12:10 P.M.," it began. "Took taxi to Brown's Hotel, and lunched with Male Escort of previous night. Subsequently visited Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square. Sat back row of balcony. Could be observed holding hands. Subject returned home 5:45 P.M., reappeared at 7:30 P.M. in evening attire. Took taxi to Barchester Hotel. Met in foyer by Male Escort (not same as previous) whom she greeted as 'Darling.' They proceeded to Suite 807 on eighth floor. Dinner for two served at 9 P.M. (lobster, champagne, other courses.) Discontinued watch at midnight, as arranged.

"NOTE: Escorts will henceforth be identified as No. 1, No. 2, and so on. No. 1 is medium build, conservative dress, military bearing. No. 2 identified from hotel register as Jack Carpenter, American citizen, New York."

While James Howgill was reading this, with feelings so mixed that he could not have classified any of them, his office phone rang. It was a man's voice, low-pitched, authoritative.

"Mr. Howgill?"

"Yes?"

"I have a message for you from Mr. Bates."

"Who?" asked James Howgill, confused by the conspiratorial tone.

"Mr. Bates."

"Oh, yes! The ——"

"Quite so," interrupted the voice swiftly. "The message is as follows. Bearing in mind the reports on the matter we have in hand, do you wish to increase coverage?"

"Well, I don't know," answered James Howgill. And in truth, he did not. The last report was astonishing; he was once again sorry that he had put the thing in hand, but his reasons were now very different. His wife? Holding hands in cinemas? Champagne suppers with Americans, lasting half the night? She must be out of her mind!

Wishing to gain time, he said: "Are you—er—one of the ——" How did one say it? "—— the people involved?"

Most girls know what kind of man they want to marry. The trouble is, there aren't enough rich men to go around.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"That is so," answered the voice, extremely cagily.

"Which one?"

"You mean, the time of day?"

"Yes."

"I cease operations at midnight," said the voice.

"And you really think ——"

"It is Mr. Bates' view that we will not bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion unless we cover the remainder of the twenty-four-hour period."

"Very well," said James Howgill, after a pause, unhappily. "Let's do that."

"I may say that Mr. Bates is extremely optimistic," concluded the voice, and rang off.

If Mr. Bates was optimistic, James Howgill was not. He was, in fact, vilely depressed. It was really too bad of Marjorie to behave like this. She had never done so with him; indeed, the most defeating aspect of their marriage had been that she never wanted to go anywhere and was content to sit placidly at home from one end of the year to another. But now, without him, she seemed to have gone off the rails completely.

Twinges of jealousy, unknown for ten years, assailed him. How dare Escort No. 1, "of military bearing," hold her hand in a darkened cinema? How dare Jack Carpenter, American citizen, ply her with lobsters and champagne, up till midnight and beyond? Dash it all, she was a respectable married woman!

But there was worse to come.

First it was Report No. 5. "Flowers were delivered to Subject's residence at 10 A.M.," it began forthrightly. "They appeared to be roses. Subject partook of lunch with Male Escort No. 1 at Zoological Gardens restaurant. Escort appeared in bad temper, subsequently quarreled outside Reptile House and walked away. Subject returned home, later emerged and drove to Barchester Hotel, where she dined in grill room with Male Escort No. 2 (Carpenter.)

"Subject partook of wine, and was overheard to say: 'I am bored,' to which Carpenter replied: 'Lucio ———'s (name not clear) plane is due at one o'clock. Let us meet it.' Subject said: 'My goodness, do you know him?' and Carpenter replied: 'We have been buddies since Hoover was a boy.'

"At twelve midnight they summoned taxi and told driver to go to Heath Row airport. I reported this to my relief, who followed them thereto and will doubtless give details later. As they drove off, Subject inquired: 'Is he really as devastating as they say?' Reply was inaudible."

James Howgill was digesting this with increasing dismay, when his telephone rang. This time it was Mr. Bates himself, his voice positively charged with excitement. "Mr. Howgill," he said, "I think we're on to something big."

"What do you mean?" asked James Howgill.

"I can't communicate the details over the telephone," said Bates curtly. "But I'm sending a report by special messenger. It should be there any minute."

"Special messenger?" repeated Howgill, in agony. "What is it?"

"You saw the last report?"

"Of course."

"Then you know that the Subject met a certain party at Heath Row."

"What party?" The ridiculous word seemed to touch a raw nerve.

"I can't say over the phone," repeated Bates. "But I'll tell you this, Mr. Howgill. That extra coverage was cheap at the price!"

James Howgill tore open the envelope. The first sentence, and the name that it contained, hit him like a monstrous wave.

"Passenger arriving at Heath Row airport was Lucio Ambrosini," it began. "Name will be familiar. Subject, Escort and Ambrosini drove off in limousine (hired) after animated greeting, press interviews, and so on. Prior to departure, Ambrosini embraced Subject and remarked: 'I like you, baby. Let us get this show on the road.' Party drove to Barchester Hotel, where Ambrosini had engaged so-called Presidential Suite (14th floor). At 3 A.M. party emerged, drove to Cascade Club, subsequently to Milroy (Park Lane), Giotti's (Conduit Street) and the Ring of Belles (off Grosvenor Square.)

"On returning to Barchester Hotel (6 A.M.), Escort No. 2 (Carpenter) said good-by in foyer, remarking: 'I know when I am licked.' Subject and Ambrosini proceeded to Presidential Suite, Ambrosini inquiring: 'Are you licked yet, baby?' and Subject replying: 'I have only just started. What is for breakfast?' Ambrosini answered: 'Fried Ambrosini.' Both laughed. Subject had not emerged from Presidential Suite at 8 A.M."

Lucio Ambrosini. . . . The name itself was enough for a divorce action, thought James Howgill in a fury; Ambrosini had been cited in at least five of them, to the accompaniment of uproarious scandal and maximum headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. He was rich, elegant, much-traveled, a household word in far too many households. He was a true international playboy, though he held some marginal diplomatic post which could not have occupied his time for more than a week in any one year. He drove racing cars into trees, horses into water jumps, women into transports of delight and floods of tears. He was Lucio Ambrosini, married three times, the bane of husbands from Capri to Cape Cod. It was said that he had only to look at a woman ——

James Howgill crumpled up the report and hurled it into the fireplace. Then he reached for his hat. This ridiculous thing had gone far enough.

James Howgill faced his wife, across the sitting room—his own sitting room.

"But where have you been?" he asked again. "I've been ringing the doorbell here for nearly a week." He tried to make his tone a commanding one, but it came out as a sort of pleading complaint—the way, in fact, that he felt at this moment. Marjorie was really looking quite beautiful. . . . There had been all those men—and Lucio Ambrosini to top them off. . . . She must have something, after all, and he had never been able to find it, until now. . . . His thoughts were confused, while Marjorie, he observed with deep misgiving, was composed and cool.

"I was away, James," she answered. "It was lonely here. I took a little holiday."

"A holiday? Where?"

"I stayed with some friends in Scotland."

"What friends?"

"You don't know them, darling." She smiled. It was difficult to say what sort of a smile it was. It might have been secretive. It might have been shy. It was certainly new—or perhaps he hadn't noticed it before. "You've been gone such a long time," she went on. "I'm bound to have made a few new friends."

"How long were you away?"

"About six weeks."

He stared at her, full of jealousy, raging with suspicion, yet powerless to make anything of it. He knew she was not telling the truth, yet he could not charge her with it. That would mean confessing about the detectives, and he was deeply ashamed of them and of a lot of other things. And if he told her about the detectives, she might be angry and turn him out again. He couldn't stand that. Not now.

"I hope you haven't been too lonely," he said awkwardly.

"Not too lonely. Of course, I've missed you."

Marjorie smiled again, the same smile. It annoyed him, plagued him and intrigued him. He felt a wave of pure astonishment sweep over him. After all these years, she suddenly intrigued him. . . . Once again, he thought: she must have something, in spite of everything.

Looking at her, he knew it was something he had to have, this time for good. She was not the old Marjorie at all. She was new, tantalizing, feminine. Above all, she was his, to be defended against all comers. If other men were attracted to her, they'd just have to keep their distance.

On an impulse, he walked over and kissed her. Even her lips felt different now. He found himself swearing they must belong to him and to no one else.

"It's nice to be home," he said unsteadily.

Touching his hand, she said: "It is a nice house, isn't it?"

For a moment she wanted to tell him that while she had been away in Scotland, the house—their house—had been let, and to a film actress, of all people. But she decided not to. James was odd about things like that. And strait-laced too. He might not understand. And she could not bear to spoil this moment. James was positively ardent. Life had really been very dull without him.

"It's lovely to be back," she said. "Please stay."

"Forever!" he answered determinedly. "Among other reasons, I don't believe you're safe to leave alone."

"Why, James! What do you mean?"

"You know," he said, with possessive warmth. "But let's never mention it again." THE END

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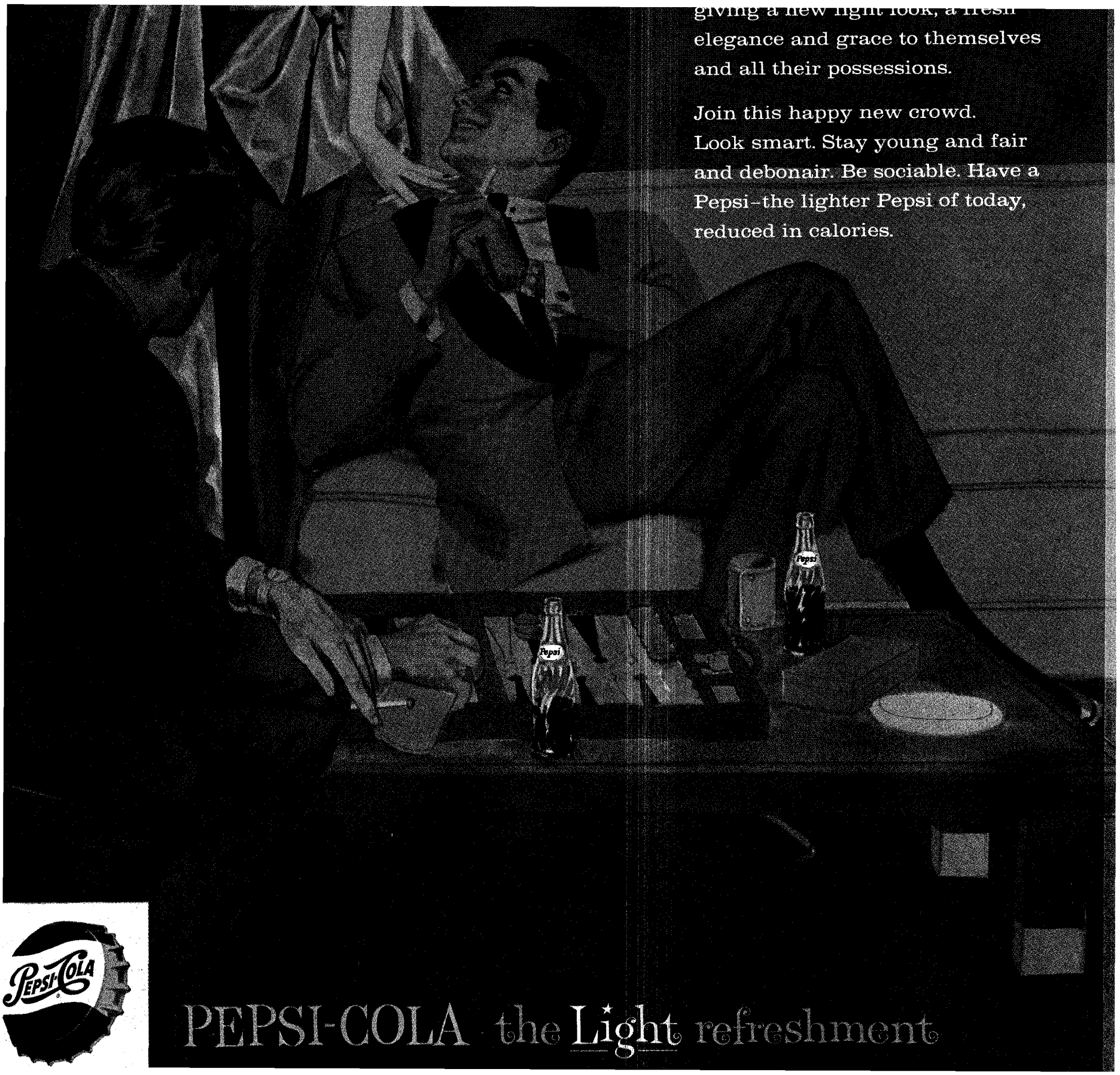
giving a new light look, a fresh
elegance and grace to themselves
and all their possessions.
Join this happy new crowd.
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and debonair. Be sociable. Have a
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PEPSI-COLA the Light refreshment

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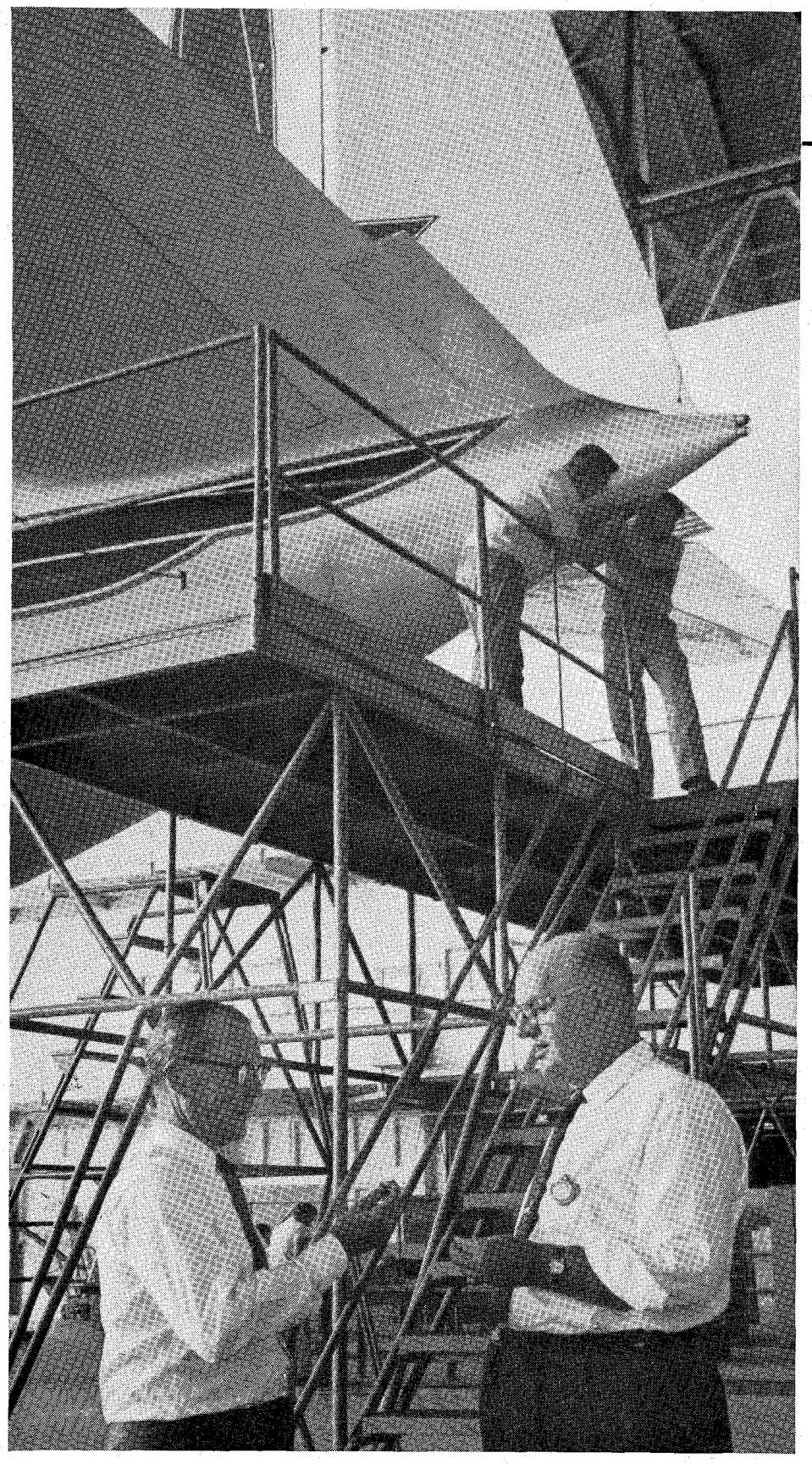
"French fried ear plugs" and "hearing histories" help Lockheed solve the problem of noise

Wausau Story

by **Dr. ROGER B. MAAS** *Hearing Consultant for Employers Mutuals of Wausau*

"IF WE COULD ADD sound to the picture at the left, believe me it would be noisy. This is at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, California . . . and what we see is part of the assembly line where they're turning out the giant new prop-jet Lockheed Electra. This is one of the quietest airliners in the sky but when it's being built, the noise can be intense. Forging hammers shaping the metal . . . riveting, drilling, pounding! You can understand that noise like that might affect a worker's health and safety. It's a big problem.

"Here's the way Lockheed is solving it: First step (nearly 16 years ago) was a survey of the entire plant, using 'sound level meters' to get a scientific measurement of particularly noisy areas and occupations. Then they established their audiometric testing section where specially trained registered nurses measure the hearing of employees who work in noisy areas. At regular and frequent intervals re-checks are made to keep an up-to-date 'hearing history' for each employee—a valuable aid in determining the kind of work compatible with each employee's hearing acuity and stability. They use other hearing protective devices too—ear plugs, muffs and machine noise reducers. I have always admired the hearing conservation program Lockheed pioneered."



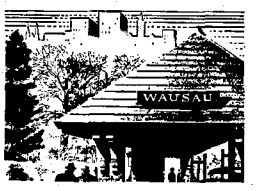
Riveting is noisy work but it doesn't bother the men up there on the platform who are shooting and bucking rivets on the tail assembly of a Lockheed Electra. They wear ear plugs like those being discussed by the two Safety Men in the foreground. That's J. F. Hatton at the right, Lockheed's Chief Safety Engineer, with Carl Parham (left), Accident Prevention Manager from Employers Mutuals' Los Angeles office.

"Hearing Histories" are kept up to date by regular re-checks of employee's hearing. Here Louise Davidson, R.N., in charge of Lockheed's Audiometric Testing Section, re-measures the hearing of Herb Dirlam, sheet metal worker. In the right hand picture you see Era Widle preparing ear plugs according to the "Lockheed recipe." Cotton Strips are impregnated with wax in a process much like ordinary French frying. Lockheed makes and uses as many as 5,000 of these ear plugs every day.

Employers Mutuals is proud of the pioneering leadership of policyholder companies like Lockheed in the battle against noise. Our interest and experience in this field have proved helpful in many places and in many ways. In Wausau, our home town, business men established the first city hearing measurement center. The Visiting Nurses Association handles this free service for employees in Wausau industry. Wherever sound is a problem for Employers Mutuals' policyholders, our experts in hearing protection and noise control are ready to serve. Helping our policyholders prevent accidents of all kinds is our business!

Employers Mutuals has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Midget's Moon (Continued from Page 30)

He said, "Do you have any unemployed midgets?"

I said, "General, all my artists are customarily employed, but from time to time a few are at liberty between bookings. This includes midgets, who, incidentally, are not freaks. Midgets are little people."

He said, "Do you have one midget, male, high IQ, Class-A physical condition, not younger than eighteen or older than thirty?"

His question shook me, I can tell you. No mention of whether this midget sang, danced, impersonated or gave out a line of chatter. However, I was able to give him a quick and truthful answer. "It just so happens that I have the smartest, healthiest male midget since Tom Thumb, who, you will remember, wowed the crowned heads of Europe and various other continents. Furthermore he is at liberty."

"Is your telephone secure?" he asked.

"I suppose so," I told him. "I have not tried to pull it out by the roots recently."

"Don't say another word! Don't mention this midget's name! Get on a plane to Washington immediately. I will be waiting in my office."

General Deacon has what we call a whip voice. But I am not panicked by the Pentagon. I have worked there. I said, "General, I am a businessman, and I cannot abandon my responsibilities to my clients and leave my large staff alone on its own just like that. My time is valuable, and who will pay my expenses? What is this all about?"

He said, "I cannot tell you on the telephone. Civilian phones are never secure. But we will pay all your traveling and living expenses, and in addition you will receive fifty dollars a day as consultant. This matter is vital to the national security. I hope you will come down here right away."

I considered fifty dollars a day, plus living expenses, and found it good. Most of my clients are either circus or other outdoor performers. They have not been fashionable since the country was paralyzed by television and confined indoors. So for several years I have not had so much as a typist, and last spring I was not even paying the rent regular.

I said, "Well, since this is a matter of the national interest, I will come."

In three hours I was in the Pentagon. I came to a corridor inhabited by the Air Research and Development Command, and was directed to another corridor in which was hidden the Air Force Ballistic Missiles Division, and then a guide led me through a steel door into another corridor. On this door were the letters MOLP. They took me to a suite of offices, and in the inner office lived Commander, MOLP, AFBMD, ARDC.

He was a very young major general with a blond mustache and pink cheeks. Two big stars rode his narrow shoulders. But he didn't talk young. He gave my hand three sharp tugs, as if that was the number in regulations, and then an order. "Mr. Stack, tell me about your midget."

"Not so fast," I said. "First tell me what is MOLP and why you want my midget."

He saw that I could not be pushed. "Very well," he said. "MOLP stands for Manned Orbital Lunar Probe."

"What is a lunar probe?"

"A lunar probe is a probe we send around the moon. As you perhaps know if you read the papers, we have sent up four lunar probes, but thus far they have been unmanned lunar probes."

"Why do you do this?"

General Deacon's face turned from baby pink to bright orange. However, I will say this—he controlled himself nicely. "The moon can be an important adjunct to this nation's defense," he said. "It is a natural and quite large satellite. Yet we know very little about the moon, and before we set up a base there we must know much more. So we have been sending out unmanned lunar probes from the Cape. They orbit the moon, photographing it and testing space hazards between us and the moon, such as radiation and meteorites. Then they return and orbit earth, radioing what information they have discovered. This information is stored on magnetic tape. Do you understand me thus far?"

"I do," I said.

"Good. Well, our lunar probes have not been completely satisfactory. An error a fraction of one degree in vector, or a few seconds in the operation of the retro and guidance rockets on the probe, means we don't get quite close enough to the moon. The orbit is not perfect, and the orbit should be perfect. So we want to put a man in the lunar probes to do a few simple things. Push a few buttons and turn knobs at the precise instant. We could construct instruments for this, and instruments are usually more reliable and smarter. But in this case we found that the instruments would weigh more, and weight is a very critical factor."

"Is it?"

"Indeed it is. For every extra pound we can accelerate to escape velocity—that is, twenty-five thousand miles an hour—you have to figure a thousand pounds' total in fuel and first-stage rocket. Dear me!"

He looked sad and weary. I kept silent.

"Our problem seemed insoluble until I had this flash. Why not send up a midget? Could not a fifty-pound midget perform as well as a hundred-and-fifty pound Air Force pilot? Yes, I told myself, if he was a smart midget. And it is not only the matter of weight but of metabolism. A midget would weigh one third as much, but he would require perhaps only one tenth as much oxygen. Therefore his algae garden could be much smaller."

"His what?" I asked.

"His algae garden. The manned lunar probe will have an original supply of oxygen, of course, but the carbon dioxide must be absorbed. Algae absorb carbon dioxide and give off oxygen. So we will have a nicely balanced little probe, internal atmosphere-wise. Also, our midget can eat any surplus algae to add bulk to his capsuled meals. I have it all figured out. The only thing I need is a midget. That is why you are here, Mr. Stack. Tell me about your midget."

"My midget's name is Roscoe LeBlond," I said. "He is twenty-seven-years old. He is thirty-seven inches tall and he weighs forty-eight pounds. He is a bright lad. Got straight A's in high school in Upper Hyannis, Vermont, and was offered a scholarship at Brown. Didn't take it because his family was poor and he was stage-struck. However, there is one thing I must tell you. Before I send any of my talent on tour, I always insist that return passage is guaranteed. Can you do that, General Deacon?"

The ends of his mustache tilted in a briefing-room smile. "I can tell you this much, Mr. Stack. Our last four probes have all gone around the moon and returned safely to earth's orbit."

I wasn't reassured. "Roscoe won't like it in orbit," I said. "I don't want you to guarantee Roscoe's return passage to earth's orbit, but to old Mother Earth, and specifically to New York City, U.S.A. This is a clause you will find in all my contracts."

General Deacon spread out his hands, palms up. His hands were scrubbed and his nails carefully manicured. Gambler's hands. "Everything is risky," he said. "Your Roscoe could get killed crossing Pennsylvania Avenue during the rush hour."

"That is possible," I admitted, "but I think his chances would be better on Pennsylvania Avenue. He would not be going twenty-five thousand miles an hour; he would not be inside a rocket dining on algae. What about a guarantee, General Deacon?"

The general made an admission. "Well, I won't kid you. Orbiting the moon and

"How about a little tonic above the timber line?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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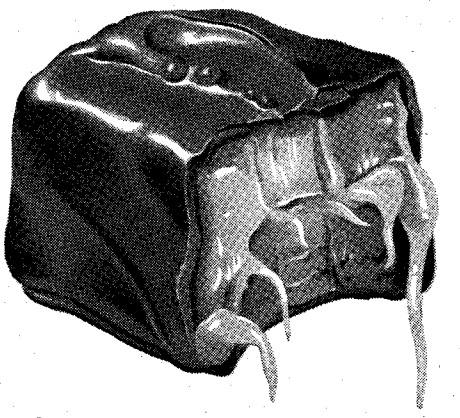

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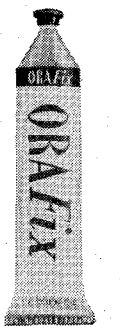

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returning to earth is risky, although we know we have the re-entry and ejection problems licked, and Roscoe will be soundly encapsulated along with the tape and instruments. But when the reward is great, risks must be expected. We will pay your midget a very good salary while he is undergoing physical and psychological tests, and while he is in training. It will require about six months to prepare him. In particular he will have to be indoctrinated in weightlessness. Can't see how we can create a gravity for him without rotating the probe, and rotation would complicate our camera problems. He'll just have to float."

"And what does he get for the junket?" I asked.

"When he returns to earth he will receive fifty thousand dollars. We have a special fund."

Even in the second grade I knew the answer to fifteen per cent of fifty thousand. I had not seen seven and a half gees in one bundle since I booked Tina Torrido, the Mexican Tamale, into the Palace in 'Thirty-nine. Still, it is an agent's right and duty to dicker. "Not so fast, general," I said. "How many instruments will Roscoe replace?"

"Three or four—small, auxiliary ones."

"How much do those instruments cost and what do they weigh?"

He saw my point at once. "Seventy thousand," he offered, "and there will be no more bargaining. The budget does not grant any more for a midget."

"One more thing. He must be paid before you encapsulate him and blast him off. He has family, and should he get stuck in orbit, or something, the fee might be difficult to collect."

"Agreed," the general said.

"I will be on hand to accept the check." I had a disturbing thought. "General, there is one thing I must tell you. Roscoe LeBlond is very bright about everything except women. He has been having domestic difficulties. I hope it will not complicate matters."

And I told Deacon about Myra LeBlond and how she had run off with Peewee Plotski, the famous jockey. Myra is a cute chick and talented. She is thirty-eight inches and a perfect twenty-four, sixteen, twenty-four. She has a voice like a little silver bell, just right for microphone amplification. If she were only two feet taller she could have been another Dinah Shore or Doris Day. The trouble with Myra is that she never reconciled to her size. Peewee Plotski is only five-two, but to her he must have seemed tall and glamorous. And he was winning races—lots of them—while Roscoe was playing kiddy parties and county bazaars. So to me it was understandable when she left Roscoe.

When I'd finished telling about Myra and Peewee, and how Roscoe was emotionally upset and brooding, General Deacon said, "Mr. Stack, I would not worry. It is my opinion that many of our most dangerous polar and jungle explorations have been stimulated by family troubles. When you present our proposition to Roscoe, it may turn out to our advantage."

This was a shrewd observation, and I realized that Deacon was a shrewd general. I told him I would round up Roscoe as speedily as possible. He said that my consultation fees would continue for ten days even if I produced Roscoe immediately. Yes, sir, he is a smooth general.

Next day at lunchtime I found Roscoe, as I knew I would, at Ziggy's Grill off Sixth Avenue. In New York there is a congenial place to eat for everybody. Armenians have a place and Uzbeks have a place and poster men have a place and so do artists in oils. Prizefighters and comics and weight lifters have special places, and Ziggy's is the place for midgets. Ziggy didn't plan it that way. He thought that low counters and tables with stools and chairs to match would make his place look bigger. A couple of weeks after he opened—that was twelve years ago—Ziggy's was discovered by midgets and they have been there ever since.

I have a drama-critic pal who says that when he walks into Ziggy's it makes him feel like Gulliver in Lilliput, and it does the same for me. You would think that Ziggy would go out of business catering to midgets because midgets eat even less than you would think they would eat. It has something to do with metabolism, like General Deacon said. But Ziggy hacks it all right by serving half portions of everything, including drinks. A midget would go wild on two full-size slugs, but at Ziggy's he can lift four or more watered martinis and still stick on the stool.

Part-Time Calendar

By Myrtle Reynolds Adams

My New Year is unorthodox.
It starts when at the sill
The spring sun taps and
through the pane
I glimpse the first blue squill.

My Old Year—an apostate
too—
Ends in the golden fall
The day I tack the bittersweet
Up on the cottage wall.

All the rest—the days of frost
And snow—I relegate
To limbos of mere tolerance,
And there I wait—and wait—

Until the sun on his return
Puts winter to the rout.
That's why I use a calendar
With half the pages out!

Anyway, there was Roscoe sitting at the counter, nibbling a ham sandwich about the size they serve on silver trays at wedding receptions. I sat down beside him. At his elbow a newspaper was open at the sports page, and he was glowering at it. Usually midgets are round-faced and pudgy, since they do not indulge in many sports, such as football or putting the shot, but Roscoe was an unusual midget. His face was angular and somewhat mature for his age. He kept himself in trim. He said, "Hello, Joey," and then he glared at the paper and said, "That big slug. I'd like to cut him down to size!"

I looked. A picture of a horse covered four columns and on top of the horse was a small figure, Peewee Plotski, grinning. The caption read: PLOTSKI RIDES THREE WINNERS AT HIALEAH.

I ordered a double coffee. How do you ask a client and friend whether he would care to make a trip around the moon?

Then suddenly, looking at the picture, I had a flash. "Pretty big shot, isn't he?"

"He thinks so," Roscoe said. "So does Myra. I think he's a heel."

I put my hand gently on Roscoe's shoulder. "Roscoe," I said, "I can make you a thousand times bigger than Plotski. I can put you on the front page, with headlines that high!" I showed him how high.

"Stop kiddin', Joey," he said. "I feel awful."

"I am not fooling, Roscoe. You will not only be famous but rich."

"If you want I should sit on J. P. Morgan's lap, that's already been done, and anyway, J. P. Morgan isn't around any more."

"This is not in the same class. This is a great thing, for the benefit of humanity and your country. Now listen closely." I was whispering. "The Pentagon has selected you as the first man to make a trip around the moon."

Roscoe looked up at me. His eyes were round and scared. "Check, please!" he yelled at Ziggy.

I pushed Roscoe back on his stool. "Never mind, Ziggy," I shouted. "Roscoe is staying."

"Leggo me," Roscoe hissed, "else I call a cop."

"Look, Roscoe," I said, "you may think I have blown my stack, but I haven't. This is level. I have just come from Washington." I fumbled around in my coat pocket and brought out my ticket stubs and dropped them on his sandwich plate.

He said, "The fact that you have come from Washington doesn't mean that I have to go to the moon."

"Not so loud," I said. "You don't have to go to the moon. You just go around the moon and come back. For this you get seventy gees, less my commission of ten thousand, five hundred."

Roscoe edged away from me.

I held on to his arm and gave him the fast whisper. "You will be first, and Plotski nowhere. You, Roscoe LeBlond, a midget, will be the greatest man on earth. You will be remembered like Columbus and Magellan. I offer you the most magnificent adventure in history. You cannot turn it down."

"You really aren't kidding, are you, Joey?"

"I should say not. Why, this trip will make Lindbergh's flight to Paris look like a three-dollar hop at a county fair."

"How do I make this little journey?"

"In a rocket that they call a lunar probe. General Deacon has assured me that the last four have all returned safely to earth's orbit. They will make you very comfortable. You will even have time to tend an algae garden on the trip, and no doubt they will provide you with plenty of reading matter, and so forth. I think we should catch the next plane for Washington. General Deacon awaits you."

He didn't move. "I haven't lost anything on the moon," he said as if arguing with himself.

I gave him the clincher. "Can't you see Myra's face when she sees, in great big black type like they use for Presidential elections, AMERICAN MIDGET ORBITS MOON!"

"Golly!" said Roscoe, and I knew I had him.

That was last spring.

For seven months I never saw Roscoe, but every once in a while I'd get a postcard from him. They never said anything except that he was being treated well and felt fine. I had a hunch he was under pretty strict supervision.

It was just three weeks ago that General Deacon called me and told me to come to Washington. He didn't say why. Deacon met me at National Airport. It was just a matter of shifting my bag from one plane to another. The second plane was a military transport. Next thing I knew, I was at Patrick Air Force Base in Florida.

I guess you read about how our fifth lunar probe was blasted off the Cape, made a highly successful orbit, and telemetered important results. I saw it off. I saw them put Roscoe in the nose cone, although they didn't let me talk to him. At the same time, Deacon handed me the check for seventy gees, as he had agreed. "How soon will Roscoe be back—that is, if he comes back?" I asked Deacon.

I'll never forget his reply, because he was so certain. "Eight days, seventeen hours and nineteen minutes."

Yes, I know they never announced there was a man, or midget, inside the fifth probe. You see, they told the truth, but they didn't tell all the truth. I'll get to that.

On the ninth day I listened to the radio and bought all the papers. The headlines weren't very big. The fifth lunar probe had done its job. Not a word about Roscoe. Pal, I was half crazy. I called Deacon. "Where's Roscoe?" I said. "What has happened to my client?"

"Do not mention his name. Say nothing that will compromise security," Deacon said. "Your friend is safe. He is fine. No ill effects at all. He performed perfectly—like a precision instrument. But I'm afraid we're going to have a little trouble with him. Somehow he got the idea that we were going to publicize his, ah, feat. Certainly not! The very existence of your friend is an important military secret."

I'm afraid I lost my head. "Listen, general," I said, "don't you think they've got little people on the other side?"

"This is not something to discuss on the phone."

"The other side sent up a dog while we were still trying to send metal grapefuit. Gave the dog lots of publicity too. I think my client deserves as much credit as a dog."

"It is a different thing," Deacon said. "The dog was only a passenger. Your client was part pilot, and that is why he is classified secret."

"Chances are," I said, "that the Russkies have got half a dozen midgets floating around up there." I heard him gasp, and I hung up.

I didn't hear anything more until yesterday, when Deacon called again. "Your little friend," he said, "refuses to give any more performances, although we have agreed to raise his fee. Your little friend somehow got to a telephone and talked to Myra and told her what he had done. She laughed at him, and your little friend is very much disturbed. We need your help, Mr. Stack. It is in the national interest."

"How much are you raising the fee?" I asked.

"We thought another trip would be worth eighty thousand."

I thought it over. I knew Roscoe would never forgive me if I didn't get him those big black headlines. And I know he is stubborn, and will not go around the moon another time unless those headlines are certain—that high. I said, "All right, if you bring him to New York and let me talk to him privately for a few minutes, I will try to help."

That's why I have told you the tale. I'm going to promise Roscoe that next time, win or lose, security or insecurity, he gets the credit he deserves.

You look like you don't believe me, pal. You want to hear it from his lips himself? You can't. They won't let him talk to anybody but me. What proof do I have? Well, they're bringing him here now. Yes, to this restaurant.

You better beat it, pal, because that's his car outside now. Yes, that blue Air Force sedan. You don't see any midget? Look close. There, in the middle of the back seat, between the two-star general and the Air Police sergeant. You can just see the top of his head. That's Roscoe.

THE END

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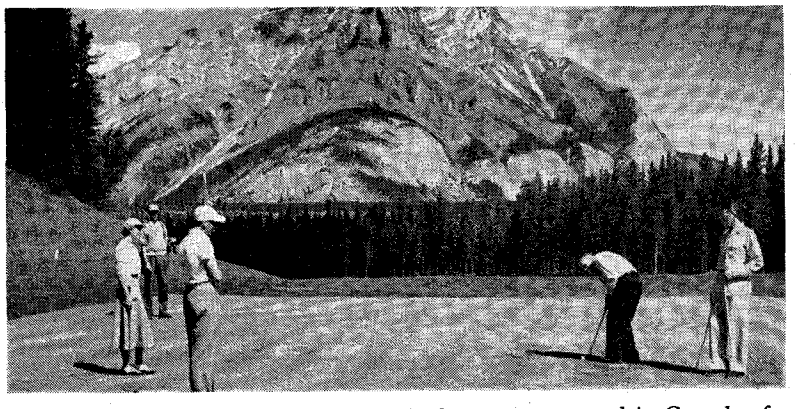

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The Cardiff Giant Affair (Continued from Page 43)

"Yes?" I said.

"He claims," said Hannum, "that it's turrible ancient, and was wrought by them old Phoenicians. He claims the's a Bible-times inscription to be deciphered onto it. An' take Perfessor White, of Yale Medical School. What's he declare? He examined it with what he calls an achromatic glass, which sounds to me like a durned impressive tool. He states emphatic that the pores in the skin proves it's teetotal ancient. Also he says mebby the's an inscription. Other impressive fellers says it's a petrified body that walked the earth before history started."

"Very well," I said. "I will start an action. But not an action based upon the assumption that this carving is either petrified flesh or of great antiquity. But upon the ground that it is the genuine Cardiff Giant and is entitled to that exclusive designation."

"Suits me to a *T*," Hannum declared. "What I want is fur the squabble to git into the newspapers."

I had scant hopes of succeeding in any action brought against Mr. Barnum, but Hannum had a right to his day in court; so, as soon as papers could be prepared, I filed suit. By this time, the third week in an exceptionally cold December, the giant was shipped from Albany to New York and placed on exhibition there. Barnum, always alert, immediately advertised that Hannum's giant was a fraud and that his giant was the genuine and original. Which, of course, whetted public interest and attracted large crowds of spectators.

Our two families—Lossie's and mine—always had made a great to-do over Christmas. One year the tree would be set up in our front parlor and the next year over at the Foxes'. Lossie and I always had gone with our fathers back into the hills to cut down the tree, and had made an occasion of it. And days before Christmas we busied ourselves stringing popcorn with which to festoon the spruce boughs. Lossie and I were stirring before daylight, on the big day, arousing our parents, who indulged us on this day as on no other day of the year.

This year, even though I had attained manhood and had opened my law office, and though Lossie had been upon her travels in Europe, there was no change in our preparations and little abatement in our excitement and enthusiasm—especially in Lossie's, who, as the day approached, seemed to shed years in the most remarkable way and to journey back into childhood. I admit that I was not far behind her in this.

Our families were dining together on the Sunday before Christmas when mother broke a silence, speaking to Mrs. Fox. "I've been thinking," she said.

We all fell silent and waited, because when mother used that formula we knew that something was coming which we would either like very much or dislike heartily. It would be something unusual.

"You've been thinking?" said my father.

"That," said my mother, "Madam Janeway will be alone on Christmas Day."

There was a silence—almost an appalled silence. Then Lossie said breathlessly, "But it's our day. Our day!" She looked sideways at me for support. And not alone for support. There was something else in her eyes which I, always sensitive to her moods, understood. She was, for some reason, shocked at the idea of Madam Janeway sharing our Christmas festivities.

"There never," I said, "has been anyone besides our families."

"But," Lossie's mother said, siding with my mother, "we mustn't be selfish. It isn't as if you children were babies any more. You're grown up."

"Not on Christmas Day," Lossie said, quite loudly for her. "I won't be grown up on Christmas Day! I want it to be like always."

"Lossie, don't be a silly child."

"But, auntie," I said, "Lossie's right. It's our day. There shouldn't be strangers—especially ——" I stopped there, for I had been about to say "especially Madam Janeway." I heard Lossie suck in her breath. Somehow I felt that of all people in the world, Madam Janeway was the last we should include in our intimate merrymaking, but I could not say so nor explain why I felt that way. Lossie was bobbing her head in agreement.

Our parents did not know. They did not know, as we did, that there was something peculiar about Madam and about her relations with her servant, Oscar. In all Syracuse there was nobody besides Lossie and me who knew that all was not normal in that house across the street. What it was we did not know. But it was some unhappy thing, and we felt, instinctively perhaps, that the unhappy thing should not be permitted to intrude upon our happy intimacies. I thought miserably of that strange conversation we had overheard between Madam and her servant; I knew Lossie was thinking of that shocking scene we had witnessed through the window when Madam had smashed her mirror to flinders.

"I'm surprised at you children," said Auntie Fox, "when she's so good to you, and so generous to everybody."

And that was true. Madam had been good to Lossie and me—especially to me. She was my first important client. She was forever doing thoughtful little things for both of us, and would have overwhelmed us with generosity if we had been willing to accept. It was a fact that she had a heart that extended sympathy to everyone who needed sympathy, and a lavish hand to come to their aid. And she was so beautiful and so stately. It was not easy to think any evil of Madam. But nevertheless Lossie and I knew she was entangled in some sort of web of badness. And it was unendurable that that web should be permitted to touch our kindly, gentle, joyous yuletide.

"We'll discuss it in the parlor," Uncle Lander said, pushing back his chair and rolling his napkin to shove into his napkin ring. So we all got up and traipsed into the parlor, where, before any discussion could get itself started, father and Uncle Lander would be snoozing in their rocking chairs. Lossie was facing the window, and I saw her lean forward and look out into the street.

"Madam's sleigh," she said. "But she's not in it. Oscar's on the seat beside the coachman." And then: "It's stopping here." It was, indeed, stopping before the house, and Oscar climbed down with something in his big hands. He mounted the steps to the front door and rang the bell. The hired girl came from the kitchen to answer the ring, and presently came into the parlor with two envelopes in her hand. She handed one to Auntie Fox and the other to mother.

"I declare!" mother exclaimed and opened her envelope. Now we in Syracuse did not go in much for engraved invitations, but this was an engraved invitation, very expensive and stylish. Mother read it and repeated herself, but with emphasis. "I do declare," she said.

"What," asked my father testily, "do you declare about?"

"It's an invitation from Madam Janeway for Christmas Eve," mother said, emphasizing again. "Dinner and entertainment. The idea! Christmas Eve!"

"Well, that takes the cake."

"A big party—a big, formal party on Christmas Eve," said Auntie Fox.

"But," expostulated mother, "people here just don't have big parties on Christmas Eve. Any other night, but not that night."

"Maybe," suggested Auntie Fox, "folks do different in New York or wherever she comes from."

"Nobody ever asks me how I manage to combine marriage and a career!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My mother was firm about it. "She should have made inquiries before she went ahead," she said severely. "Naturally, we shan't go."

"Hold your hosses, ma," father said. "Better wait to see how the rest of the town takes it. Me, I bet Mr. and Mrs. Banker Watts and their set'll be there with bells on."

"And the Proberts," said Uncle Lander. He clucked and closed his eyes. "Ma," he said, "I calc'late we'll be almighty conspicuous if we don't go. Hohum!" He yawned mightily. "Won't be many'll be able to resist those engraved invitations. Shouldn't be surprised if a new set of social doodads had come to Syracuse.... Mrs. Fox, mebby tomorrow you better go shoppin' for a butler."

Well, that closed the discussion about inviting Madam Janeway for Christmas, but it was far from abating the furor caused in town by Madam's invitation and the date chosen for her party. At the end of twenty-four hours the consensus was that Madam did not understand, being a newcomer, but that she meant well, and it would be a very ill way of repaying her for her many benefactions to snub her and absent ourselves from her party. Besides which, our curiosity was aroused and perhaps some emotions unworthier than curiosity. We took it for granted that the dinner would be something to talk about, and the entertainment to follow would be lavish.

Consequently, all who had been bidden and were not confined to bed by illness crowded into Madam Janeway's house on Christmas Eve of the year of 1869.

Our two families crossed James Street together, our mothers ahead, then our fathers in decorous black, and bringing up the rear were Lossie and I. Lossie was no hoyden tonight. Her hair, always lovely, was piled high upon her little head; her shoulders, until she covered them with her cloak, were bare, and lace gloves protected her hands and arms. Her walk was a stately progress as her fingers daintily grasped her hooped skirt and held it above her ankles as she picked her way across the street. She was remote and self-assured, and I did not know what to do about it. She condescended to me and was able by some black magic to make me feel younger than she, and gawky and altogether like a country bumpkin. I was furious with her for putting on such airs even before we got to the party, and I sulked. I felt her looking at me out of the corners of her eyes.

"Orrin Applegate," she said in a crisp voice, "if you would stop growing and stand up straight and hadn't such outrageous big feet ——"

"I'm as God made me," I said sourly. "At least I'm not a vain little snip."

"Precious little you have to be vain about," she retorted.

"It may be nothing to be proud of," I said straitly, "but at least I'm not ashamed of my friends."

She laughed a cool, tinkling little laugh. "What a finely matched couple you and that gigantic Susie Crampton would make! With her sheep's eyes and her simper."

"While," I said sullenly, "you and I are not matched at all. I suppose you're thinking we are Beauty and the Beast."

"Why," she said, "even that might be." She laughed again, that artificial, tinkling laugh. "How did that fairy story come out, Orrin? I forget."

By this time we were mounting the steps, and the door was opened to us by Oscar, whose death's-head face certainly did not constitute a warm welcome. Almost immediately we were swallowed up in the press of guests and, as always seems to happen in (*Continued on Page 100*)

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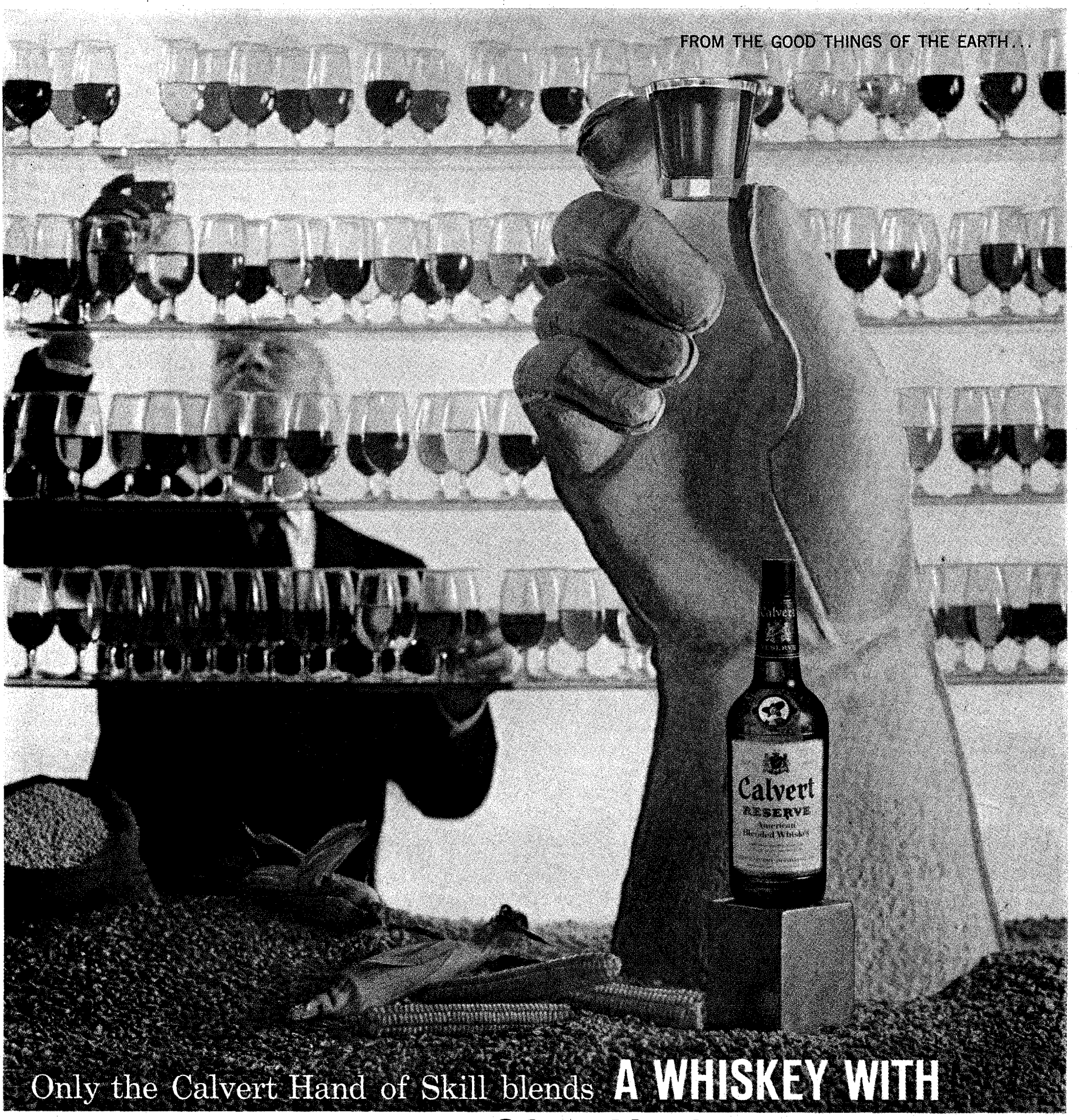

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(*Continued from Page 98*) any social gathering, Lossie was immediately separated from me and became the center of a group of drooling men, young and old—one of whom, I noted with disgust, was oily old Jethro Willis, the Binghamton banker who had come all this way from home to be Madam's guest.

Madam Janeway was almost regal. She stood like some queen dispensing favors, gracious, stately, but at the same time so humanly and warmly beautiful and desirable. Banker Watts stood as close to her as he could manage, with his onion eyes almost hanging out upon his cheeks. She waved a welcoming hand to Lossie across the room and the two lovely women smiled at each other with no discernible trace of jealousy, which was incredible, for in that room were two courts, one presided over by Madam, the other by Lossie. I knew little of women, but this did seem to me a state of affairs which would be intolerable to both of them.

The house had been rearranged for the party, with tables set to accommodate all the guests. It was whispered about that Madam had imported the cook, or chef, from a famous restaurant in New York, with his helpers. And belatedly making a dramatic entrance glittering with jewels, appeared the majestic figure of Lucilla Bardoni, an opera star newly imported from Italy, who was to sing for us after dinner.

We found our designated places, and I was a bit surprised to discover that Lossie was at my right. I doubted that she was pleased to have me as her dinner partner, but I resolved to do my best to conduct myself as a man of the world. It was such a feast as never had been served before in Syracuse. Half the dishes I did not recognize, and doubted that any other guest was familiar with them, and a different wine with each course made me a trifle giddy.

But the lavish thing about the dinner was the favor at each plate—to each guest a Christmas gift, rare and costly. Such a thing never had been heard of in our town.

If all the gifts turned out to be as fine as mine—a pair of cuff links set with semiprecious stones—then this largess alone must have cost Madam Janeway thousands of dollars. And when you added to that the expense of the exotic food, of the imported chef and crew and the fee for the Italian opera singer, then the total cost of this entertainment was such as could be afforded only by some Indian nabob or by a Vanderbilt or Rothschild--or a Dan'l Drew.

Lossie gave me her shoulder for the most part and bestowed her charms upon an elderly gentleman who sat on her right. He, I learned upon making inquiry, was an officer of some bank down the Hudson River at Kingston. Her talk—such sentences as I could catch—was witty and sophisticated, and, to me, most displeasing. But I could not deny that she had a talent for it. She could, I said ruefully to myself, have held her own with the young Queen Victoria of England.

The Italian woman sang songs which doubtless were wonderful and very high class, but which I did not enjoy. This was after we had left the table. I was not enjoying myself, and made my way out of the crowded rooms, intending to be very adult myself and smoke a cigar in Madam's office. But the office was occupied. Madam was there, and I recognized the oleaginous voice of Banker Jethro Willis from Binghamton. I paused before intruding.

Willis was speaking. "I brought it myself, Madam Janeway," he said. "I would not trust it to the mails or to other hands. I—er—preferred to have it appear to you as a personal favor from me."

"How charming, Mr. Willis," said Madam sweetly.

"It's here. I've sealed it in this envelope. If you would care to count it."

"Indeed not!" Madam exclaimed. "That would imply a doubt of your integrity—which is unthinkable."

Willis purred like a great alley cat. "You will find it correct. A considerable sum." He cleared his throat. "One hundred thousand dollars in lawful currency of the United States."

"I'm sure I'm obliged to you, sir. You are indeed most amiable."

I thought that a curious word to use in the circumstances. An odd and somehow inadequate expression of thanks for the loan of so great a sum as a hundred thousand dollars. I did not remain to listen further, but walked quietly away and rejoined the guests in the parlor.

When I opened my office door on the Monday morning after Christmas Day I experienced an odd feeling of discomfort, as if something were not right with the room. It was almost as if someone were hidden there and as if I were conscious of malignant eyes staring at me. But no one was there, for there was no place of concealment whatever.

I crossed to my desk and found nothing had been disturbed. But I was still not satisfied. I peered out of the window; I scrutinized the walls. It was not until I cast my eyes upon the floor that there was some confirmation that an intruder had been there.

Leading from the door to Madam Janeway's safe was a line of all but invisible spots of dampness, as if someone with wet shoes had walked there. I bent over the tracks, if tracks they were, and satisfied myself that someone to whose soles clung freshly fallen snow had walked from door to safe, had paused before the safe, and then had returned to the door and gone away.

I tried the safe's door and it was firmly locked. If it had been opened, it must have been by someone who possessed the combination. It was puzzling and disturbing. It seemed so purposeless for an intruder to effect an entrance to my office, to walk to an empty safe, pause there possibly to open it, and then to go away again.

I sat in my chair and stared at the iron strongbox. It seemed that I, whose life had been so comfortable and uneventful, had suddenly become afflicted with mysteries, and that the serenity I had always enjoyed had unaccountably been sullied by violence. Nothing ever had happened to me, from my birth until the arrival of Madam Janeway in town, that could not be cured by the application of arnica or court plaster or a bit of beefsteak on a blackened eye.

But now, without reason or warning, there had been close to me two murders by throttling and the acquisition of a wealthy and beautiful client who appeared to be unhappily in the power of an uncanny man who seemed to serve her as butler. And this butler Lossie and I had seen assiduously practicing his art of knife throwing in the barn. There had been, also, that resemblance between Madam and the chief man of the medicine show, Gideon Weeks, strangled probably by the same fingers that had wrung the neck of the Duke and, with macabre humor, set him upright in my father's carriage for us to find.

And as recently as Christmas Eve I had been a witness to the delivery to Madam Janeway of a hundred thousand dollars by the repulsive little banker from Binghamton. And reaching out like an invisible octopus from Madam's residence were unsubstantiated rumors connecting her with the miserly old millionaire, Dan'l Drew. Rumors not so nebulous and unsubstantial to me, who had seen his signature on the outside of sealed packages of securities, or to Banker Watts or Banker Willis, or even to Banker Dewitt from Albany.

The uncomfortable thing—the most uncomfortable thing about it all—was that I and Lossie Fox were the only people in Syracuse who had seen things we were not meant to see, who had had our suspicions aroused that something of ill omen went on under the gay and opulent surface presented by Madam. And we, aware of hidden evil, had not the slightest inkling of what that evil might be or what appalling climax hung over our heads.

I sat striving to reason things out, but reached no firm conclusion. It is futile to reason without all the data, for one small, missing bit can make all ratiocination futile. One misreading of a thing by me that morning came uncomfortably close to being ruinous to myself and to bringing upon me, innocent as I was, a complete debacle. This small thing was that it never occurred to me that the purpose of an intruder in opening a locked safe might not be to abstract something from it, but surreptitiously to place something inside it.

No clients making their appearance, I passed away the time by memorizing the fourth section of the Statute of Frauds—about being responsible for the debt or default of another only when a written statement exists. Eleven o'clock arrived and through the window I could see snow falling in large flakes of the sort that told me there would be walks to clean that night.

I withdrew my eyes from the street when there came a peremptory rapping on my door. I called permission to come in and Madam Janeway's butler, Oscar, clomped into my office, slapping snow from his hat and coat and kicking it from his enormous feet. There was something deliberately offensive in the way the man mussed up my floor and then stared at me as if challenging me to resent his conduct. As he stood across the desk from me, with an expression on his bony face that was close to a sneer, he reminded me of a huge bird of prey out of some medieval tale of horrors. He towered over me as I sat, though he was not taller than I when we both stood erect. There was extraordinary width to his shoulders, but otherwise he was a gaunt bag of bones that somehow suggested irresistible strength. I could not but wonder how we would come out if sometime events forced us to have at each other.

"Well?" I asked curtly.

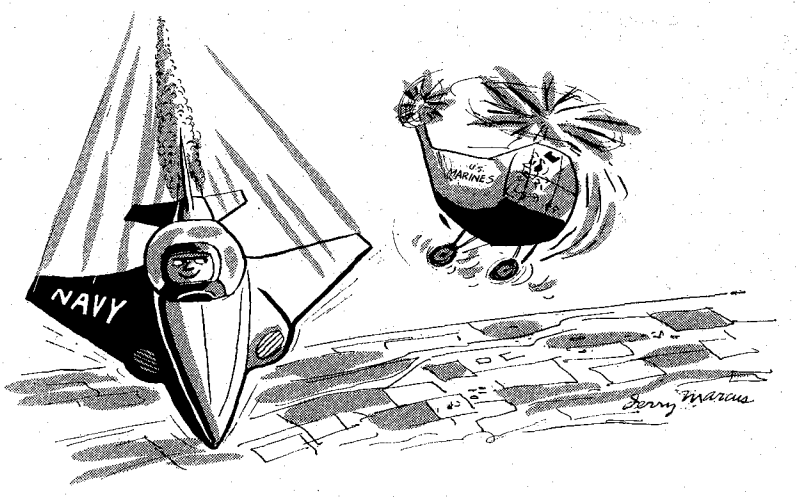
"Get to Madam's house as fast as your legs will carry you," he said in his harsh, grating voice.

I stared up at him, but his eyes did not waver.

"Is that," I asked, "the message Madam bade you deliver to me?"

"It's the git of it," he said. I understood him to mean the gist of it.

"Suppose, then," I said, "you start again and deliver the message in Madam's words, not in your impudent version of them." I (*Continued on Page 103*)



The Perfect Squelch

Ensign Adams flew Navy jets, and his former classmate, Lieutenant Roberts, flew Marine helicopters. So the twain never met without an argument.

Adams always called helicopters puddle jumpers and wondered how anyone could possibly enjoy flying them. Then, while Roberts did his usual slow burn, Adams would point out how much faster his jet flew and mention that flying jets took a great deal of skill.

Once Adams slapped Roberts' back with a breezy, "Well, hot-shot, how did your old egg beater do today?" Then without pausing he launched into a long, detailed description of his own high-speed activities.

"I cracked the sound barrier wide open today," he said finally. "How fast did you travel in your whirlybird?"

"Fast enough," Roberts said quietly, "to pick up your commanding officer when his stovepipe flamed out over the bay."

R. F. Crist III

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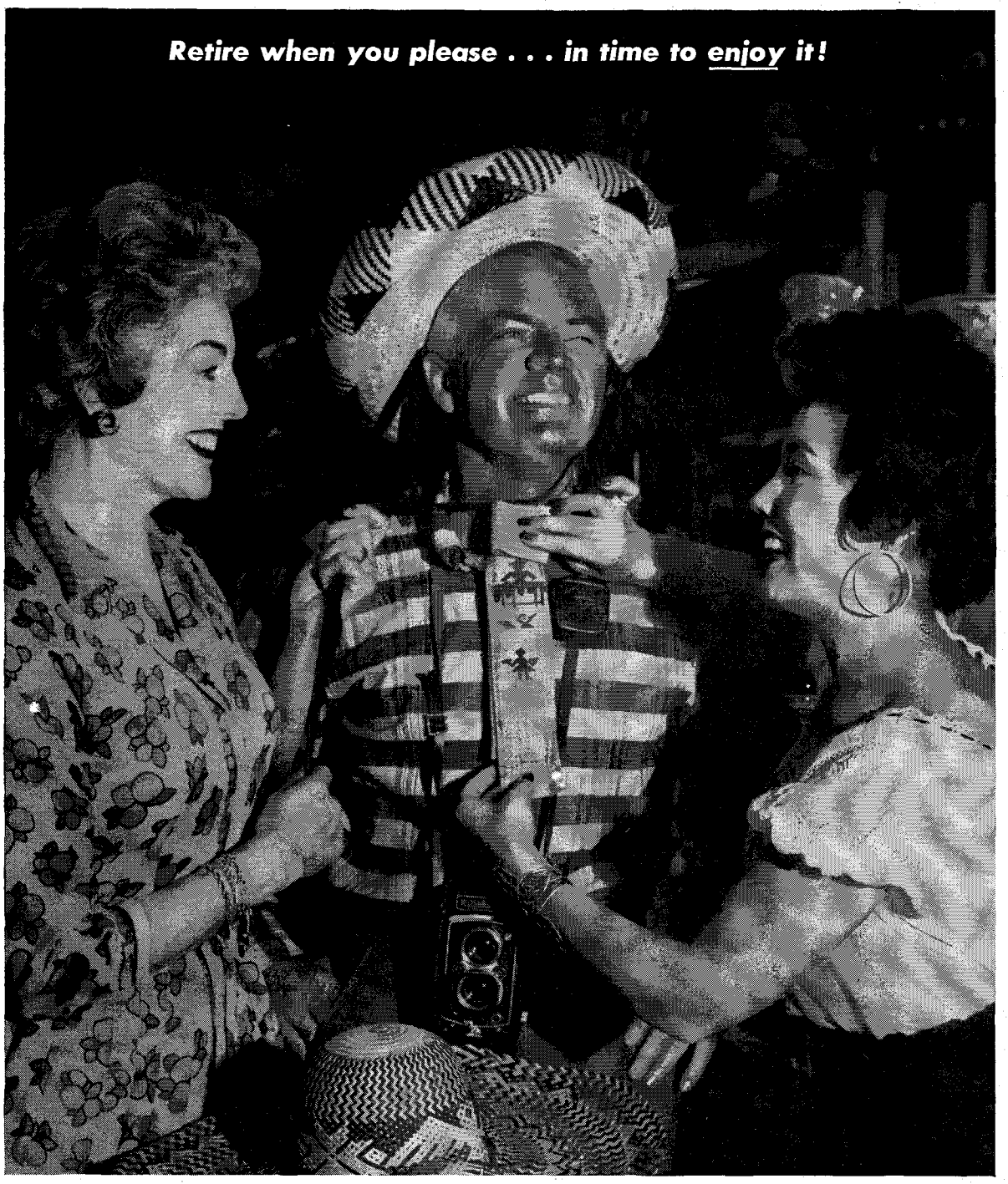

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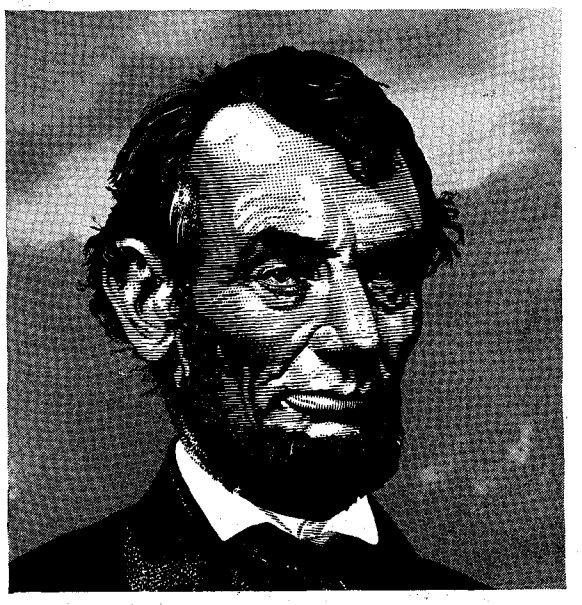

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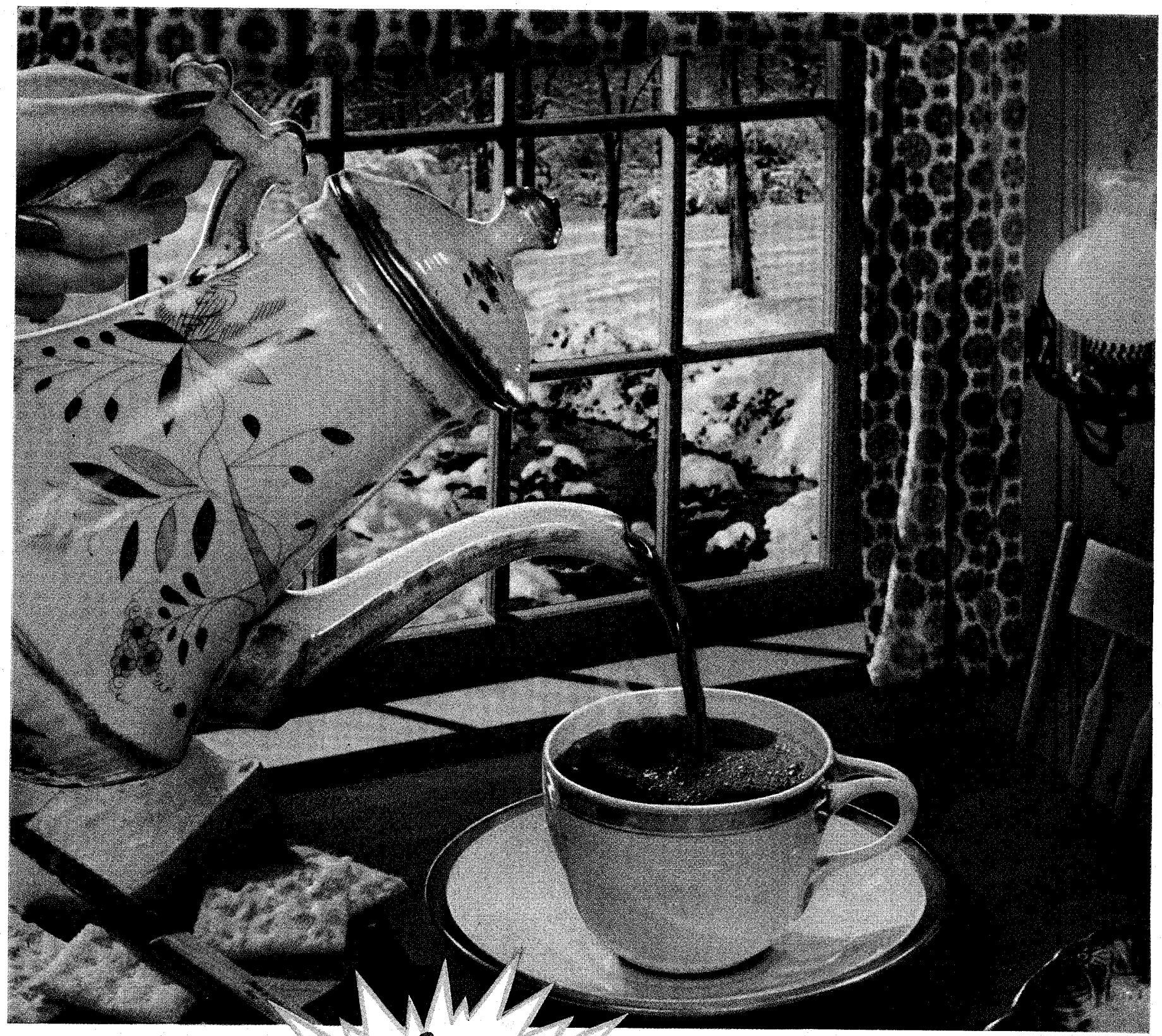

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(*Continued from Page 100*) stood up and pushed my chair backward. Even though he came from Madam Janeway, I did not propose to tolerate discourtesy from him. He stared back at me and there was a cold blaze in his small pig eyes. Then his thin lips parted in a vulpine grin.

"Feeling your oats, eh, rooster?" he demanded.

"Deliver your message properly," said I, "or get the hell out of here!"

He hesitated, and then bowed mockingly from the waist. "Madam Janeway," he said mincingly, "bids me request that you call upon her at your earliest convenience about a matter of considerable importance."

I have seldom been more angry, for this creature was plainly bent upon belittling me.

"You will inform Madam," I said, "that I will be with her before noon. You might add that when next she sends a messenger to select one with more good manners than skill in throwing knives."

The instant I spoke I knew I had let my anger betray me into making a fool of myself. Silence ensued. We both stood motionless—I appalled at my betrayal of dangerous knowledge, he digesting what I had said and making up his mind what to do about it. To my astonishment, he decided to ignore it.

"I will repeat your answer to Madam, exactly," he said with a politeness of which I did not think him capable. He bowed with some dignity, turned on his heel and strode out of my office. He closed the door gently behind him. I would have felt better had he slammed it. I confess that his change of manner from impudence to gracious courtesy was a frightening thing, and I felt an icy hand press my back between my shoulder blades.

I put on overshoes, coat, tippet and cap, and sallied out into the storm. It was not an unpleasant storm. Snow fell thickly in great flakes which fluttered downward to increase the depth of the white blanket that covered the earth. All griminess and hideousness of form were hidden or softened, and the most outrageous structures erected by man were made beautiful by this white magic. It came to me suddenly that I wished Lossie were there with me, wading gaily, laughing, enjoying the peaceful loveliness of it all.

I reached Madam's residence and trod a path up the walk and the unswept steps. It was Oscar who answered my ring, and he ushered me into the little office as if nothing lay between us except that which would naturally lie between servant and visitor.

Madam Janeway sat behind her flat mahogany desk with its inset top of hand-tooled leather. She smiled and waved me to a chair.

"You must overlook Oscar's manners," she said gently. "He is sometimes very clumsy. You handled the matter admirably. It has augmented my good opinion of you, Orrin."

I wondered if Oscar had related to her all that passed between us, including the matter of my remark about knife throwing. But I did not ask.

"Will it be possible for you," she asked, "to undertake a mission to Albany for me?"

"Leaving when, Madam?" I asked.

"On the first possible train," she said.

"In that case I shall have to hurry," I told her. "What do you wish me to do in Albany?"

"You will," she said, "call upon Mr. Horatio Dewitt at his bank and deliver into his hands a package I shall entrust to you, and take his receipt for it, and receive from him a sealed envelope in return."

"Is that all, Madam?"

"It seems like a mere errand," she said with an understanding smile, "and beneath the dignity of a member of the bar. But I assure you that is not so. It is of first importance." She hesitated and her eyes lost their sparkle as she gave thought to some matter that seemed to trouble her.

"Orrin," she said, "I rely upon your discretion."

"You may do so," I assured her.

"Mr. Dewitt is a most inquisitive person," she said. "He will ask troublesome questions. He is a prying man."

"I shall be very ignorant, Madam."

She raised her eyes to mine, and now they were bright and quick with intelligence and with a touch of malice.

"Not too ignorant, Orrin," she said. "Sometimes a very smart young man can seem to be naïve."

I tried to read what was in her mind, but could not do so. Evidently she did not want me to be completely closemouthed with Mr. Dewitt, but what did she wish me to disclose and what did she wish me to retain?

"Upon what matters shall I be indiscreet?" I asked and smiled.

She returned my smile cozily. "If I should open yonder safe," she said, "it would be but natural for you to glance inside."

"Nothing," I replied, "could be more natural."

"Mr. Dewitt, knowing you to be my attorney, might bring up the matter of safes," she said. "He might even try to take you by surprise with a question."

"About this safe," I asked, "or the one in my office? To which, by the way, I have not received the combination."

"This safe, of course," she said a trifle sharply. "Why do you speak of the other one?"

"Because," said I, "it was visited early this morning."

"How do you know that?" she demanded.

"The intruder forgot to scrape his feet," I said. "Traces of footsteps remained."

"Did the safe seem to have been tampered with?"

"If it was opened," I replied, "it was by someone with the combination."

"Then you need not vex yourself," she assured me. "No one but me has that combination. But to return to Mr. Dewitt. If he asked a question about the contents of my safe, what would you reply?"

"That it seemed," I said, "to be full of documents and stocks and bonds."

"Seemed?" she asked with raised brows.

"That it was filled with documents and securities," I amended.

She nodded her head and then she lowered it and seemed to blush. "Orrin," she said, "you have heard rumors about me—odd rumors connecting my name with that of an eminent gentleman in New York."

"Everyone has heard rumors," I told her.

"What gentleman was named?" she pressed me.

"Dan'l Drew," I said flatly.

"I have been named his mistress," she said unhappily, "or his daughter."

"Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Dewitt might bring up the point," she said, "he being so inquisitive."

"He might, indeed," was all I could think of to say.

"I would prefer, as any decent woman would," she said, "to be his illegitimate daughter rather than his mistress."

"Naturally," said I, though it seemed to me that any decent woman would prefer to be neither. "If he questions me on the point, I could state that professional ethics estopped me from discussing it."

"But," she said, and stared at me fixedly, "as my trusted attorney you would be apt to know the truth?"

"I do not know the truth," I said firmly.

"But you do," she said, nodding her beautiful head and smiling graciously, "know that I prefer to be gossiped about as his daughter."

"That I know, Madam," I said.

"Which," she said, "if taken by surprise, you might be betrayed into mentioning."

"I could get five dollars a week more over at the stockyards, but my wife doesn't want me to give up the prestige of working in a bank."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think, Madam," I said, not too pleased about the whole business, "that I have my instructions."

She arose and went to her small safe, which she opened deftly, kneeling so that I could see over her shoulder into the interior. From a pigeonhole she extracted a thick packet, sealed with red wax and made more secure by tape. This she handed to me. I placed it in my coat pocket.

"See to it," she said, "that you get a receipt in addition to a packet Mr. Dewitt will give you in return." She extended her hand with its long, tapering fingers and almond-shaped nails. "Good-by, Orrin. I'm so happy to have one upon whom I can rely."

I left the house. Oscar saw me to the door silently. I plowed my way across the street to my home, where luncheon was awaiting me, then I packed a small bag with things necessary to a trip to Albany. I walked briskly down to our new depot, which had been dedicated by Mr. Vanderbilt not long ago.

I was catechized by Mr. Dewitt in a manner that made me respect his abilities as a cross-examiner, but, in actuality, there were few definite answers I could give him. I am quite sure he thought I was evasive and, contradictorily enough, I became convinced that the less I told him the more I rose in his estimation.

"For so young a man," he said to me, "you can be most skillfully closemouthed. It is a quality I admire. Generally when there is meat in a nut I am able to crack it. You serve Madam Janeway well. Should I or this bank ever have legal business in Syracuse, I shall bear you in mind, Mr. Applegate."

"I thank you, sir," I said, and was much set up by his compliment.

"To return to the subject of Dan'l Drew," he said persistently, "just what was it you said to me?"

"I said, sir, that if there was gossip about Madam, connecting her name with that of Mr. Drew, she would prefer to be called his illegitimate daughter rather than his mistress."

"Did you take that to indicate, Mr. Applegate, that she actually is the old rascal's daughter, born on the wrong side of the track?"

"I do not think," I replied, "that Madam Janeway ever was his mistress."

He grinned at me suggestively. "You prefer to think of her as sinned against rather than as sinning?" he asked, and chuckled moistly. He rose and went out into the banking room, returning presently with a sealed envelope of heavy paper, which he pushed across his desk to me. I had already, according to instructions, delivered to him Madam's packet of securities.

"You will sign this," he said, handing me a paper which I read carefully. It was a receipt for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Your pen, if you please," I said, and taking a fresh piece of paper wrote a receipt in language I preferred. Instead of acknowledging that I was taking this great sum in currency, I wrote cautiously that I acknowledged receipt of a sealed envelope purporting to contain this money.

Mr. Dewitt read it and again chuckled. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," he said, and tore open the envelope. "Count it," he said shortly.

I did so. The sum was correct. "Now sign," he directed.

I did so, and in return asked his receipt for Madam's stocks and bonds. The package containing them lay at hand, listing on its outside its contents. His receipt had been prepared, listing the securities described. He tossed it across to me, but, to

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my surprise, did not open the package to make sure of its contents.

"Tell Madam Janeway," he said unctuously, "that I am delighted to be able to accommodate her—and Mr. Drew. A pleasant trip back to Syracuse, Mr. Applegate."

We struck hands and I walked to the railroad station, where I took a train home, feeling an uncomfortable sense of responsibility for the huge sum of money I carried in my inside pocket. On arrival, I took it at once to Madam's home, where I was admitted to her office.

"Madam," said Oscar in his harsh voice, "will be down in a minute."

On her desk, open as if she had been reading from it, was the big scrapbook which she had shown me on another occasion. I was able to read the headlines of an article pasted upon the page, though the printing was upside down to me.

"SENTENCED FOR FORGERY," it said. And its subheading was: "WOMAN GIVEN LIGHT SENTENCE FOR CLEVER CRIME AND IMPERSONATION."

More I could not make out, nor did I have a chance to turn the book so I could read the smaller type. Madam came in, smiling graciously.

"All went well?" she asked.

"There was no hitch," I said. "Here is the money."

"For which you gave a receipt?"

"After counting it," I said, preening myself on my caution.

She became suddenly very still, but then relaxed and made no comment. It was clear, however, that she was displeased that I had insisted upon making a count of the bills. I could not understand why. She opened her safe and put the money inside. She did not sit, but held out her hand to me and thanked me for taking care of the matter for her.

"Hereafter, Orrin," she said, "your monthly retainer will be a hundred dollars."

This was pleasant hearing and I walked buoyantly across James Street to our front steps. Lossie's front door opened and she called to me, and when I reached her porch she said, "I've been watching for you. Come on in. There's popcorn and molasses taffy."

She was no princess now, but a little girl with sticky fingers, chewing almost greedily upon a mouthful of candy. "Help yourself," she said indistinctly when I was inside and my overcoat removed. And then: "I love to ride on trains. Do you love to ride on trains?"

"I don't count it an amusement," I said.

She licked her fingers and made a face at me. "My, my. Important man of business," she said.

"Well," I answered indiscreetly, for I had no objection to magnifying myself, "it was pretty important. I brought back more money than you've ever seen."

"Lucky you didn't lose it," she said. "What if there had been a train robbery?"

"But there wasn't," I said. "And Madam was so pleased she raised my monthly retainer to a hundred dollars."

"Tomorrow," she said, "you will buy me a present. But what were you all puckered up for when I saw you crossing the street? What worried you?"

"Why," I said, "for a moment Madam was displeased with me, and I couldn't figure out why."

"Tell," Lossie commanded.

"Well, she asked if I'd given Mr. Dewitt a receipt for the money. And I told her I had, but not until he had opened the envelope and allowed me to count it."

"Showing off," she said. "And she didn't like it?"

"She seemed not to," I said. "But she should have been pleased at my carefulness."

Lossie leaned forward and her eyes snapped as she peered at me like some saucy little bird. "And did Mr. Dewitt open his envelope?"

"No," I said.

"Perhaps," Lossie said, "Madam was mad because you set an example. Because you might have made him think it would be a good idea to do what you did and look inside the envelope."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed.

"I'll bet that was it," she said. "And I think Mr. Dewitt shouldn't be the head of a big bank. It'd be altogether too easy to pull the wool over his eyes."

"But this," I said, "was a transaction with Madam Janeway."

"Yes," Lossie said with a little grimace; "that's what Mr. Dewitt thought! All impressed by her and her grand airs and her extravagances and her beauty—and her nasty old Dan'l Drew. She just simply befuddles them."

"Why, Lossie," I exclaimed, "I thought you liked Madam Janeway. I thought you admired her. I thought you were such close friends."

She made an answer that I did not expect. It is a thing she often does. "Remember," she said, "how you and I took the kitchen clock apart?"

"Yes," I said testily. "You talked me into it, but it was I who got the razor strap for doing it, not you."

"Why did we do it?" she asked.

"I guess we wanted to find out what made it tick," I said.

Lossie was very serious. "From the first minute I saw her," she said, "I've wanted to know what makes Madam tick."

"Have you found out?" I jeered.

"Not yet," she answered, "but I've had a couple of peeks inside her case. There are lots and lots of wheels and sprockets and pinions. One of these fine days I'm going to find her mainspring."

"But," I repeated, "I thought you liked her."

"I do," she said. "Oh, I do like her. She's wonderful! She's lovable!" She pounded her knee with her little fist. "That's the trouble," she said. "Madam is just too perfectly marvelous to be true!"

I don't know that I ever have seen anybody eat popcorn and molasses taffy with the avidity of Lossie Fox. She stuffed herself with the greediness of a six-year-old.

"Good!" she exclaimed, working her jaws on a large, chewy bit. She tried to talk with her mouth full and I made out that she was asking, "Are you just simply abominably ethical, Orrin?"

"You'll have a stomach-ache," I warned; "and I'm ethical, if you mean professionally."

"I don't think I am," she said, swallowing. "I do not think women are strictly ethical. Not when they're all agitated with curiosity. It wasn't a woman that invented ethics. It was a rapscallion of a man. I'm going to ask you a question. Not a fact question, but a suppose question."

"A hypothetical question?" I said.

"Oh," she said, big-eyed, "aren't you just wonderful! Hypothetical! Here it is: Suppose somebody dropped something, and when they were gone you picked it up. And suppose it was a strange kind of a thing that made you break out in a rash of wanting to know what it was. Now, hypothetically, would you return it to the owner and simply strangle your curiosity or would you try to—to decipher it?"

"Decipher?"

"Yes"—she nodded vigorously—"like a puzzle."

"Why," I answered, "if I knew to whom it belonged, I would return it, of course, and not try to pry into something that didn't concern me."

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"I was afraid you'd be like that, and not want to help."

"Help to solve this puzzle?"

"Yes. It's a dandy puzzle, and I made a copy of it, so I could return the original in a kind of sneaky way, so the person who lost it would never know I'd seen it."

"You are a devious, underhanded little snippet," I said.

"But, of course," she said, disregarding what I said, "you, being so ethical and upright and all, wouldn't want to even look at it."

"Why," said I—speciously, I'm afraid—"if it would help you solve a moral problem, examining the thing could violate no obligation."

"That," she said, extracting a bit of taffy from a back tooth, "is a slippery answer. But before you go all noble and change your mind, here it is."

She handed me a visiting card, and the name on the card was Madam Janeway's. But that was not the matter of interest. What Lossie wanted me to see was on the back of the bit of cardboard. It was made up of lines and letters and figures like this:

O
R 4 x 54
L 3 x 73
R 2 x 35
L

"How did you get this?" I asked.

"I drove Madam downtown to shop this morning in our sleigh, and she must have dropped it out of her reticule when she took out her handkerchief. I found it on the floor after she was gone."

Clearly the thing was some sort of memorandum, or cipher, or cryptogram. But there was something familiar about it. It reminded me of something—something to do with my father and Uncle Lander. I concentrated with might and main while Lossie chewed and watched me. And then I remembered. It had happened in their office, and Uncle Lander, who knelt in front of the safe, said ruefully, "I've forgotten the darn combination." And father said, "You always do, Lander. Here, I'll write it down for you once more, but, for goodness' sake, don't lose it again." So he scribbled on a card and handed it to me to give Uncle Lander. And it was made up of numbers and letters and *x*'s in much the same way as the one I now held in my hand.

"Lossie," I said, "I think I know what this is. Where's my hat and coat?"

"And where," she demanded, "do you think you're going?"

"To attend to something," I said evasively.

"If it has anything to do with this puzzle," she told me, "I'm going along."

"It's late," I objected.

"I'm grown up," she snapped. "It's not my bedtime yet. Where are you going, Orrin Applegate?"

"To my office," I said.

"Snooping?" she asked.

"Snooping," I told her hardily.

"What's become of your ethics?" she asked, and wrinkled her nose.

"If," I said, "this is what I think it is, it may even be that ethics requires me to look into it."

She ran for her coat and fur cap, and we went out of the house into the snow and plowed our way downtown. It was not a long walk, but we were puffing and blowing by the time we got to the building where my office was located. I let myself in and we climbed the stairs to my little cubicle. I made a light and, with Madam's card in my hand, I knelt before the safe the combination of which she had apparently neglected to supply me with. The safe that had been surreptitiously opened in the nighttime.

I put the knob at zero, and then followed the directions. Four times to the right to 54; three times to the left to 73; two times to the right to 35, and then a twirl to the left.

My deduction or memory or reasoning had been correct. The figures had indeed been the combination to this safe, and I turned the handle and swung open the heavy door. Lossie squealed. I almost squealed myself. For there, in a safe supposed to be mine, in an office that definitely was mine, was stacked more money than I ever had seen in my life, carefully arranged in packets. I fingered them hastily and faced Lossie, who stared goggle-eyed.

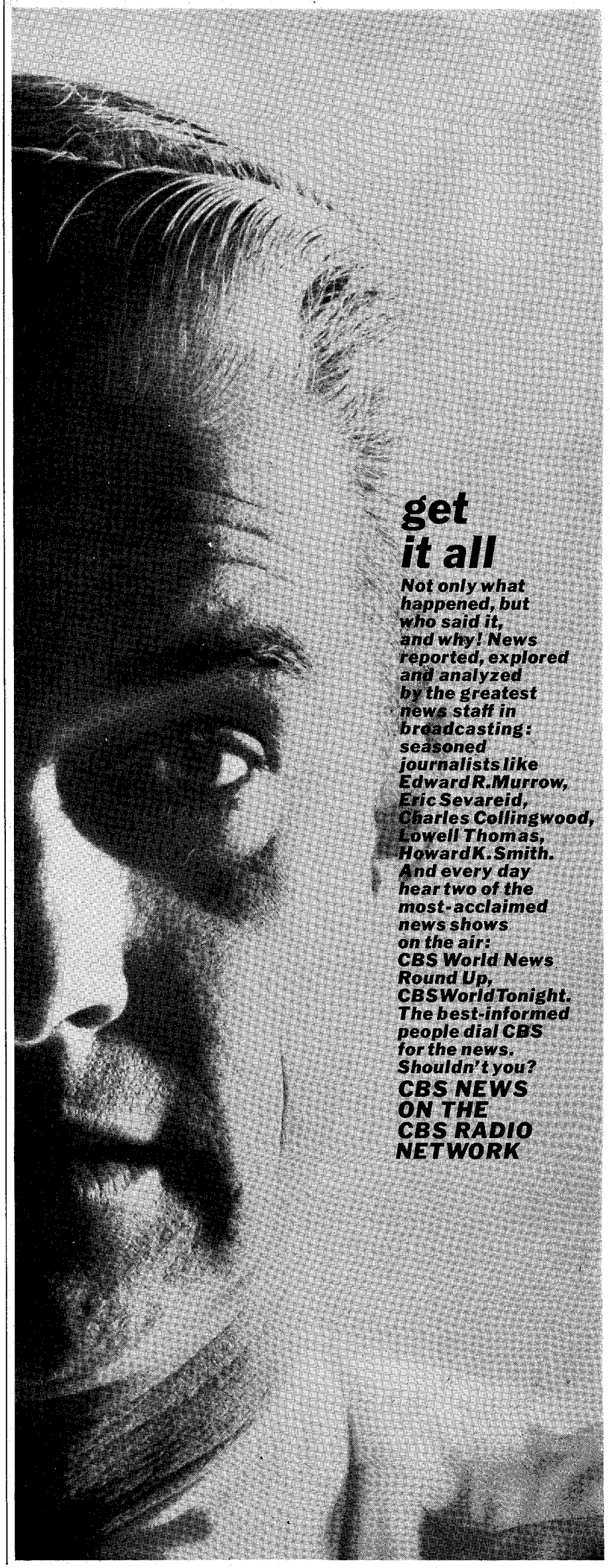
"H-how much?" she asked breathlessly.

"About," I said, equally breathlessly, "a half a million dollars."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep your left in his face; don't drop your right when you jab; and try to make it quick—I'm double-parked."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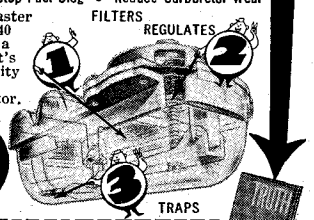

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The Varieties of Human Love

(Continued from Page 38)

grows by a form of speculation which consists in poring over an often well-known truth, discovering further horizons to it as well as hitherto unsuspected connections with other truths. It is as if the obvious were continually taking one by surprise, and at times an analytical thinker, like George Edward Moore, of Cambridge, will show us how carelessly we have been thinking about such a simple idea as "goodness"; or a metaphysician, like the late Alfred North Whitehead, will bring together in one synthesis ideas and objects which we had assumed to be quite unconnected. Philosophy deals principally with what is immemorially true, and religion has for its field such subjects as God and man, conscience, doctrine and experience, providence and the afterlife.

The human mind, like human sensibility, has its fashions, and grows bored with one aspect of an idea. It is a mark of genius not to throw away the idea and put in its place something new or artificial, but to show a new aspect of the *same* idea and to associate with it what no one so far had suspected. Platitude, then, which the positivists rejected, is the cornerstone of his philosophy! Truth, like beauty, therefore, should be "ever ancient and ever fresh," and it is quite possible for a lover to use, for example, only the one word "love" and never to repeat himself.

Any genuine philosophical or religious idea would serve to exemplify this; we have but to think of this word "love" or of "human personality" to see how in the course of centuries, their meaning, though ever the same, has grown clearer and fuller. The Christian religion claims to teach revealed truth, and therefore Christian doctrine, in a manner all its own, is said to develop without revealed or external contradiction.

Today this claim is better understood by the educated public, with the result that the quarrel between science and the Christian religion has abated. Much of the former bickering was based on a misunderstanding, on the belief that the subject matter of science and religion was necessarily the same. Both sides erred here. The scientist was not sufficiently aware of the limitation imposed upon his subject matter by the yardstick he used, and the Christian did not notice that the formal object or specific aspect of his faith depended upon a special kind of insight. What this means can be seen easily if we think with what different eyes a farmer, a scientist and a painter look at an acre of farm land, or how the sound issuing from a violin can be described as the rubbing of the hair of a dead horse over the intestines of a dead cat or as a concerto by Beethoven. The crowds round the foot of the Cross, as Saint Augustine said, saw a condemned man dying; the Christian sees in the same scene a God redeeming. What are common in the two interpretations are the facts, and for a justifiable interpretation the facts must reinforce each other and point in one direction, just as stray evidence can turn into clues in a law court or in a detective story.

For an understanding of the relations between science and religion, it is essential to understand this diversity in method and outlook. The scientist relies upon observation and experiment, and for his purpose measurement by highly developed techniques is all-important. Though employing such measurements he did not, until recent times, discard some of the old common-sense philosophical notions of nature as uniform in its causes. Now, however, the scientist has purified his science of all that does not belong to it. Instead of the language of cause he deals with mathematical equations, and his predictions are of the nature of mathematical probability. The successes of this method have been beyond belief, but they have been bought at a price; for if asked what they are talking about, many distinguished scientists would answer that they do not know. Most would admit to an "animal faith" in the presence of things and their awareness of them, but once "things" have been broken down and then reconstituted as measurable quantities, very different worlds begin to appear.

Nor should we expect a mathematical world to be a complete representation of the infinitely variegated world of quality we live in, any more than we should expect the information given by a weighing machine to cover all our manhood. Every science uses a yardstick, and the results tell us nothing beyond the yardstick's capacity. What has beguiled and helped philosophers from early times has been the far-reaching applicability of the mathematical or measurable, the power it provides for dealing with almost everything that is human. Whether living matter be radically different from the inorganic or not, we can treat them both by the scientific methods. The quality of music has its own value and its own criterion, but it can be translated into quantitative mathematical terms. Similarly in economics and sociology, and to some extent in experimental psychology, it has become the habit to use statistical methods. Attempt has even been made by philosophers of science and some schools of positivists to reduce mind to some form of behaviorism.

Throughout this procedure what is distinct in its own right is transformed into a mathematical or measurable substitute. Time is describable in terms of distance. We speak of light as waves.

"Light itself," writes Bertrand Russell, "the thing which seeing people experience and blind people do not, is not supposed by science to form any part of the world that is independent of us and our senses." Scientists treat organic growth in terms of physical aggregates, and learn much, but they have to ignore the fact that physical aggregates do not grow. The atomic particles that make up the aggregate remain what they are all the time, whereas in the growth of living matter what was there at the beginning is still there at the end, but in a completer form of itself; the ugly duckling *becomes* the handsome swan. If then the quantitative and the qualitative, the inorganic and the organic can be treated for some purposes as one, and nevertheless also be different, it would appear that there are different ways of approaching the real world, and one explanation need not contradict the other, as a triangle includes an angle, and a square with a diagonal includes both.

This possibility brings us back to the varying standpoints and insights of the scientist and the religious philosopher. Now not only do they approach the same objects with different yardsticks and different interests; their very attitude to certainty and truth may differ. The modern scientist, as already pointed out, has given up the dogmatism of his predecessors; he does not pretend to reveal to us the nature of reality. His subject matter is at least one remove from the real, and all he claims is to be consistent with his initial postulates. Modern science is pragmatic, hoisting hypotheses on high, and later replacing them by other flags. On the other hand, it has been a characteristic of philosophy and theology to keep their gaze fixed on basic or ultimate truths and to concern themselves with the origin and destiny of man, the nature of goodness and freedom, and the relation of man to nature and to God. Christian theologians are particularly interested in providing a coherent and adequate setting for the doctrines contained in the Creeds. Here, they would say, is to be found an air in which man can breathe and grow, a true and a more abundant life.

The Christian philosopher, therefore, supports humanism against any attempt to rob man of his rights, his freedom and his personal responsibilities. This being so, in the long drawn-out crisis of the twentieth century, when many of the old forms of civilization are in danger, and its high codes threatened; when, too, a large proportion of the human race is being conditioned to accept a subhuman status, the religious thinker is anxious not so much to defend his position as to make a (*Continued on Page 108*)

"My report card. If you want me I'll be in my room packing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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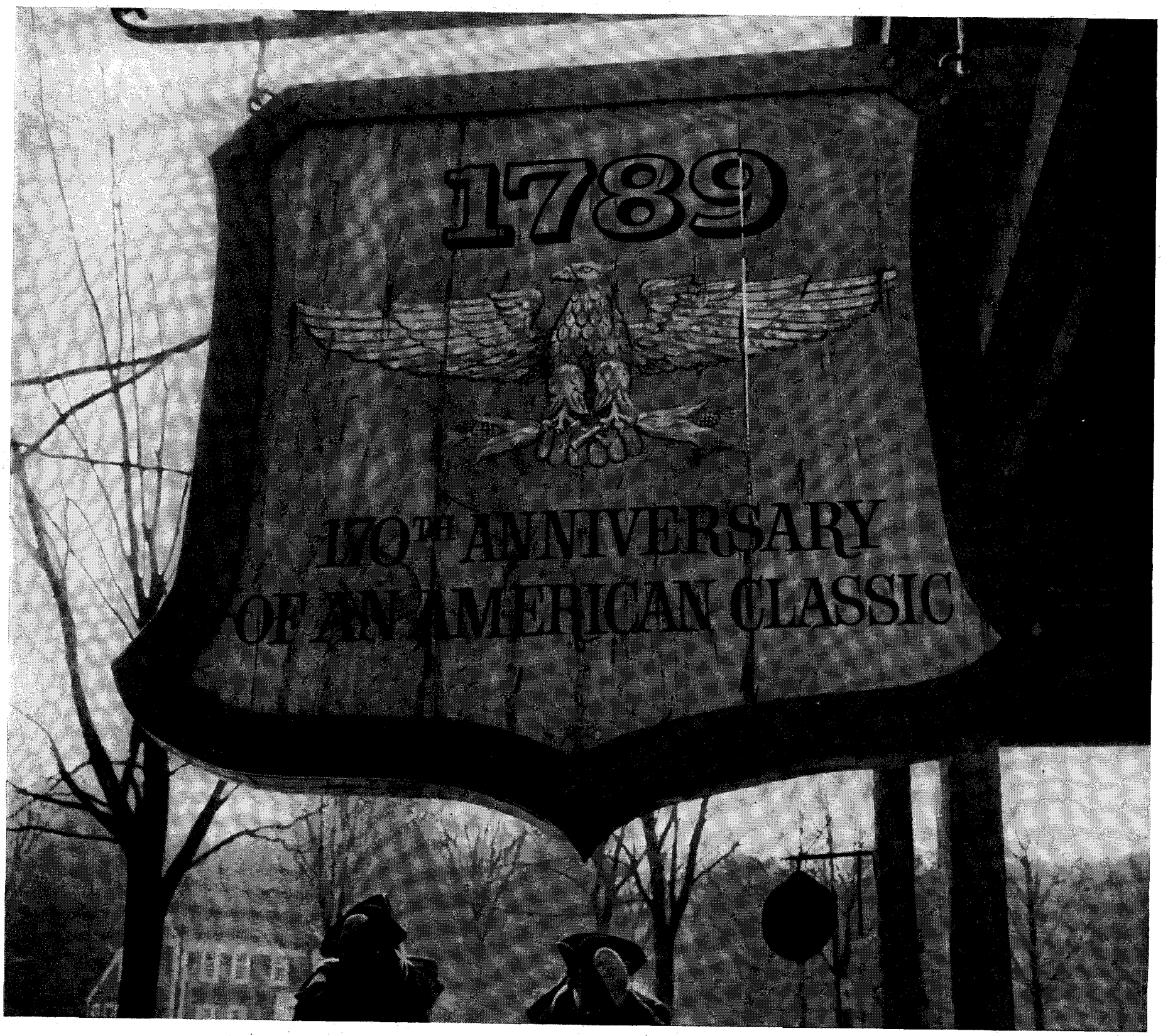

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(*Continued from Page 106*) positive contribution to truth, which will serve his fellow men.

Christianity, if it be a live religion, must ever grow, and do so by keeping its identity, and at the same time enlivening itself with all that is best in the modern world. As we still live upon the ground of a Christian culture, there is no antecedent reason why the church should not bring an intellectual concord into society, as it did in the dark ages, but now with a much more complicated and rich material to work upon.

Another function of philosophy is to discover an order in reality, one based on the principles which govern the whole of reality in so far as it is known to us. This interest of the mind can be called synthetic. It unifies, and is comparable with what the artist or writer or musician tries to do in any composition. In the past we notice how the metaphysicians differ from one another, Aristotle from Plato, Marx from Hegel. Aristotle believed that in his distinction of matter and form, of potency and act, he had discovered characteristics of the real order which permitted him to make a scale running from prime matter to pure thought. Hegel found the vital clue in a form of dialectic, in the clash of apparent opposites which brought as a result a richer unity in the synthesis of these opposites. The scientific philosopher, on the other hand, is inclined to rely upon a general form of evolution to provide a framework of order.

To judge from the religious ideas now current, and the boldness of some of them, a new synthesis, or an old synthesis with a new look, is being premeditated. What else can explain the fearless effort of the late Père Teilhard de Chardin to rope together evolution and the Christian religion? Other writers have offered ingenious solutions of the fall of man, and of nature too, in terms of evolution, but Père Teilhard goes much further and argues that man is still developing, and, under the direction of Christianity, is evolving into a higher species.

As a scientist of high repute, one of those responsible for the verdict on the Peking man, and at the same time a distinguished priest of the Catholic Church, Père Teilhard was in the happy position of being able to speak with some authority as a scientist and as a Christian. He was convinced that the secret of the universe lay in evolution, which he regarded as "regular, continuous and total." There is, he reasoned, a continuous, upward process from matter to the organic, and from the organic to *Homo sapiens* and still higher. Man is the end product, so far, of nature, and able, therefore, to reflect and discover the truth about nature and himself. Mankind is one, but is not invariant. Owing to the power of reflection, man is in the process of evolving into a new superorganism or species, which will individually and collectively mirror reality in its mind. It will be coconscious and one in truth and affection. To use Père Teilhard's own words, "There will be only one science, one ethic and one passion, that is to say, one mystique." The present time may seem to be a melting pot; but, "man is in process of re-emerging . . . as the head of nature. The reason is that by being in this way cast into the general current of a convergent Cosmogenesis, he acquires the power and the quality of forming, in the very heart of Time and Space, a central and singular gathering-point of the whole stuff of the universe." This cosmos of affection and thought must in turn be centered around One, who is the Word by and in whom all things were made and have their meaning.

That scientists of many countries should have willingly supported the publication of Père Teilhard's ideas shows the general respect for these ideas. Few probably would entirely concur with them. The Catholic theologians, on their side, are also critical; not so much, I think, because of any distaste for the theme as for the defects in the argument. I believe that more work has still to be done by both philosophers and scientists before evolution can pass from a working hypothesis to a general philosophical theory.

The obscurities of the evolutionary hypothesis are apparent in Père Teilhard's gallant work. He goes beyond the territory of the biologists and extends the hypothesis to mind and inorganic matter as well as to living organisms. As a result he finds himself forced to attribute some form of mind to the simplest material elements. It is a desperate measure. It cannot be verified; it is based on no empirical evidence, and it runs counter to common sense, making meaningless the distinctions on which human intercourse depends. If the rocket to be fired to the moon, or the table at which I write or the dust collecting on the window has some form of consciousness, meaning is taken out of what we call consciousness, and we are as illogical as the Oriental who drinks water filled with micro-organisms though he refuses to destroy any form of living thing.

Yet to make the general theory of evolution coherent, there is need to introduce consciousness at the earliest possible stage; otherwise there is no continuity, no one thing which evolves. When John Tyndall, an advocate of Darwin's views, said that he discerned "Plato, Shakespeare, Newton and Raphael potential in the fires of the sun," he was emphasizing this necessary continuity between mind and matter. If evolution be extended to everything, there must be something implicit in undeveloped matter or organisms, which will later be revealed. On the other hand, any talk about mind, as about vitalism, is abhorred by the strict biologist as a *deus ex machina*. He prefers to keep the physical and chemical laws, and assumes that there is a continuing physical thing, or aggregate of physical things, throughout the uninterrupted generation of germ cells. But there is no material unit which persists as the subject of the process, whether we take the growth of an individual from a fertilized egg cell, or an individual from a remote ancestor of different form. An electron may continue unchanged in all kinds of combinations; if so, it has no development. So far as the history of the germ plasm is concerned, nothing physical continues throughout all the generations. At this crucial point the biologist falls back on metaphor and writes, for example, of "molecules carrying genetic information from one generation to the next." One might as well call a rain cloud a continual development, because the aggregate which composes it is forever changing, and then, to add to the fun, ask with Bertrand Russell whether it is raining between the drops.

Nevertheless Père Teilhard surely strikes a rich vein in insisting on the new world of communication and unity opened up by the advent of mind. In far-off times, tribe was separated from tribe; the stranger was an enemy. Then slowly came the development of communication by speech and writing, and also the facility to travel. Now there is no distance which cannot be covered easily, and instead of human beings living in little worlds apart, we have one in which all men can share knowledge. Père Teilhard did not greatly exaggerate when he said that mankind has developed what is almost a new form of life and may be moving into a new phase of coconsciousness.

He saw, too, that the most vital problem of the future is that of society or the state and the freedom and development of the individual. Here, in presenting a picture of man reaching full consciousness and forming a spiritual hive, utterly unlike the classless society envisaged by Marx, he followed the trend of Christian theology today. That trend is toward personal freedom and love.

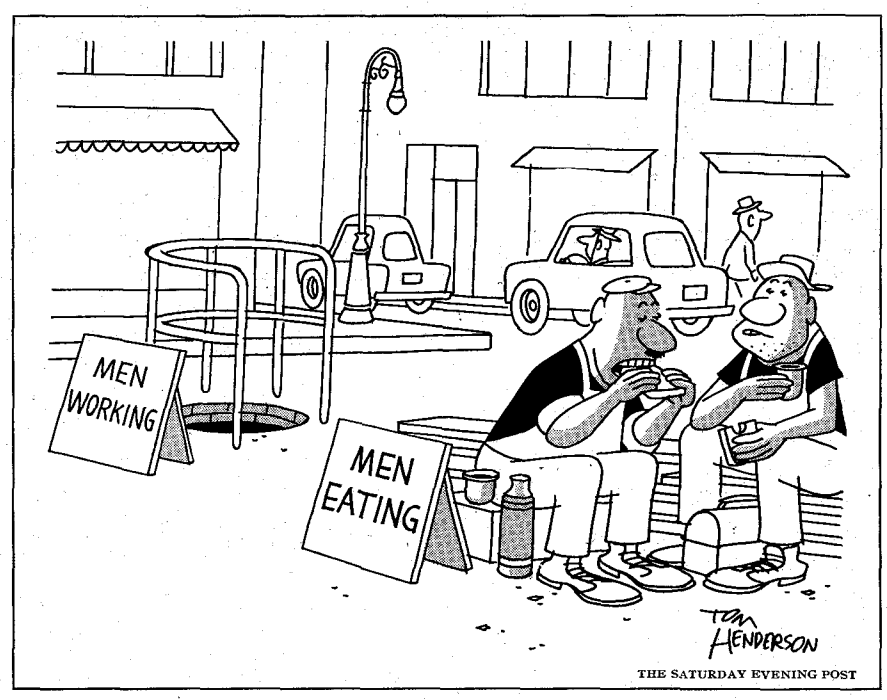
If we are to believe certain anthropologists, the individual members of primitive tribes behaved and thought coconsciously and collectively. Like sheep moving through a gate, the tribe, almost somnambulistically, carried out the routine of its daily life. The coming of a full, independent will and consciousness must be gradual, and, even when freedom of will is realized, the mind works with the general and the universal in order to arrive at truths. Even in Greek philosophical literature there was no proper conception of the individual nor any satisfactory account of the will as freely choosing. The Greek was interested in the universal and the necessary, and only with the advent of Christianity did the value of the individual come to full recognition.

The Christian belongs to a community, a holy people. Nevertheless, so sacred is each member that he has to be regarded as an individual, free and with the highest obligations, and commanded to love his neighbor as himself. A primitive coconsciousness, therefore, has been succeeded by the splendor and dangers of individual and independent life. Furthermore, to complete the story of man, a new and higher form of coconsciousness is promised, and is said to be already inaugurated in the sacred community. This new form is to combine the unity of the human race with the complete freedom of the individual, and the image of this unity is a body with human members and with Christ as its head.

Such union, however, though it be initiated in this life, belongs for the full experience to life after death. On this point, what the theologians say fits in very well with the ideal of a new species, because they teach that as Christ was God and man, so through our incorporation into his life we shall be able to share finitely in the supreme life of divinity.

Consider how we evolve from conception to death. There is a rhythm of self-renewal. At first the embryo, grafted in the womb upon another life, exercises the movements necessary to its birth. Birth breaks the primitive symbiosis and provides the first stage of liberty and selfhood. There remains, however, a total dependence for food, for language and race on what is not itself. New freedoms are acquired at puberty and manhood, new struggles of spirit and body at marriage and companionship, and slowly, where there is a good will, the body and soul form a harmony and the body assists the movements of the spirit to be unimpeded, preparing it for the new birth, the *dies natalis* of death, when, in a last great option, the self will pass from a chrysalis stage to a new selfhood and be coconscious with a new humanity in Christ.

This new form of existence is in process of development here and now. We know what it is to think with another person and, better still, to experience another person thinking with us and being at one with us. Where there is the marriage of true minds, one and one do not make two, but infinity. Such infinity does not, however, take us out of ourselves into a nonhuman state; it increases our humanity. It is along these lines that Christian philosophers are now thinking. They are only too aware that the growth of large states and corporations, of vast and complicated machinery, has made personal and full life more difficult. As science develops, those who think in its terms tend to regard human beings as numbers, commodities and things. This habit lies behind the sharp distinction which the theologians, Martin Buber and Gabriel Marcel, made between what they call the I-It and the I-Thou relation. The scientist, the doctor, the employer and the economist must treat many people as if they had no individuality. This is the I-It relation. But when I "face" another person as I-Thou, I meet the other person, and in the meeting I become an "I" for the first time. Marcel also dwells on the extraordinary force of love as between persons, where I do not seek to possess the other, but wish to be present with him and with an open heart.



What with the dialectical materialism of Marx and the evidence produced by Freud that even spiritual love belonged to the libido, it seemed as if there would be no breathing space for the old true love. But that is not so. The French philosopher Jean Guitton tells us that for a while he found something scandalous in the close association of the ideals of love and the mechanism of reproduction. Even to the biologist this is disconcerting, as it does not fit in with the neat, laborsaving development demanded by evolution. (*Continued on Page 111*)

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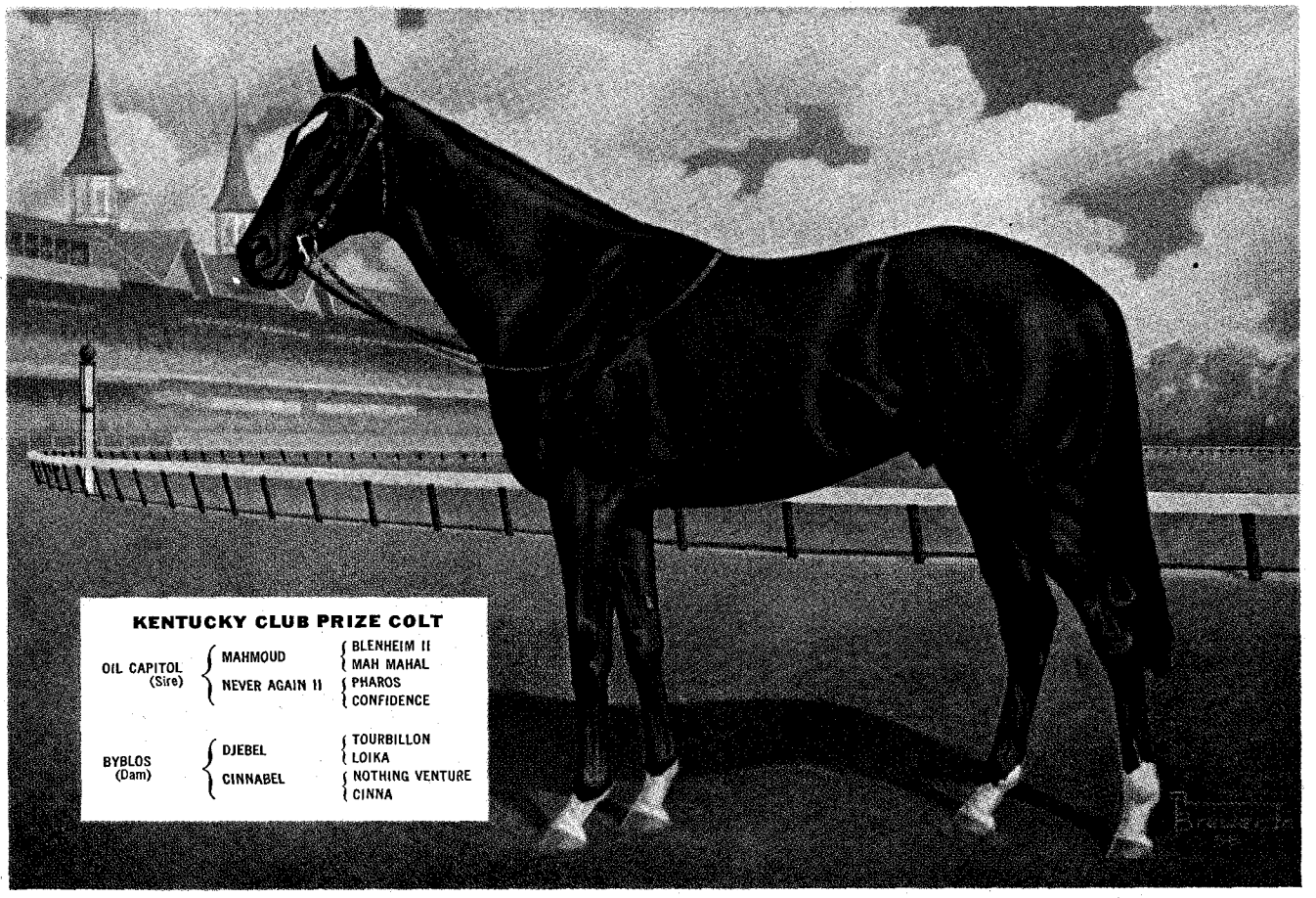

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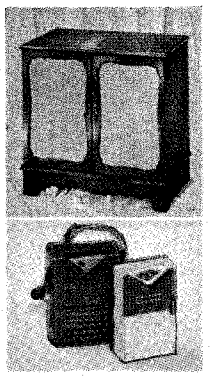

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CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example *Slick Winner* counts as 12 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 6, 1959. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 16 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

. . . . . .
NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest,"
P.O. Box 3-C, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y. Dept. SE

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Please underline brand name of wrapper with this entry. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 6, 1959.

. . . . . .
PRINT YOUR NAME

. . . . . .
STREET

. . . . . .
CITY ZONE STATE

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HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

If you're a father, you don't have to look into your briefcase for the facts on how much peace is worth to you.

The answer is right in your heart.

But keeping the peace isn't just a matter of wanting it. *Peace costs money.* Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals to keep our economy healthy.

Every U.S. Savings Bond you buy is a direct investment in America's Peace Power. It not only earns money for you—it earns *peace.* And it helps us keep the things worth keeping.

Are you buying as many Bonds as you might?

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH SERIES E SAVINGS BONDS
(in just 8 years, 11 months)

If you want about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
save each week	$4.75	$9.50	$18.75

Photograph by Harold Halma

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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(*Continued from Page 108*) Parthenogenesis would have been so much simpler, mating restricted to certain phases and seasons.

Nevertheless, the closer one looks at the various manifestations of human love the more one is conscious of a congruity between spiritual love and sex. Guitton argues that these various manifestations are not haphazard; they disclose a sequence as unified and progressive as a symphony of music by a great master. It is as if some presiding genius of the species were watching over the expressions of love and regulating the human lottery. Sex proves to be the surest means of arousing and sustaining love. The permanence of the species is assured, and at the same time the greatest variety of the individual encouraged. The vital energies allow themselves to be transformed into something spiritual. What was begun in carnality ends in heaven; what seemed to be mere animal breeding partakes of spirituality, and what appears at first to be just a bodily function acquires a value of its own above even that of knowledge. So it comes about that the vital energies can be enlisted in the service of the soul, and the highest spiritual experiences await those who are faithful to the institutes of nature. The art of loving is not in the least what the libertine tradition would have us believe. It is rather the science of making the fleeting loves of youth endure and multiply in fresh waves of experience throughout the course of a long human life. Love is no episode, it imposes itself like a divinity, regulating, inspiring, and offering the promise of an undreamed-of perfection.

Lastly, there is the philosophy of the two loves, encompassing all life, eternity and time, heaven and hell. Saint Augustine wrote of the two loves, which make two cities, the city of God and the city of unregenerate man. In this philosophy the relation between libido and the highest personal love can be traced. At the same time, it prepares the way for a reconciliation between the religious love and the noblest ambitions of man capable of realization in the life of family or society. According to this view, two loves rule every individual in different measures. In theological language, the first is called Agape, the second, Eros. Psychologically they represent the masculine and feminine elements which are present in every human being. Eros is possessive and self-assertive, its end that of self-realization, its virtues those of honor, independence and self-respect. Agape is submissive, and, disregarding the measures imposed by reason and propriety, would lose itself in the emotion of a herd or the ecstasy of religious faith, in wooing death and darkness, or in a total self-surrender for love's sake.

These two loves make up the warp and woof of life lived in common. They have their dark descents, and they are in harmony; they are in the gentle relation of love between individuals, where each can give and receive the other's love. But in everything human there is imperfection, a coming to be and a passing away, and a chamber of loneliness which cannot be entered. This very incompleteness points to something beyond it, giving a glimpse of a love without misunderstanding, where each lives by the life of the other. This would be the supreme Agape. But the divine Agape is not an image or shadow. It is the rainbow in the sky and the sunlight in the heart.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further, the following books are recommended:

D'Arcy, M. C.
THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE
Meridian Books
$1.35

Buber, Martin
SELECTED WRITINGS
Meridian Books
$1.35

Mascall, E. L.
CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND NATURAL SCIENCE
The Ronald Press
$4.50

Aquinas, Saint Thomas
SELECTED WRITINGS (EVERYMAN'S 953A)
Dutton
$2.45

My Husband, Arthur Murray

(Continued from Page 36)

more and more time there, until the manager finally exploded, "Why don't you buy me out and run the place yourself?"

Arthur took him up on his offer. Soon he was designing and supervising the building of a beautiful new studio. I had to admit our retirement was a bust. When the New York studio showed signs of missing Arthur's personal supervision, after he'd been a year and a half in "retirement," we returned east.

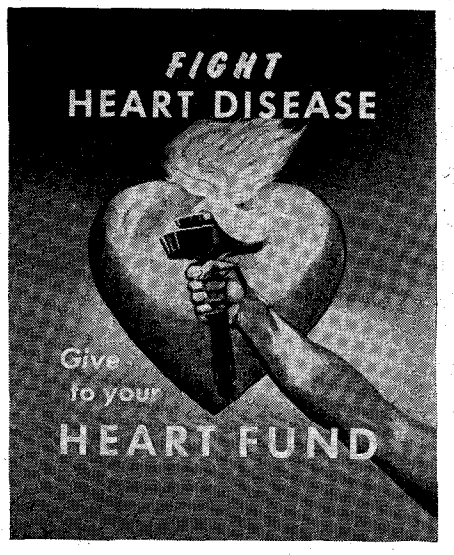
Hoping to counteract Hollywood's influence on the twins, we put them in the Dalton School in New York. Meanwhile, X rays had revealed some peculiar spots on Arthur's lungs, and he was convinced that they were scars from tuberculosis. His doctors did not agree, but Arthur has only partial faith in medical experts. He often rejects prescribed medicine and tries to do his own doctoring; he also tells his dentist how to fill his teeth.

Before long he came down with a mysterious fever and took off for Phoenix, leaving me and the twins in New York. "When I'm sick," he explained, "I want to be alone."

He stayed in Phoenix for two months, becoming so pessimistic about his chances of recovery that he made permanent the franchises held by his original ten branch managers. Their territories embraced ten of America's largest cities; since their franchises could not be revoked, Arthur lost much of the control he usually exercises over franchise holders. It was a business mistake, and he's still galled by it.

He also had a row with his old friend Gus Schirmer about our lease in his building. Gus wanted an increase in rent of $1000 a year, a reasonable request, but because Arthur was feeling low and cantankerous he refused. Our lease was canceled. This meant moving to 11 East 43rd Street—where the studio is today—at a cost in alterations and installations of about $150,000.

Arthur came home from Phoenix to supervise the alterations. As soon as he was working until midnight again, his aches and vapors disappeared. He also drove us all crazy with his quick, compulsive changes. One day he sent me out to buy a water color to hang on a certain wall. I spent all day in the galleries seeking the perfect painting. Triumphantly I rushed back to the studio with it. But in



my absence Arthur had removed the wall.

When I asked Arthur if I couldn't do a little work at the studio, he gave me a windowless cubicle and set me to writing letters to the branch managers. He has always been superstitiously opposed to large offices. When designing new studios he will allocate all the space, light and air to the ballrooms, adding a few small, dark rooms for the executive staff. I think he feels that once he becomes installed in a big corner office with thick rugs he'll start losing money. His present office, which has a thin green carpet and one window, is about eight by ten feet; my office next door—an anniversary present from Arthur—is slightly larger.

In the summer of 1941 we revisited California. Groucho Marx gave a dinner party in our honor. We didn't know it at the time, but the purpose of the affair was to get Arthur's O.K. on a new song Johnny Mercer and Victor Schertzinger had written for a Betty Hutton movie, The Fleet's In. The song was called Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry, and the lyrics were not a bit complimentary to Arthur. The refrain:

**Arthur Murray taught me dancing in a hurry.*
I had a week to spare.
He showed me the ground work, the walk-around work,
And told me to take it from there.

Arthur Murray then advised me not to worry,
I'd come out all right.
To my way of thinkin' it came out stinkin';
I don't know my left from my right.

Arthur read the lyrics and exploded. The Paramount moguls at the party and Johnny Mercer argued with him until one o'clock in the morning. Finally Groucho persuaded Arthur that no one would remember the lyrics and that the title was worth millions in free publicity.

The year this song was written, 1941, we did a gross business of $2,000,000. By 1946 our gross had increased to $12,000,000. This sudden upsurge reflected the dance craze which always seems to accompany wars and full employment at high wages. For the first time, the average office worker and factory hand could afford dance lessons.

Arthur felt that he had made a wise decision in not selling franchises, but in giving them free to ambitious young dance teachers who had been trained in our studios. One day a young man named Ted Maris, the son of well-to-do parents,

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CLOGGED TOILETS
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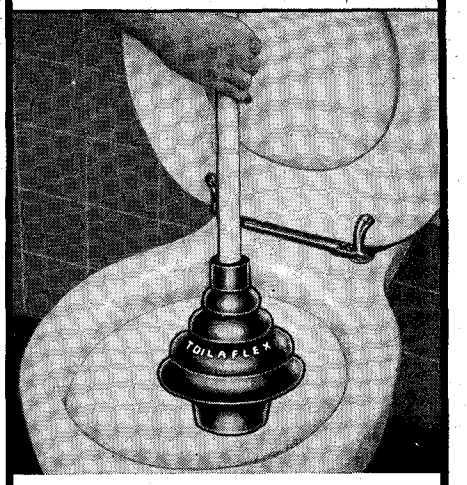

NEVER AGAIN that sick feeling when your toilet overflows
'TOILAFLEX'
Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

Ordinary plungers don't seat properly. They permit compressed air and water to splash back. Thus you not only have a mess, but you lose the very pressure you need to clear the obstruction.

With "Toilaflex", expressly designed for toilets, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

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- Centers itself, can't skid around

For positive insurance against stuffed toilet, have a "Toilaflex" in your home.

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STOP CORNS!
SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

For the fastest relief from pain and one of the quickest ways of removing corns — use Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads — world's largest selling foot aids. Sold everywhere.

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building a
LARGER INCOME
...demands a good plan. Need help? Get page after page of basic facts and pointers in INVESTMENT COMPANIES. Consult this book—*free*—at your public library, many banks. Write, we'll direct you. Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., Dept. S-6, 41 Trinity Place, New York 6, N. Y.

LIPS SORE?
Blistex
POCKET SIZE 39c
HIGHER IN CANADA
BEST FOR
COLD SORES
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS

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came to the studio with his father's certified check for $25,000, hoping to buy the franchise for a studio in Toronto. Arthur turned Ted down, saying that he would have to take a teacher's training course and be in our employ for a year before his application could be considered. After Ted had been through the mill, Arthur gave him the Toronto franchise for nothing.

"That studio grosses about eight thousand dollars a week," Arthur remarked recently, "and over the past ten years has paid us four hundred thousand in royalties."

Ted has a financial arrangement with Arthur Murray, Inc., that is standard for all our branches, apart from some permanent franchises issued many years ago. No charge is made for granting a franchise, but the franchise holder is obliged to pay royalties up to 10 per cent on his gross business and to submit to tight control of his management and financial records. In return the licensee has the right to use the Arthur Murray name and teaching methods and gets a lot of supervisory help from headquarters.

Virtually all franchise holders are former Arthur Murray students or teachers—for example, Budd Howard, a burly six-footer who took his teacher's training course in our Chicago studio. By 1944 he had managed to save $1500 and was eager to head a studio of his own. Arthur gave him the Denver franchise and offered to pay his first month's bills. Budd rented studio space, furnished it on credit and opened the studio doors prayerfully. Students flocked in. That first year Budd parlayed his savings of $1500 into an income of $60,000. He has never netted less.

Most of our branch studios are run by a man-and-wife team of former dancing teachers. An exception is Toni Davenport, a statuesque brunette from Baltimore who manages a string of Southern studios, including the schools in Miami Beach and St. Petersburg.

Her St. Petersburg studio is unique in that the "young set" of students are in their sixties, the middle set in their seventies, and the oldsters in their eighties. The students favor oldies, such as When Irish Eyes are Smiling, and students and teachers sing aloud as they waltz about the ballroom.

When a franchise is granted, Arthur has the right to approve the location of the studio and the hiring of all personnel. His manual telling how to select applicants for teaching posts is gospel for every new manager. Each branch must teach dancing according to Arthur's method. In addition, each studio must send its dance director to New York regularly for dance brush ups.

The biggest part of my job at the studio today is keeping in touch with all the branch managers. Students also write to me—I guess because they've seen me on TV. Some send glowing compliments about their home studios or their teachers, others send complaints. I work at the office half a day—twelve hours. My lipstick wears off, my nose shines and my hair stands on end. But it's fun to be with Arthur, who's always trying out something new; and it's fun to work to the sound of music with young, attractive, enthusiastic people.

Arthur has always realized that the success of our studios depends upon the caliber of the staff and, when we have a new training class, he attends their lessons every day. Since this kind of supervision is impossible with our branches, I decided that Arthur's teaching and selling techniques should be put in writing.

So, in the manner of Boswell recording Doctor Johnson's sayings for posterity, I pumped Arthur for information and wrote our first teaching and sales manuals. The average prospect who walks into one of our schools expects to spend a few hours and about twenty-five dollars. It comes as a shock to him when he learns that it takes at least fifty hours of practice and costs more than $500 to become a good dancer. To become a very good dancer takes twice as long and costs almost $1000.

That seems a lot to spend, but private golf or tennis instruction runs about the same on an hourly basis, and no one expects to become an expert golfer or swimmer or airplane pilot in 100 hours. Good dancing calls for trained muscles and reflexes, and there are no short cuts.

My sales manual teaches staff members how to explain all this, and while I was writing it Arthur suggested that I interview a prospect myself. I agreed. Presently the receptionist ushered in a short, dark little man. He told me his name was Mr. Vincent and gave me his address, both of which turned out to be phony, but we're used to this. At least one in every five businessmen who come in gives a false name at first. Some keep their lessons a secret from their friends, the office, and even their wives.

Hewing to Arthur's selling line, I took Mr. Vincent on a leisurely tour of the studio. Then we tested his dancing. In no time at all he signed up for a $100 course and paid fifty dollars down. Elated, I taught him the "magic step," which is the basis of the six major dances.

If we had stopped there all would have been peachy, but at this point all the repressed ham in me came out. I taught him a fox-trot step, then another and another. We tangoed, we waltzed, we pivoted and chasséd. *Rumba* music filled our cubicle, and I did an open swivel and flirtation scallop, then a jitterbug and a Hollywood Lindy.

Mr. Vincent wiped the sweat from his forehead; his shirt and jacket were sodden; deluged by instructions, he trembled like a leaf. Finally, muttering some terrified excuse, he ran from the studio, never to be seen again.

At least I had a couple of new points to make in our sales manual. "Don't talk too much," and "Don't try to teach a whole course in one lesson." But my main mistake was that I was not really thinking about Mr. Vincent's dancing, but only showing off how much I knew.

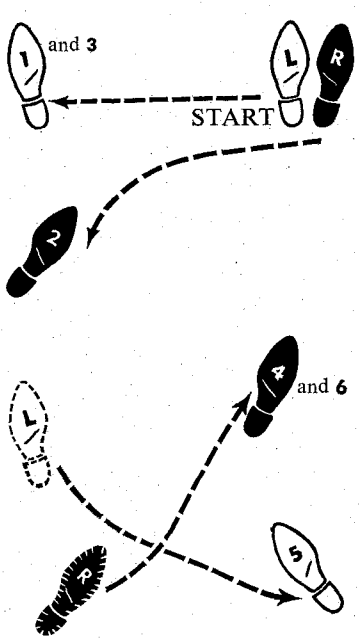
After I had finished writing our sales manual, I wrote a teaching and receptionist's manual, and with the help of my daughter Jane devised a planning chart to record each student's progress. Every course is planned in advance, and if a student travels he can take his chart along with him. A student at our Fifth Avenue studio learning, say, the Half-Moon Hand Change can continue his lessons without interruption in Sydney, London, or Johannesburg.

Arthur Murray's Dancing Lesson

THE SAMBA

THE BALANCETES

The Balancetes are balancing steps especially useful on a crowded floor.



MAN'S PART

BALANCETE TO THE LEFT

1. *Left foot to left side.*
2. *Right behind left.*
3. *Step in place on left.*

BALANCETE TO THE RIGHT

(dotted prints show feet, end of Balancete to the Left)

4. *Right foot to right.*
5. *Left behind right.*
6. *Right foot in place.*

By this time Arthur had made me a partner. We work well together—he is highly creative, while I am good at organizing and setting up systems for supervision. At teachers' meetings he seems to enjoy having me heckle him, as I am apt to do whenever I believe he is being harsh. As an example, Arthur brought up a subject at a recent staff meeting and asked for discussion. One young man voiced an opinion directly opposite to Arthur's, and was told off in short order. When Arthur asked for comments from others the silence was oppressive. I piped up, "Isn't it nice that this is a free country—we can all tell our boss just how we feel."

Everyone laughed, including Arthur.

In this day of the organization man, Arthur is not a fashionable kind of employer, for he is autocratic, paternalistic and fiercely independent. If an employee or a member of an employee's immediate family comes down with something expensive like cancer, tuberculosis, alcoholism or mental illness, Arthur will often assume the entire medical costs. But persuading him to give the same employee a five-dollar raise is not easy.

As our business grew from one studio to hundreds, it became too big for one man to handle. In 1946 Arthur decided to incorporate. Our handful of permanent-franchise holders objected; they had expected that after Arthur and I died they would no longer have to pay royalties, which would not be the case if we incorporated. There was a prolonged hassle, and cruel things were said on both sides. Finally they consented to the incorporation, after we reduced their royalty fees, gave them the right to pass their permanent franchises on to their heirs and, in most cases, greatly enlarged their territories.

That same year the Veterans Administration asked Arthur to teach students under the G.I. Bill. In a short time we were giving lessons to thousands of ex-servicemen. Some hoped to become dancing teachers, some were mild neuropsychiatric cases recommended for dancing lessons as a form of therapy, and some simply preferred our lessons to attending trade school.

To accommodate the ex-G.I.'s we bought another building on 44th Street and hired an additional 250 teachers. A few months after the program's start, several Congressmen attacked it as a waste of public funds. The Veterans Administration had suggested the idea to Arthur in the first place and, since they were paying only $3.51 an hour for lessons, we were not making much on it. Nevertheless, the VA felt the heat and held up payments to us on one pretext or another. The case dragged on for years. Arthur finally sued to collect on more than 100,000 lessons given to veterans, and after ten years the VA settled out of court for half payment.

During the year that the ex-servicemen were with us the studio organization became so huge that Arthur lost direct contact with the staff. In lieu of direct supervision he enforced a lot of annoying little rules that he thought would benefit students—for instance, fining an employee five dollars for being late. Then, as the VA contract had expired, he laid off 200 instructors. The United Office and Professional Workers of America, C.I.O., soon planted organizers among our staff to magnify grievances.

Two spokesmen for Local 16 of the U.O.P.W.A. requested a meeting with Arthur and me to press demands for a union shop, dues checkoff, grievance procedure and hourly "stand-by" pay for teachers. We received them in a small third-floor ballroom. They used phraseology that (*Continued on Page 114*)

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MRS. WALTER HARRIS
Memphis, Tennessee

Folks all over town have gotten to know and respect me by the dependable products I sell and the service I render. And as a local Curtis Telephone Representative, I earn an income that would be hard to duplicate in a business office or store. Since I work right at home, I have none of the usual expenses of the average business woman. The added personal satisfaction of the services I offer to others can't be measured.

MRS. CLAUDIA ROSS
Fort Thomas, Kentucky

I'm a Curtis subscription representative in my community . . . and I love it! From a small beginning I have developed my business to the point where hundreds of customers look to me for service on all their magazine needs. Working only in spare hours those liberal Curtis profits have enabled me to travel . . . to buy those delightful "extras" . . . and to still have time to enjoy my home, my family and my community activities.

CLEON MOURER
Bismarck, North Dakota

I like people. As a Curtis Organization Representative, meeting people has enabled me to earn a very comfortable living. In my work I contact thousands of the same people each year, and am proud to look upon so many of them as my friends. These folks respect me, and what I do for them and their community. They have learned that I am reliable, and that the publications I present (and represent) are the most desirable.

And incidentally, I'm my own boss . . . what more can a man ask!

THE WAY TO SUCCESS AND INDEPENDENCE

DO YOU . . .

. . . like dealing with people?

. . . want to be your own boss?

. . . want variety in your work?

. . . seek success and financial security?

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If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, you'll want to know how you can find new personal satisfaction in the highly respected field of selling. There's no quicker way to financial security, no faster way to success.

Now you can join the select ranks of one of America's largest and most respected sales organizations, Curtis Circulation Company. Our present plans for expansion have created many new opportunities in all parts of the country, including Alaska and Hawaii.

Previous experience is not essential. Whenever possible, on the job training is given by skilled supervisors. More important than experience are your personality, determination and ability to make a good impression on people.

If you qualify, you'll enjoy top earnings, convenient working hours, generous bonuses and national and local advertising support to help you in your work. But more important, you'll be associating with one of the world's oldest and largest publishing houses, The Curtis Publishing Company, and its SATURDAY EVENING POST, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, AMERICAN HOME, HOLIDAY and JACK and JILL.

Read what some of our representatives have to say about the careers they have chosen—then investigate these opportunities for yourself. Write today to

Wayne Morgan

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

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(*Continued from Page 112*) betrayed a Communist background and employed petty tactics to make us show anger. For example, they kept stamping out cigarettes on our brightly polished dance floor.

Arthur and I did not expect loyalty from the newly hired members of the staff, but it hurt when several teachers we had known for years turned against us. Why?

"You're too much like a Great White Father," one of our loyal supervisors told Arthur. "You never give reasons for changes, and you don't praise people enough."

That night Arthur went home with a bad cold. I remember him sitting on the sofa in his bathrobe, his face gray. "I'll fight those Communists to my last nickel," he vowed. "I built up my business without their help, and I won't take orders from them."

As it turned out, he didn't have to fight very hard. After thirteen weeks of picketing, union organizers admitted defeat and called off the strike. Three years later the union fell apart, having been expelled by the C.I.O. on evidence of Communist domination. Arthur offered all the striking teachers their jobs back, eliminated an irksome list of fines and penalties at the studio and substituted an incentive plan.

Then a challenging new interest entered his life—television. I'll never forget the dress rehearsal of our first half-hour show. Arthur spent the whole time arguing with the camera crew, make-up people, electricians and technicians. As the show went on the air he took a seat in the fifth row of the theater, observing audience reactions and watching a monitor screen. After a few minutes he sprinted for the control booth to give orders. Expecting this move, the director had locked himself in. Arthur pounded on the door, but to no avail. At the end of the program the director came out, and Arthur fired him.

He was wrong, as he now admits. "The director had enough on his mind during showtime," he says, "and any little distraction could have caused him to lose a vital shot."

Our present director has his roughest moments when my husband is on stage, for he never knows beforehand what Arthur will do. He will say at rehearsal, "At this point I'll turn my back to the camera so the viewers can follow my footsteps." But when the show is on, Arthur may decide to talk instead of dance, and the cameras must shift like lightning. At the end of the program, when I bid the audience good night, I turn and hold up my arms for Arthur to waltz me away. Twice I have embraced empty air because he was busy elsewhere.

Arthur's most publicized fight during our early days on TV was with Howard Barnes, who is now vice president in charge of radio for C.B.S. In October, 1950, when Mr. Barnes was an advertising man, he packaged two shows for us.

The reviews were terrible. Jack Gould remarked on the "most amateurish sort of camera work and miserable lighting." Ken Murray said that our show looked like "a tired night club." John Crosby was inspired to write a devastating review, titled, Yes, Virginia, There is an Arthur Murray.

"Television is essentially a pro's game, and amateurism is something that ought to be rooted out right now," wrote Crosby. "Mrs. Arthur Murray reminds me strongly of relentless hostesses who insist I bob apples. . . . The guests, pretty high-priced entertainment, leave their talent home in the upper left-hand drawer. Even Bert Lahr, that wonderful man, was appallingly bad on the Murray show."

Arthur announced that he had fired Mr. Barnes. Mr. Barnes said no, he had resigned, and his advertising agency released a three-page letter citing instances of sponsor interference. All the trade papers printed it, and overnight Arthur became the Monster of Television.

But this didn't bother Arthur. Our ratings were low, but so were our costs, and the program was helping business. In Pittsburgh about 90 per cent of the prospects who came into the dance studio mentioned the TV program, and when I went there for the opening of a new studio I was mobbed by fans. We were then on Du Mont, the only channel seen in Pittsburgh on Sunday nights. No wonder they loved us in Pittsburgh—it was us or nothing.

I might have improved much faster as a TV performer if I had studied kinescopes of the program as we went along, but I couldn't bear to listen and look at myself. On the air my voice soared three octaves from excitement. I said "poddy" for "party." I talked too fast, smiled too often and wore unimpressive gowns. One reviewer called my appearance "demure and unexciting," possibly because in those days I washed and set my own hair. When I applauded the performers, a University of Pennsylvania professor wrote me that I looked like a seal flapping its flippers. After that I twisted a chiffon handkerchief in my fingers so my hands wouldn't look so big; finally I gave up clapping altogether.

For some reason I was a sort of assistant stage manager as well as M.C. on the program. When Yma Sumac, the beautiful Peruvian singer, showed up in a gown cut too low, I was chosen to cover her up. I pondered the problem and finally told her, "Miss Sumac, you have such a wonderful figure—it's a shame that dress makes you look flat-chested."

"Eet does?" asked Miss Sumac, staring down at her thirty-eight-inch bust disbelievingly.

"How about if we built you up a little?" I suggested, hurriedly producing an orchid corsage and stuffing it into the wide-open spaces.

Charles Coburn was on several early shows, always with the same skit. I would ask if he was English, and he'd reply that he came from the deep South. "Well, shet mah mouth!" I'd say, and he'd comply with a big, wet, cigary smack. This was not one of my favorite skits, but Charles seemed to enjoy it and always asked for several rehearsals.

Once I got the names of two comics mixed up and introduced Joey Bishop as Joey Adams. The camera froze on me as I gazed stricken into the wings. Joey Bishop stood there glaring murderously, refusing to move a step. So I turned to the audience and pretended it was a gag. "It's really Joey Bishop, but I warned him I couldn't remember names," I said. When he strode on stage I tried to ease it off and said, "Now you can call me Kathryn Astaire," but he was too upset to pick up that remark and launched into his skit.

This incident led critic Fred Rayfield to remark, "Although the show has its shatteringly bad moments, Mrs. Murray retains a remarkable grace and aplomb at all times, sometimes in the face of the most thunderously atrocious errors on any program."

In the summer of 1951, the N.B.C. network assigned Alan Handley as our producer. Mr. Handley, who now directs TV spectaculars, accepted the job with misgivings, knowing Arthur's reputation for being difficult. But their relationship was pleasant and fruitful. When Mr. Handley left for Hollywood in the fall, he recommended a young director named Coby Ruskin.

Coby has been with us ever since, and I will always be grateful to him for encouraging me to be creative on TV. I can't sing or claim stage experience or dance, other than ballroom steps. But Coby was sure that I could learn pantomime. Gradually my TV "roles" emerged.

My favorite character is the tramp who is endearing, sweet and pathetic. Then there are the boy-meets-girl numbers, and when the "girl" is a fifty-two-year-old grandmother, thinking up situations is tough. Another of my regular pantomime characters is the woman who is always gumming up things, like the tourist who falls in with a band of apache dancers. Arthur believed it would be amusing to middle-aged-women viewers to see a grandmother being tossed around. I don't know how amusing I am, but ever since I became a human jumping rope, grandmothers have been flocking to our dance studios in unprecedented numbers. But one of our daughters has said, "Mother, do you think the things you do on TV are suitable?"

Sam Levenson remarked that Arthur Murray made his living by the sweat of his *Frau*. Our TV rating climbed to 14.7, and in the summer of 1952, on C.B.S., we signed for a short series with our first sponsor, General Foods. Then, with only a two-month break, we went back on Du Mont for twenty-nine weeks, which is a lot of shows.

It was during this series that I learned that you must extend the red carpet for most big stars. Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer consented to do a scene from The Fourposter, but when Miss Palmer saw the old theater in which we were televising—Arthur was sponsoring the series and trying to hold down costs—she sent her husband to convey her displeasure. Very nicely and apologetically Rex told me that her dressing table was dusty. Mine was, too, but on show day I just wiped it off with a paper towel. For Miss Palmer I rounded up a janitor, yet she complained bitterly all day long. I sent her a lovely flower arrangement with a note of apology—for which I never received an acknowledgment.

"That marriage will break up soon," Arthur said, and he was right. He also predicted correctly that the Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton romance wouldn't last because Franchot demanded top billing over his bride when they appeared on our show.

In the summer of 1953 we went back to C.B.S. under the sponsorship of Bristol-Myers. I was supposed to take every third week off, but the rest did me no good. After watching Nanette Fabray take my place as M.C. on our program, I felt like crawling under the rug. She performed so beautifully for us that a kinescope of our program helped to sell Sid Caesar on the idea of making her his TV wife.

When I became discouraged with my lack of talent, it was Arthur who kept my morale high. Viewers regard me, he says, like a relative in an amateur play. He claims that no one gets the quality of fan mail that I do. Mothers write me about their problem daughters, and teen-agers write me about problem parents. This mail, which became a torrent, was my own first measure of success.

And after a while even the critics gave up on us. Harriet Van Horne once wrote that she wished I would take a deep breath and sit down with my knitting, but now she admits, not unkindly, that the Murrays are one of TV's imponderables. Marie Torre wrote, "Like TV commercials, the Murrays are always around. They don't win awards. They don't win critical praise. They don't even rate as professionals. We don't know what they've got, but they've got something."

But Pittsburgh loved us first.

In her concluding installment next week, Kathryn tells of the time she and Arthur confronted armed jewel thieves in their home.—The Editors.

"Bad news?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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